MEMORIES OF BROWN

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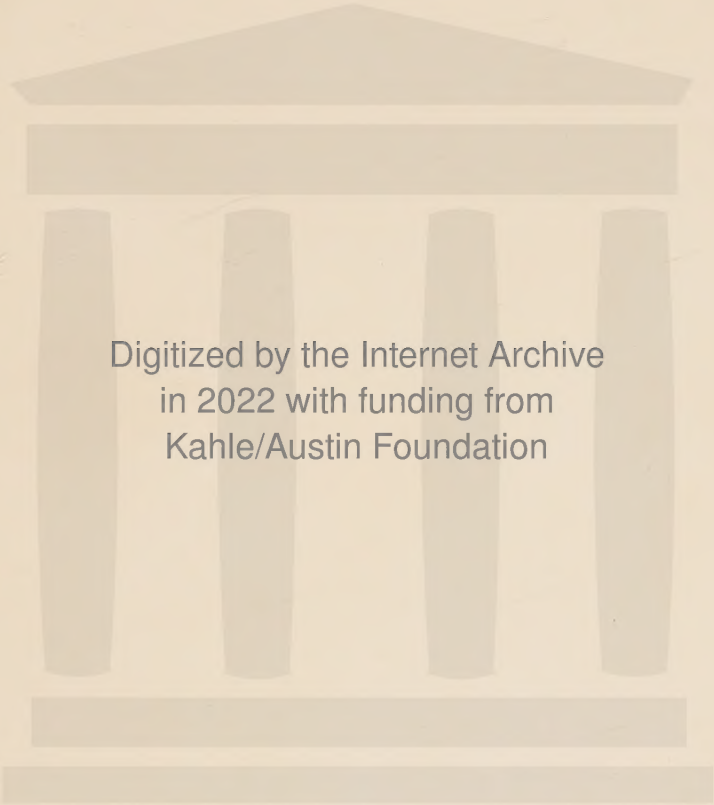
Brown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Memories
of
Brown

THE CLOCK TOWER

Erected by Count Paul Bajnotti of Turin, Italy, in Memory of his Wife,
Carrie Mathilde Brown

MEMORIES
OF
BROWN

TRADITIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS
GATHERED
FROM MANY SOURCES

EDITORS

ROBERT PERKINS BROWN, 1871
HENRY ROBINSON PALMER, 1890
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Brown University about 1828

PROLOGUE

THIS book had its genesis several years ago, when a committee, at the suggestion of President Faunce and under the chairmanship of Professor Bronson, began the collection of reminiscences from the graduates of Brown. To Mr. Howard A. Coffin of the class of 1901 acknowledgment is due for special enthusiasm in the work, while each of the other members of the committee, including the writer, contributed some thought and labor, the result of which was the assemblage of a considerable number of interesting manuscripts. However, the book was not pushed through to publication, and the movement lagged until 1908, when the Brown Alumni Magazine Company, the publishers of the Brown Alumni Monthly, determined to assume the responsibility for it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Anthony McCabe had for some years been engaged in writing down his own memories of the life of the college and collecting manuscripts from many graduates, with the idea of embodying them in some such volume as this. Mr. McCabe had served the university and the Rhode Island Historical Society for nearly or quite a generation, and, although not a Brown man himself, had become so identified with the college as to acquire an intimate knowledge of its history and traditions. He generously contributed the various reminiscences in his possession, including his own, to the editors of the present volume, who cordially acknowledge his assistance in their task, and believe that a peculiar interest will attach to his point of view as that of a former member of the president's secretarial and steward's constabulary forces.

To the mass of material thus provided, large additions have been made from a variety of sources. Alumni, old periodicals and, in one conspicuous instance, ancient letters hitherto unpublished have been drawn upon. It has also been necessary to excise and modify at many points for the sake of producing a symmetrical whole and at the same time conforming to the limits arbitrarily imposed upon the enterprise. If in this amendatory process matter as valuable and interesting as any that appears has been sacrificed, the editors can answer only that they have had to be guided by divers reasons not always apparent to the individual writer.

Even so, they may be charged with too liberal an inclusiveness at certain points. Here again they must plead their own best judgment. They have, at any rate, known no other purpose than to produce a volume that will nourish the love of Brown graduates everywhere for the old college on the hill. They have desired to preserve, while it was still possible, recollections that could not be gathered a few years hence, and, by giving these body upon the printed page, to re-establish the vanished past and create in the contemporary mind a fuller consciousness of the continuity of Brunonian tradition and aspiration.

If the book awakens other memories of Brown, pungent, grateful and tender, if it renews among its readers a ready devotion to Alma Mater,—those whose names appear upon its title-page, and whose own loyalty has been quickened by the story it tells, will count themselves fortunate indeed.

H. R. P.

Commencement in the Olden Time

The College about 1800

COMMENCEMENT formerly was the Festival of Providence. Soldiers and boys had their "artillery election," in April, and "general muster" in the autumn; Episcopalians had their Christmas holidays; Baptists had their annual association as from year to year appointed; Congregationalists fasted and feasted according to the laws of the Old Bay State, where they came from, and Quakers had their quarterly meetings every second month; but everybody had commencement. It is true, that the Baptists were inclined to hold their heads a little the highest, because one of their number wore a cocked hat on this occasion, but they did not dare to strut it much, lest they should injure the college. Yes, everybody had commencement day. Distinctions in politics and religion were then laid aside. All faces wore smiles during the whole week, commencing with Monday morning, and to that end "washing day" was generally postponed till into the next week. It was the season when country cousins returned all the calls and visits which they had received the past year. It was the time appointed for the adjustment and settlement of claims of this nature. "You will come and see us at commencement" was the stereotyped invitation left with the said country cousins, when honored with visits from their Providence friends, no matter at what season of the year. And sure enough, they did come. The town was filled with strangers. Mind you, there was no such a thing as a steamboat or a railroad in those days.

Public stages were not what they have been since. The main one from Boston would carry uncomfortably six inside, and, upon sufficient notice, say a day or two, an "extra" equally roomy could be had. As long ago as I can recollect, Captain Gardner sailed a packet to Newport, wind and weather permitting, as often as twice a week. The principal mode of conveyance was the square-top chaise, long since discarded for the bellows-top chaise and other carriages. They would begin to arrive on Monday, but on Tuesday towards sunset every avenue to the town was filled with them. In the stable yards of the "Golden Ball Inn," the "Montgomery Tavern" and other public houses, on Wednesday morning, you could see hundreds of them, each numbered by the hostlers on the dashers with chalk, to prevent mistakes. Passing along the streets, what smiling faces greet you at every corner, what a shaking of hands, how full of joy is the town; the old have forgotten their years, the sick their infirmities, the poor their poverty and the rich their plagues.

The literary exercises of commencement season begin on Tuesday. The graduating class, on Monday and Tuesday, are engaged in rehearsing in the Old Baptist before the college officers, and receiving the last touch of the graces which they are to exhibit on Wednesday. The society of undergraduates, who celebrate their anniversary on Tuesday, are obliged from this circumstance to go to the Congregational meeting-house. The exercises consisted then, as now, of an oration and a poem identical in name with the exercises now, and nearly so in substance. The orator and poet then were selected from recent graduates of the college, neither boys nor men, but just in a transition state, between students and men.

How long the twilight of Tuesday used to appear. The

sun seemed to delay his going down as long as possible, and when his face was below the horizon, still would he send forth his light to sicken youthful hearts with hope deferred. The town was on tiptoe to witness the illumination of the college building this evening. It was a busy day at the college. There was the society's celebration to attend, after which each student had to adjust the candles at his windows for the illumination. In the course of the day a large box is raised opposite the round window in the pediment, the outside or front of which is covered with a thick dark curtain. Scarcely is the sun down before the human current begins to set toward the college from all quarters. Before it is fairly dark the college yard is filled with ladies and gentlemen of all ages and sizes. Not a light is to be seen at the college windows. Anon the college bell rings and eight tallow candles at each window shed their rich luxuriant yellow light on the crowd below. The curtain rises from the box at the pediment, and there emblazoned in light is our national emblem, the spread-eagle, talking Latin to this same crowd. In later times, the eagle gave place to "the temple of science." Loud was the cheering and long did it continue, even until several taps on a bass drum intimated the presence of the band of music which the graduating class had hired to discourse music on commencement day. The band arrange themselves on the front steps of the old chapel, and make the welkin ring again, with Washington's March, Hail Columbia and other appropriate tunes. At a given signal from the college bell, the music ceases, the lights are simultaneously extinguished, and the spectators and auditors left in darkness that could almost be felt to find their homes.

This was the opening scene of commencement, not very scientific or literary, it is true, but it led to both science and literature, as it excited an interest in the

PROVIDENCE IN 1809
Drop Curtain of the Providence Theatre. University Hall on the horizon

public in favor of the college, which was the fountain of both in this community. All could not "go to college," all could not talk Latin, or make almanacs, but all could see an illumination and could hear music. Those who could do no more were fully satisfied with the college for these benefits and advantages, and, as they had some, they felt less disposition to envy those who had more advantages from it.

How many heads press wakeful pillows, that night in Providence! Too much hope, too much fear and too much joy, each had its sleepless victims. Day breaks at last and the rising sun is saluted by two of the brass field-pieces which Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga. An old revolutionary drummer and fifer are playing the reveille through the principal streets of the town. This happens on the years when the United Train of Artillery does escort duty to the literati to and from the meeting-house. The "Independent" companies did this duty by turns. Every year some company appeared in full uniform, armed and equipped as the law directed. It was an integral part of commencement, without which it would have been as imperfect as the president without a cocked hat. The boys can scarcely be stayed for their breakfasts. Their imaginations are too much excited to leave any appetite for ordinary food, although on the Great Bridge booths were erected, where could be found such New England dainties as doughnuts, three-cornered mince pies and lemonade.

Before nine o'clock commencement morning the current is again setting towards the college. The great gate has been thrown wide open; the turnstile would not afford space enough for those who are now going to pay their morning devoirs to Alma Mater. The graduates and

"strangers" not "of distinction" are gathered in little knots in the yard waiting the forming of "the procession." Occasionally one of the graduating class may be seen stepping daintily across the yard, his dress the wide-flowing black silk gown, with shorts, that only article of gentleman's dress which modern ladies have not literally appropriated to their own use as well as metaphorically. The trustees and fellows of the college are convening in the chapel. The "fellows" are not the Odd Fellows of the present day, but a "learned faculty," constituted such by the charter of the college. The military escort has halted without the gate. The procession is formed now as it was in former times, excepting only the escort. They proceed down College street, up Main street and President street and enter the Old Baptist at the south door.

The trustees and fellows, that "learned faculty," occupy a stage on the north side of the pulpit, the graduating class one on the south side, while in front is that on which the speakers are to appear. The band of music are in the west gallery, where the organ now is. Just before the times that I now speak of, the Baptists had, after much heart-burning, introduced singing into public worship. There they had stopped with the rest of the Puritans. The sound of an organ or even a bass-viol within a Baptist meeting-house then would have cleared it of people as quick as the cry of fire from without. But at commencement, these narrow prejudices, as Episcopalians viewed them, gave way to the good of the college, and the whole band played, and livelier tunes, too, than Old Hundred or Martyrs. The president then made an extempore prayer, prepared for the occasion. The best scholars in the graduating class then "spoke their pieces." The first in order was the second in standing in his class. He opened the "speaking" by salutatory ad-

dresses in Latin to the audience, the officers, the "learned faculty," his classmates, he turning to each in succession as the sheriff used to turn round men in the pillory. After him others of the class "spoke," some in prose and some in poetry, and some in both until about twelve o'clock, when the procession again formed and returned

President's House and University Hall
From an old engraving

to college for dinner. The same order was preserved as in their downward progress in the morning, being what military men call left in front. First were the undergraduates, then the graduating class, then the graduates according to age and honor, then the trustees and "learned faculty," and the president.

They changed front at the dining-hall door. From this the undergraduates were excluded. The hall was generally well filled in a very short space of time, each old

graduate well prepared to keep down the interest on the four dollars he invested in the commencement dinner fund when he was in college. There used to be wine, too, on the tables, and doctors in divinity, after the unusual labors of the morning, deemed it not improper to indulge in one glass, and in at least one more, to enable them to undergo the fatigues and pleasures of the afternoon. We generally had "short commons" on this occasion, not in food, quantity or quality, but in time, as the undergraduates were waiting to take our places. Not a word is uttered at the table, except "the grace," and "the thanks;" each seems ambitious to show forth his faith by his works. The graduates, trustees, etc., wait in the chapel while the undergraduates swallow what they have left on the dinner tables, then the procession is again formed as before, and again to the meeting-house. The rest of the class now speak "their pieces," occupying two or three hours; the president then confers on them the degree of bachelor of arts, because they have paid their bills, and been under the tuition of the tutors, professors and president for four years. Then the other degrees were conferred as now, it being understood that the president, in this part of the performances, is but the mouth-piece of the "learned faculty" aforesaid, who by law are the fountain of literary honor in this state. After this the best scholar in the graduating class "delivers the valedictory" to the audience, officers, classmates, etc., in turn, as the salutatorian did in the morning.

Again the procession is formed and proceeds to the college, and thus ends commencement proper. During the day, forenoon and afternoon, the Old Baptist is crowded with people, and redolent with beauty. To say that it was full would not convey any adequate idea; "It was good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over." During the exercises, every bright

thought and well-turned period called forth long and loud plaudits, as well from those that heard as from those who could not.

On the evening of commencement day, the Old Baptist was open for a religious meeting. As the chandelier was

JAMES MANNING, D. D.
First President of Rhode Island College, 1765–91

always lighted on these occasions, the house was generally well filled, and the audience well enlightened.

MANY an aching head longs for its pillow commencement night. The heat, the fatigue, the great number of new faces and new things, seen and heard, to say nothing of the dinner, sufficiently account for this. But aching hearts are few compared with aching heads. We arose

on Thursday morning resolved to be cured by a repetition of a similar round of literary excess. At ten o'clock, "The Federal Adelphi" met at college to elect their officers, and then to go in procession to some meeting-house, and hear an oration from some old graduate. This society was supposed to consist of the most talented, as well as the most wealthy, children of Alma Mater. Associated under their half-English name, decorated with blue ribbons, and no silver medals, professing mysterious rites of initiation and advantages unutterable to the initiated, and always meeting the day after commencement and having a good dinner, if not a good oration, and good wine in plenty, the society was a very popular one. They generally finished their literary repast, and the necessary labors of the society, by two o'clock in the afternoon, and then sat down to dinner with clearer heads than they could boast of when that ceremony was over. Over their dessert, old stories were repeated and old jokes. There were no extempore speeches from members called out by the president upon some sudden emergency, copies of which they hand to news reporters as soon as they sit down. There were no returns read of the dead, wounded and missing members, but as occasionally the name of a departed one was announced, the company would rise in silence, and honor his memory.

Thus closed the literary exercises of commencement. Three days of literary feasting are enongh to ruin a man's mental organization, and produce a mental dyspepsia.

Strangers began to leave town on Thursday. Many remained to partake of the Federal Adelphi celebration, and leave Thursday afternoon; but by Friday noon the crowds are gone from the streets, and the wonted serenity is restored. There remains the fever flush of commencement pleasures on many a cheek for some days later, and

Providence cannot be said to be completely herself again, until after a Sabbath's rest.

This is an imperfect, very imperfect, sketch of an old commencement. If any prefer it to a modern one, they

Jonathan Maxcy, D. D., 1787
Second President of the College, 1797–1802

will mourn with me over its ashes, try to recall its pleasures and revel in the recollection of its joys. If any prefer it not, they can enjoy the coming scenes, and I shall not envy them.

"*Old Citizen*," *in Providence Journal, July 2, 1851.*

Life at Rhode Island College

in the Eighteenth Century

THE memories of Brown which follow cannot be designated exactly as those of the writer. They are, however, the memories of the writer's forefathers, and where family relationship to an institution has been so long and continuous as that of the writer's family to Brown University, tradition is almost as reliable as memory. Fortunately in this case tradition is fortified by much corroborative documentary evidence. From the existing mass of family papers into which the writer has at times delved there is much concerning the history of the college from the time of its very beginning, and sometimes when certain papers have seemed to be of more than personal or temporary interest he has laid them aside with the hazy idea that they might some day prove useful in helping to give to later generations a lively picture of earlier times. From the material so laid aside a few items have now been selected to offer some glimpses into student life at the college more than a century ago. They are selected with the frankly avowed purpose of showing that while that life was real it was not always earnest, that the student of that time differed but little from the student of to-day and that the pale blue sky of plain living and high thinking, which those who have pictured that life have almost always chosen for their background, was sometimes overcast and murky. Other selections might have been made which would have given other impressions. There are many letters from fathers

or elder brothers full of good advice, and replies from undergraduates full of high resolve — letters which might even now kindle a smouldering desire for the better things of life. There are letters from earlier presidents, officers of the college and others, which show their worries, finan-

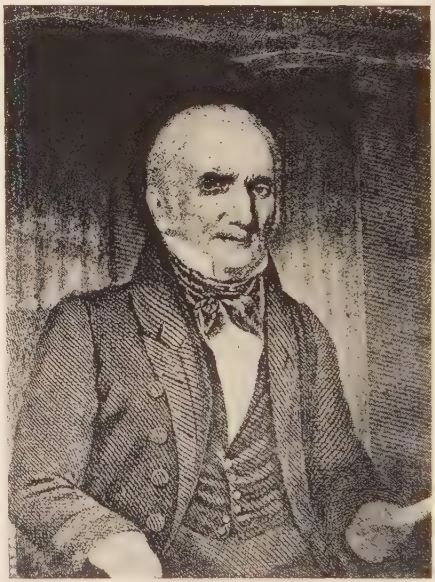
Rev. William Rogers, 1769
The first undergraduate of Rhode Island College. From original in possession of his Great-Great-Grandnephew, Theodore F. Green

cial and educational. The space available however, will permit the printing of only a few letters showing either characteristic phases or picturesque incidents of student life at the close of the eighteenth century.

A glimpse of the social life of the college in 1795 is offered by this communication from Timothy Green to his younger brother, William E. Green, then an undergraduate:

"I do not approve of your associating with the Miss B——s or any young girls but under the special Instruction of your sisters & myself. I did not like the situation in life of the Ladies I saw at your room, I seldom had any that was not first in the place I resided in."

The following letter is especially interesting because it refers to Tristam Burges, and shows how early he was held in high esteem. It is dated April 11, 1796, and is from William E. Green at college to his brother, Dr. John Green, Jr.



TRISTAM BURGES, 1796

"DEAR BROTHER

". . . (Hearing of a vacancy in a school, he suggests as instructor one "worthy of your most candid attention.") He is a person who maintains an unblemished character in this place & a very exalted one as to literary abilities. He can come well recommended in every particular. He proposes to study law in Worcester with Judge Lincoln & as he is not any acquainted there he would

wish to form some reputable connections such as his distinguished reputation & his abilities will recommend him to. . . . He is a person who has kept school considerable & understands the business perfectly well. . . . The gentleman whom I have endeavored to recommend to you is a Mr. (Tristam) Burges a member of the senior class; from Rochester in the county of Plymouth a gentleman about 25 years of age.

"Your exertions in this case will be received with the greatest acknowledgment by your affectionate brother,

"Wm. Green."

"N. B. You will be pleased to answer immediately as he is to answer another gentleman immediately after he receives yours."

Andrew Dexter, Jr., at college writes, August 6, 1796, to his classmate, William E. Green, Worcester, as follows:

"Dear Chum —

". . . I am at present, as you imagine, sole occupant of the blue room; but I hope soon to share my Lordship with his honour Esq. Nichols. The old brick is to be newrigged, so that I hope we shall be able to weather the storms of the ensuing season without shipping any more seas. We are at present studying and shall be examined on Watts Logic, and the first volume of Kames Criticism omitting the chapter on beauty. The latter we have been half through the second time. The former we have been through just three times having omitted in Part 1st the 7 Sec. of Chap. 6; in Part 2nd the 3 & 4 Secs. of Chap. 2; in the same part all Chap. 5th; in Part 3 the 4 & 5th Sec. of Chap. 2; and we shall not be examined on the 2nd Chapter of Part 4. . . . Wood has returned but I do

not know how he stands with the authority, he has not as yet recited nor does he attend prayers. There have been no Rustees (sic) out yet by our class or any other by a description of which you can be entertained. By God Esq. Nichols has gone home. J. Sneak, Uncle Toby, Uncle Webb, My Lord, the Corporal and in fine Sango Boo, with all others who are renowned and honoured by such high sounding names are well and hearty. . . ."

This letter is from J. Tallmadge, at college, to his classmate, William E. Green, under date of January 31, 1797:

"Dear & Respected Phronesian Brother
and Classmate

". . . As soon as the vacation commenced every student eloped from this adoreable Parnassian seat except Allen M. and myself. Thus you will readily imagine the almost supreme happiness which we have experienced. The doleful toling of that loathsome bell no more assails our ears and reluctantly drags us from the sweet embraces of our adoreable God Morpheus. No longer are my natural slumbers interrupted with secret machinations how to quell the growing pride and power of the haughty seniors. All such strifes and contentions are done away. I reign here like a powerful monarch; no one to oppose me (and alas no one to obey me) . . .

"I have the honour of subscribing myself your Phronesian Brother and Classmate."

On September 30, 1797, Colonel John Whipple, Providence, wrote to William E. Green at Worcester:

"My young Friend

"This Day Mr. Maxcy has advertised in the Providence Gazet of his determination to postpone the meet-

ing or coming in of the Scholars of the Coledge untill further notice in said paper when he may think it saf and I think you may expect a long vacation as he has removed to the Comeden (?) and is truly under Peticoat Government.

"adieu

"Your &c.

"JOHN WHIPPLE."

"My Recpts & Mrs. Whipple's to the Good Family." . . .

To his classmate, William E. Green, at Worcester, J. Tallmadge, at college, writes March 2, 1798:

"ESTEEMED FRIEND:—

"Being blest with a few moments leisure as I have just finished my composition, I have concluded to intrude upon you with a letter. I hope you may happen to be at leisure when this arrives that your ever easy disposition may not be irritated with the trouble of reading of it. I should not have wrote to you but having learned yourself and friends were sick I fear you will not be with us yet in some time: and as it is essential to our future success when we shall be obliged to combat the class to keep in store all things which are transacted, I have thought proper according to the indian mode to entrust something to your memory.

"The present you well know is an interesting and truly important *era* in our Collegiate career. It is an *era* "big with fate." It is an *era* in which our future peace happiness and welfare depends. I allude to that important crysis in which we are to listen to the irrevocable mandate of fate; In which our future destiny is to be pronounced, and upon which our future existence almost depends, I mean the allotment of our parts for Commencement. Scarcely do I ever reflect upon the near approach of that

interesting and important hour but "big round drops in pitious chace" roll from my eyes. But I am not the only son whose rest is disturbed, and whose tranquility of mind is interrupted by the contemplation of that fatal morning in which our parts are to be pronounced. And though your mind is probably amused with the gaiety and vivacity of Worcester ladies I dare presume you are disturbed by the same melancholy thoughts which at present occupy my mind. Anxious for advancement our class appear like a drove of deacons. All are attentive to their books, all are anxious to gain favour. If one of the authority walk in the odoriferous Grubstreet, the seniours all prepare to meet them that they may shew respect by bowing with profound adoration. No art remains untryed to obtain favour — enough — Webb's exhibition piece is proved to be stollen from *St. Pierres Studies of Nature* and Cary's Poem on *chance* consisting of 150 lines is found in *Blackmore on Creation* 90 lines verbatim, Thomson is so proud that he did not steal his that by the request of the Freshmen and Sophomores it is put to the press and will be out tomorrow, Mr. Carter affords them at 2 cents each. I hope therefore there will not be so much grass pulled up this summer for — fodder.

"I am sorry to inform you that Corporal Trim has drowned his grief with liquor so often this quarter that Maxcy has had him at the tribunal bar, and last night admonished him and fined him 6 shillings. It was diverting the other day to hear Cary and Webb dispute. They twited each other of appearing in borrowed feathers at exhibition &c . . . and came nigh to fighting.

"It is almost time for prayers, I must bid you *adieu*

"y. TALLMADGE"

"Mr. Wm. Greene."

". . . N. Olney says when rogues quarrel honest men get their rights."

In a more cheerful vein Tallmadge addresses Green on March 23, 1798, shortly after the letter last printed.

"Reverend & Honored Sir:—

". . . Away sorrow—Let us recount our joys. I imagine you are particularly anxious to obtain information of our Collegiate affairs. I will therefore make that my principle subject. I informed you the situation of business this last term in my former letter. The Collegiate transactions continued in the same uninterrupted strain from the time I wrote to you until the fatal day arrived. A day "big with the fate of Cato and of Rome." A day in which the irrevocable sentence was pronounced and we were informed whether misery or happiness was our future lot. The evening before our parts were alloted was gloomy, it was dark. Each ones face proclaimed the agitation of his heart. Morpheus the ever adorable god of sleep, deigned not to bless some of our class with his presence. Unable to sleep, they traversed the lonely halls and saepe gemunt ab ima corde. Had I not been knowing to the ultimate cause of their distress and positive from whom the lamentations proceeded, I should have imagined myself removed to some desert place where I was listening to the footsteps of some ghastly ghost wandering over the fallen ruins of a once magnificent dome, and the terrifying croakings of the solitary owl.

"After prayers they all looked with anxious expectation. If you have ever seen the sable cat from under the barn floor glare with her flaming eyeballs, imagine if you can endure the thought, 27 of them in one row with eyes if possible more terrible than usual looking you full in the face, and you will have a good representation of our class and the deplorable situation of little *Jock*. He at length

summoned a sufficiency of mind to proclaim the following arrangements. *Dexter, Salutatory. Webb, Valedictory. Bullock, Cary, Tallmadge, Thompson, Intermediates. Albro, Underwood, Waterman, Dissertations. Foster, Latin Diss. Hathaway, Maxwell, Sabine, Williams, Dispute. Thompson, Fessenden, Greene, Dialogue. Cary, Bullock, Allen, Tallmadge, Dialogue.*

"*Finis*
"*Amen*

"I shall not comment upon this arrangement of the parts but shall leave it for your own consideration. I shall only observe that some think it is not just. Maxwell is high, talked with Maxcy and at length told him it was a damned partial distribution, in a rage he went off to Newport but Rogers sent him directly back and he is now much cooled.

"I would write much more to you but time and paper both forbid. I am very anxious to have you come in as we begin to dispute in the class. . . .

The following communication is to William E. Green, Worcester, from Rudolphus H. Williams, his classmate, at college, April 8, 1798:

"Dear Class Mate

". . . But reverting to a more ludicrous theme I will have recourse to Collegiate affairs. As Mr. Tallmadge has given you a catalogue of the parts I shall not trouble you with another but will recite some of the transactions since. The next night after; the locks that are on the doors that lead to the bell were filled with lead so that we had a long morning before the ringing of the bell, the entries nightly resound with crashing of bottles and the hoarse rumbling of wood and stones. We have

found out that Father Messer was the principal man in giving out the parts and for that reason he is treated with contempt by the students. Mr. Maxcy has been unwell the last week so that he did not attend prayers and Messer officiated and he has both been hissed and clapt. I have been choked ever since the parts came out, and I have not swallowed yet, Sir Peter has gotten quite calm but Sabin scowls. I asked a dismission and went home but my Parents would not let me take it. Waterman and Allen are well pleased, Underwood and Fessenden are not in, Cary's eyes have been red all this quarter, and it is the most general time for visiting brothers that I ever knew . . ."

Another glimpse of the lighter side of college life is afforded by this observation in a letter from Meltiah Green, at home, to his elder brother, William E. Green, at college, June 14, 1798:

". . . It is very hard you can't write when you have nothing to do but walk about the streets. I have often heard that the last year at Collegde is spent pritty much in play . . ."

The college treaty of 1798 is described in the following letter of June 25 from William E. Green, at college, to his brother, Dr. John Green, Jr.:

"Dear Brother

"I now write you to inform you of the little fray which has happened here within a few weeks as it is now at its crisis I shall just sketch it in its outlines — In the first place there has been some difficulty concerning the price of board & the students made some touse about it & the President forbad any meeting or convention of

the students & likewise any committee from them which very much inflamed them & they rose in mass & put a stop to commons for a few days which made the authority very angry & they threated to expel, but we were so unanimous that they dared not put their threats in execution & then he the President made a treaty with us which I shall put at the bottom of this letter & we are now about fixing for to return to commons. I wish you would send me 20 Dol for I am in great need of it just now your kind complyance with this my request will oblige your loving brother

"William E. Green."

". . . Treaty of Amity & Intercourse between the President of Rhode Island College & the party rebellious — June 23, 1798.

"The committee of the students of R. I. College are hereby informed that in case of complyance on their part respecting the laws which require them to board in commons the subscriber will use his utmost exertions to have the board law of the students in every respect agreeable & will prevent as far as his influence will extend the execution of any penalties that may have been incurred by those students who have left commons contrary to law; the subscriber also will in future grant liberty to apply either to himself or the corporation by committee, & for this purpose that all such transactions may be valid will present a resolution to the corporation at their next meeting for their approbation.

"Jona Maxcy Pres."

In the eighteenth century, as since, the college compared favorably with its neighbors. From Poughkeepsie, September 17, 1798, James Tallmadge, Jr., wrote his classmate, William E. Green:

"ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"I hasten to inform you of my safe arrival at home. I attended the Commencement at Newhaven and find it though much celebrated, not equal to ours. The students speak formally and likewise theatrically. Their compositions were very poor, scarcely equal to our Sophomore productions. The at(tendan)ce at Commencement was not more than one quarter as large as ours. The house in which they hold Commencement is something like Wilsons meeting house or the Church in Providence. . . ."

The "Old Brick" and the "Weazle!" Eighteenth-century college boys were as fond of terse slang as their successors. This is to William E. Green, at Worcester, from his classmate, Moses Miller, Jr., at college, July 6, 1799:

"WORTHY FRIEND

"Now I am sitting in the old closet rather in a State of gloominess. . . .

"The Old Brick resounds very frequently with the breaking of glass bottles against Tutor T's door, If he can be called a Tutor. We have given him the epithet of Weazle. He is frequently peaking through the knot holes & cracks to watch his prey. The cat that crafty animal gives him a douse in the chops not infrequently. She has not yet been able to be in full possession of him. But if Mr. Weazle is not more careful his destruction is certain. . . .

"Old Die Shins around among the girls with the utmost freedom. Young Daniel throws Glass bottles, & is raking about every night. . . ."

"N. B. Please to inquire of Mr. Thomas for some dialogues, we are in great necessity for some for exhibition. There are two which we wish for viz. Vinton in the Suds, Brave Irishman. If he has not these Please to obtain some others if you think they are suitable & send them by next mail. Mr. Thomas will charge me with them & swell up."

Again Miller, at college, writes his classmate, William E. Green, under date of March 21, 1800:

"DEAR FRIEND:

"feeling anxious to hear from you I take my pen hoping that you will favor me with an answer. I have not received a line from Worcester since I saw you last. We have had shocking times such as the Old Brick never experienced before. A *Revolution* began here 13 inst. It broke forth like the torrents from the precipice, and for some time swept all before it. The passions at length subsided, and the storm abated. No study! No prayers! Nothing but riot and confusion! No regard paid to Superiors. Indeed, Sir, the spirit of '75 was displayed in its brightest colors. On the 19th inst. I prepared my things to quit, never more to return; one hour before we were to depart, one of the wise men of the corporation addressed us like an old Fabius, not to be so hasty. After mature reflection we consented to certain propositions which were then made. My feelings at this time were unutterable,—scarcely could I contain myself for joy. We had been denyed regular dismissions and expulsion must have been our lots. By this time I suppose you'll wish to know the cause of this confusion. The Steward's inattention to his duty and the long enmity that has existed between him and the students became

intolerable. Frequent applications were made to render our situation more favorable, but all to no purpose.

"It became impossible to reconcile the students with the Steward. We requested the Bill of repairs. It was refused. The Steward insulted us with his abusive language. We became exceedingly irritated. At length 13 of March, the memorable 13 of March — we inconsiderately carried headlong by passion framed an instrument which contained all the names of those who boarded in Commons With This Declaration.

"We Solemnly Swear that we will not attend to any duties of the said College till the Steward is removed from his Office!!!! This instrument was presented to Jonathan by Benj. Bourne, John Paddleford, Philo Washburn and others a select committee for the sd. purpose. And behold Jonathan's ire was kindled and his wrath burst forth on his subjects. They were in the Chapel when he came to beseech the Lord! They began to retire. He found it in vain to command. He requested them to stop. He addressed us in as mild language as he could possibly considering the causes of provocation. He told us we were trampling upon all law. He pledged his fidelity, that our grievances should be removed, as far as it was in his power to remove them, if we would return to our duty. But all the arguments of the most learned men of his subjects could not prevail them to retract. We chose another person to inform him that we would not retract. Jonathan convened the Wise men who took counsel against us. The next day being the 14 of March, A. D. 1800 at 12 o'clock we were assembled in the Chapel at the request of Jonathan. When, behold, Jonathan and the Wise men came in (the Wise men you will understand, Hitchcock, Gano, Holroyd etc.) He read the resolutions of the Wise men. They could not have us in a state of rebellion. We must present them a legal instrument.

After this, Benj. Bourne was called out and expelled. John Paddleford rusticated. Philo Washburn rusticated. John G. Dorance degraded. Three others rusticated and one fined. We were forbidden all access to the authority by committees till we returned to our duty. But we did not obey we sent a committee to inform the President that if those who were punished were not restored we should leave College. He refused, like a good friend, any mediation till we had returned to our duty. On Saturday 15 inst. the most learned of his subjects caused them to retract by their powerful eloquence. We presented a legal instrument to the Wise men for the restoration of those who were punished. They would not hear us. Wednesday 19 inst. our class went to the President, four by four, requesting him to dismiss us, but he refused. We were determined to go dismissed or not but opportunely the Hon. Judge Bourne interposed, and we consented to return, till the annual meeting of the corporation, which is next week. What will be the determination is very doubtful. If they do not submit, in part, we shall quit without any cerimony.

"I am Sir yos. sincerely

"MOSES MILLER"

"P. S. The authority have acted wisely but the corporation have acted passionately."

When the newspapers and the town-tattle of to-day busy themselves with "outrageous and unprecedented doings on the hill," let us smile as we recall this our last glimpse into the student life of the eighteenth century.

Theodore Francis Green, 1887.

Exhibitions in the Old Town House

SOME fifty years ago (about 1801) the college was a public institution. Everybody expressed an interest in it, and everything was done to interest the public in it. In all its festivals, something was addressed to the people, something to catch the attention of the multitude and to please, if you choose, even the rabble, and thereby to raise an aspiration, if possible, that their children might partake of the advantages of education.

Many a time have I attended "exhibitions" of the undergraduates, in the old town house. On these occasions, a temporary stage was erected in front of the pulpit, and some neighbor was called upon for the loan of a carpet, to cover the naked boards. In the southeast corner, under the gallery, was the dressing-room, screened from vulgar eyes by a fair chintz curtain. From behind this came forth the youthful orators, who have since edified churches and charmed senates and courts, trembling like aspen leaves, and blushing like young maidens. Generally, a part of two classes appeared. The sophomores spouted "select pieces," with tone and emphasis and manner which would make the heart of the author ache again; at least, so I think now. Then I formed a different opinion, more in unison with that of the speakers. The juniors appeared in "original pieces," as did also the seniors. At the close, a select number from each "acted a play" or "spoke a dialogue," dressed in character.

There in the pulpit sat the president and the professors

and the tutors (there were tutors in college then) all as stiff and staid, as sober and as grave, as masters of arts and doctors in divinity ought to be, and they wore these literary honors with complacency at least. They never dared "to go to the theatre" if they wished to ever so much; public opinion would have resented such an act, and there was

Old Town House, Southwest corner Benefit and College Streets
Built for First Congregational Church, 1723; used as Town House 1795 till 1860, when it was demolished. Site of present County Court House

no "Museum" then; no, that is the result of progress long since then. And so these grave and reverend masters and doctors from the pulpit would look on, and sometimes smile to see their pupils "act." Over the dressing-room, in the gallery, usually sat the musicians, as many in number as the exhibitors could afford to hire, who would occasionally discourse such music as is now seldom

heard. I have seen that old town house crowded as full of ladies, bright-eyed ladies too, and gentlemen as the "Old Baptist" used to be on the afternoon of commencement day; not a vacant seat in those old square pews nor a place to stand in those broad aisles. At each outside door stood a doorkeeper, a constable generally, if the thief-taking business, not so pressing in those days as now, allowed them leisure to be there. These demanded "the tickets" of all who proposed to go in. On these tickets were printed the name of the class or classes exhibiting, the where and the when, with a notice at the bottom, "Children positively not admitted." Notwithstanding this, very many less than duodecimo copies of humanity were smuggled in.

These exhibition days were a kind of half-holydays to boys and girls. Schools were not closed, it is true, but they might as well have been, for few besides the instructors attended them. Many an old woman looked forward to the profits on her molasses-candy sales on these days, as the means of providing her some of the luxuries of life, for boys expected and had coppers and afterwards cents on these occasions as they did on "artillery elections" and other training days.

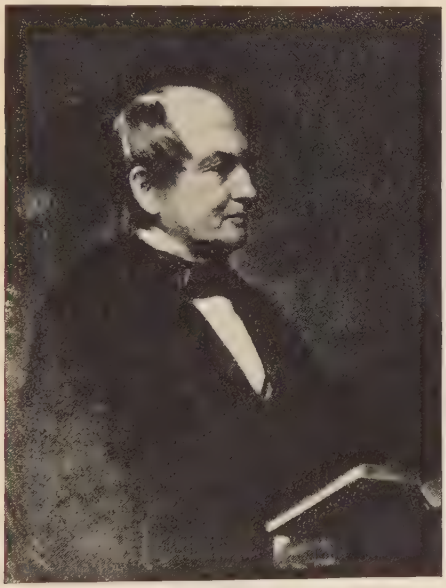
Providence Journal, July 1, 1851.

College and Town in 1819

THE COLLEGE has undergone many important changes since the first quarter of the century. During my residence there, old University Hall and the Rev. Dr. Messer's barn were the only buildings on the campus. The president's house was inside of the college grounds, and his horse and cow kept the grass low. At that time there were one hundred students, all of whom slept and studied in the college, and most of them, except city students, took their meals there. The late Joseph Cady, the steward, provided for every want, and at the close of the term assessed the expense per week upon each student, which never exceeded $1.40. It cost very little more to carry a young man through college then than one year costs since board in college was given up. There was a vacation of two months from Christmas, to which many students were permitted to add another month, when, by keeping school, they earned enough to pay their board for the whole year.

Great changes have occurred in that portion of the town lying between Thayer street, East avenue and the Seekonk river. The whole of that large space then consisted of unoccupied meadows and pastures. As the chief pastime of the students in those days, before boating and playing ball were introduced, consisted in walking to the Red Bridge, through Angell street, we became very familiar with its beautiful springtime appearance. The only houses then visible from the college in the above-named space were those of my father-in-law, Colonel

Alexander Jones, Governor Fenner's and Moses Brown's, the last since destroyed by fire. No other street but Angell then led directly to the river. What is now Waterman street was chiefly a pasture for horses. A footpath led through it to Angell, which I travelled every Sunday in going to St. John's Church.



Albert Gorton Greene, 1820
Author of "Old Grimes"

The only houses on Prospect street were those of Colonel Thomas Halsey and his son-in-law, Captain Creighton. From George street to Power, through Brown, the brick house then occupied by Mr. Moses Eddy was the only one erected on the latter, and on College street as far as Benefit the only house was that occupied by a Mr. Jenckes.

Samuel Brenton Shaw, 1819.

HORACE MANN, 1819
Statue in front of the Massachusetts State House

Horace Mann, 1819

MY acquaintance with Mr. Mann commenced in Providence in the fall of 1816. We then both entered the sophomore class of Brown University, and soon contracted a friendship, which, on my part certainly, continued during his life. During the last two years of our college life we were chums, occupying room No. 30 in University Hall. We were both of mature, and I believe about the same, age. Having been brought up in the country (he in Franklin, and I in Oxford, Mass.,) it was perhaps rather due to our early education than otherwise that the dissipations of neither the college nor the city had any controlling attractions for us. During the three years of our college life, I recollect not a single instance of impropriety on his part.

Perhaps I ought to confess one college sin, if sin it be deemed. The students had long been in the habit of celebrating the Fourth of July in the chapel. In our junior or senior year, arrangements were made for the accustomed celebration. The college government forbade it. A majority of the students went for resisting the government. I went for loyalty. But my chum, being a little the more impulsive, and having been chosen the orator for the occasion, went for independence and the celebration of it. The procession was formed in the college yard. I concluded that, if there must be rebellion, I had better rebel against the college government than against the majority of my fellow-students. I took the front rank in the procession; helped to open the chapel

door; and chum went in, and delivered his oration amidst great applause. A trifling fine was imposed upon him; but he lost no credit with either the students or the government.

I believe he afterwards vindicated the principles of subordination in college government. But I trust that our Fourth-of-July rebellion never gave him any serious remorse of conscience; it certainly never troubled mine. There are cases when generous sentiment pleads strongly for an amnesty of the fault of violating strict discipline.

Notwithstanding Mr. Mann entered college under the disadvantage of going into an advanced class, he soon assumed the first place in it. He had been remarkably well fitted in the languages under an instructor of some note; I think, by the name of Barrett. I never heard a student translate the Greek and Roman classics with greater facility, accuracy and elegance. As we should expect, he was a fine writer; and, as we should *not* expect from that circumstance, he also excelled in the exact sciences.

My chum possessed qualities of a high order. By this means he attracted the attention and secured the respect, not only of the members of our own class, but of members of the other classes in college. Our room was the centre of much good company, except in study hours; and I sometimes almost wished that I had not so interesting and attractive a room-mate. But I felt much more than compensated by his intelligence, and by the fact that the company his genial manners invited were from amongst the best young men in the college.

Ira Moore Barton, 1819.

Samuel Gridley Howe, 1821*

MY father in due time was ready for college. Harvard was strongly Federalist, and no son of my grandfather's should go there. These were hard times in the family, and only one of the three boys could be sent to college; my grandfather's method of deciding among the three was characteristic of the man. Calling them up before him, he opened the big Family Bible, and bade each in turn read a chapter aloud. "The one who reads best," he said, "shall go to college."

Probably there was little doubt as to the choice, for my father was always an admirable reader; at all events, it fell upon him. Joseph went into business, Edward to sea, while Samuel entered Brown University, in 1818, in the seventeenth year of his age.

My father always spoke of his college days with a curious mixture of real regret and humorous pleasure. He was truly sorry that he had not studied harder, had not turned to better account the precious years whose value he came to know so well in later life; and yet — he had had such a "good time!" He was born with a passion and a talent for practical joking, which never left him through life; and he gave full swing to both during the years at Providence. It could not be helped. The very ardor of temperament which led him on from scrape to

* Reprinted, by permission, from "Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe, edited by his daughter, Laura E. Richards."

scrape was that which later was to carry him through fire and water, to sustain him —

> "In the prison of the Kaiser,
> By the barricades of Seine."

But the college authorities could not be expected to understand this. When the president's horse was led up to the very top of one of the college buildings and left there over night, or when ink was squirted through a keyhole at a too curious tutor whose eye happened to be on the other side, the authorities only felt that here was a naughty lad who was getting himself and others into trouble, and bringing discredit upon the college; and Sam Howe was rusticated once and again.

These were what he in later life called "monkey shines." He regretted them, as I have said, but there was no keeping the twinkle out of his eye, as he told how funny the old horse looked, stretching his meek head out of the fourth-story window, and whinnying mournfully to his amazed master passing below.

Many years after, my father, being in Providence at commencement time, went to call on his old president, Doctor Messer, then living in retirement, for the express purpose of apologizing to him for the "monkey shines." The old gentlemen received him with a look of alarm, and, motioning him to a chair, took his own seat at some distance, and kept a wary eye on his former pupil. My father began his apology, but Doctor Messer interrupted him.

"I declare, Howe," he cried, moving his chair still further back, "I am afraid of you now! I'm afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it."

My father used to tell this story with great gusto; and he was apt to follow it up with another, telling us how,

some years after leaving college, he chanced to meet an old classmate, who exclaimed, "You must be Sam Howe!"

"I am his son!" said my father, quietly.

"His son!" cried the poor man. "Good heavens! I must be an old fellow indeed, if Sam Howe can have a son as old as you are."

Another classmate, Doctor Caswell (himself at one time president of Brown University,) has thus described my father's personality in his college days:

"He was a mere stripling, but nature had been generous in giving him an attractive physique. He was of middling height, slender in form, erect, agile, and elastic in his movements. With fine features, a fresh, pink complexion, a keen blue eye, full of purpose and meaning, and of mirth as well, with open, frank and genial manners, he could not fail to win the kind regard of his youthful companions. He showed mental capabilities which should naturally fit him for fine scholarship. His mind was quick, versatile and inventive. I do not think he was deficient in logical power, but the severer studies did not seem to be congenial to him. In all practical matters he saw intuitively and at a glance what was the best thing to be done. In any strait or difficulty, or any sudden emergency of danger, if there was any possible way of escape, nobody need inform him what it was. Before anybody else had time to think, his plan was formed."

College Pranks in the Early Twenties

IN the early twenties a snow storm occurred of such severity as to lay an absolute embargo on all country trade with the town of Providence. One result was that the price of wood went up to fourteen dollars a cord. The farmers who first penetrated the encircling drifts secured this amount for their loads, but on the second day the value of the fuel depreciated one entire dollar. A less energetic, but equally avaricious, farmer, who then appeared, traversed the streets the entire day in a vain attempt to secure the tiptop price. In order to avoid drawing his load home and back again, he asked President Messer if he could not leave his sled in the yard back of the college. University Hall then stood in solitary grandeur. Permission was readily accorded, so the man drove his sled to the designated spot, unyoked his oxen, and with guileless thought started for home. Returning for his load next morning, he found neither wood nor sled nor yet tracks indicative of their mode of departure. After long and anxious search, he chanced to look up, when he espied his property exactly as he had left it, save that meanwhile it had taken to itself wings and flown to the roof of the venerable structure where it rested peacefully and securely.

In those days the Scripture lesson was read at morning prayers from the Greek Testament by members of the freshman class. The extent was twenty verses from that last read on the preceding day. Three or four mornings after the opening of the academic year a neophyte was

at a point now indicated by the crossing of Waterman and Benefit streets, when the college bell rang. He started at full speed across lots and succeeded in entering the chapel as the janitor closed its doors. No sooner had he taken his seat than he heard his name pronounced by the president. Continuing the same energetic activity he had been exhibiting the preceding three minutes, he sprang to his feet and went through the twenty verses with unsurpassed rapidity. On pausing, the president kindly prompted. "The extent, sir!" was the immediate rejoinder. "Humph! Let us pray!" ejaculated Dr. Messer in his gruffest tones. However, he did not disturb that student again during the entire term.

President Asa Messer, 1790
From the portrait in Sayles Hall

In very ancient times, the college chapel occupied what is now the two lower floors of the front projection of University Hall, the second furnishing the galleries. Junior exhibition, then as later, was a most important occasion. As the seating capacity was limited, numerous exercises not laid down in the programme were held on the front campus. On one occasion as Dr. Messer was presiding with all the pompous dignity which characterized his every act, his attention was attracted by repeated

outbursts of enthusiastic vociferations upon the front campus. Glancing out as well as his exalted enthronement permitted, he discovered that his old but faithful white horse, ornamented with the letters "A. M." painted so as practically to cover each entire side, was being driven around haphazard by the crowd, which naturally interpreted the cabalistic symbols as signifying the bearer was none other than Asa Messer, or at the very least a Master of Arts. Of course, under the circumstances, the president could do nothing but scowl!

On a certain commencement day, the exercises in the First Baptist Meeting-House were somewhat disturbed by mock applause on the part of the undergraduates. The patience of President Messer was at last exhausted, and, turning towards them, he jerked out in a gruff voice: "Gentlemen, I want just as little noise as can possibly be brought about!" The outburst of genuine applause was terrific and long lasting.

George B. Peck, 1864.

PROVIDENCE ABOUT 1820
University Hall at the right on the horizon

High Old Times at Commencement in 1827

AS many of our distant readers may not be acquainted with a Rhode Island Commencement, or in other words, with the nature of the doings of that day, in which the annual commencement of Brown University is celebrated, we will for their special "benefit and behalf," attempt to afford them a slight sketch, which shall not be exaggerated, falsely colored, or shaded, for the sake of producing, what Mr. Sumner Lincoln Fairfield is pleased to call "effect." This annual festival, gala, or by whatever name you may be pleased to call it, conducted as it is at present, and producing the excitement that it does, is to our minds, destitute of moral instruction, and is calculated to demoralize, and to introduce pernicious and baleful practices among a virtuous and industrious people.

It is not to the occasion, that we take exceptions, but it is to the manner in which it is managed, that we now enter our candid protest. That the anniversary of a Literary Institution, should be celebrated, in order that those who are attached to its interests, may have an opportunity of mingling, and of renewing former associations, and that they who are about to leave its walls, should have an opportunity of making a display of their talents, and of their advances towards the founts of learning, are propositions, to which we yield our cordial assent; but, in the name of all mercies, we would ask, is it necessary to the accomplishment of such ends, that a whole community, and nearly a whole state, should be thrown

into a state of utter confusion? Certainly not; and as we cannot conceive any good reason for the present management of our commencements, we hope, that the present absurd and ridiculous plan, will be abolished, as speedily as practicable.

The annual anniversary of the commenement of Brown University begins to make its appearance in visible effects about the first Monday in September, and they remain indelibly imprinted on the feelings of the community, something like a fortnight;—and there are some, that sensibly feel its effects for a much longer period. At the early part of the week, carriages, steam-boats, sloops and schooners, are put in requisition, and thus in a little period, "confusion doubly confused" is introduced among us, and before the day of celebration arrives, the town is thronged with strangers, whose professed object in coming among us, is to witness the performance of the day. When arrived here, not one half of them have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity, and ten chances to one, if all are not sadly disappointed in their expectations.

The utility of making a public display of the talents and acquirements of the graduates of Brown University, is freely admitted, but then it must be apparent to every reflecting mind, that the present mode is not only inexpedient but improper. As things are now managed, a procession is formed at the University Halls, and to the sounds of martial music, march to the First Baptist Church, where amid a vast deal of ostentatious parade, the young gentlemen are introduced to the public, and are allowed to give specimens of their rhetorical and declamatory powers.

The procession thus formed, is composed of the respectable classes of the community, and of strangers, arranged according to their rank, wealth and condition,

and are thus placed before the world to receive its gaze, and to listen for the plaudits of the million. Arrived at the church, after a deal of useless ceremony and parade, their respective stations are assigned, and after a prayer to the Throne of Grace is offered, a Latin Salutatory is delivered by some forward and talented young man, which perhaps is understood by a half dozen of the audience, and those who cannot understand it, think it must, of course, be very good, simply because they do not comprehend one sentence of the speaker. The orders of the day, between Latin and indistinct English are carried into execution, and when all is closed, we have a Latin Valedictory, and the conferring of degrees, which is also executed in Latin, and then the procession is again formed and retires to the college.

We do not object to the introduction of Latin essays and addresses on occasions like these, from mere affectation, but because we think, that when a vast multitude is assembled, it is very proper to address them in a language which they can understand, and at the same time impart to them, some idea of the merits and talents of the aspirant for literary honor.

Of the vast concourse who visit the town on commencement day, but a very small proportion care a farthing about the literary exercises; they come only to see and to be seen — to indulge in hilarity, fun and frolic — to visit their relatives, the theatre, and the circus; and then return to their homes, without deriving the least benefit.

The lower and disorderly classes of society, make the whole an affair of amusement, drink to excess, quarrel and fight, neglect their useful employments, get bloody noses, and a night's lodging at the bridewell. In the midst of the scenes of bustle and confusion, pickpockets are busily employed at their vocation, infamous women throng the town, counterfeiters, thieves and swindlers are on the

alert, and the whole town is infested with a visit from all of the dregs of creation, who come among us only to depredate and destroy.

All the evils which are engendered by the celebration of commencement, could be very easily obviated, if the thing were managed in a different manner; if the trustees of the college would cause the commencement to be celebrated in some chapel or convenient place attached to the University buildings; and then the day would pass off in soberness and propriety, to the infinite advantage of the student, and to the credit of the town.

Horatio Gates Bowen, 1797
University Librarian, 1824–40

Beside the immoral effects produced by the celebration, the immense sums in money and labour it costs would be saved, and might be applied to better purposes than those of vice and dissipation. The loss in labour alone may be safely computed at twenty thousand dollars; — in money almost double that amount; — and yet all this is squandered away to celebrate the annual commencement of Brown University, without saying anything about the loss of reputation, hats, umbrellas, blood and the senses.

Literary Cadet, September 8, 1827.

Essay-Burning in 1831

MY GRANDFATHER, Joseph Cady, was steward of Brown University from 1812 to 1826. The first year he bought a lot on George street of a Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, who owned a good deal of land now belonging to the college. Her house stood where the west part of Rhode Island Hall now stands, Mr. Cady's on the east part. A narrow lane ran between the two houses until it lost itself at the turnstile leading on to the front campus. Mr. Cady's garden extended up to the site of Slater Hall.

The first thing I remember about college affairs was the burning of the essays by the students when I was about seven years old. It was probably at the end of the spring term of 1831. Commencement was then the first Wednesday in September. One morning I noticed two tall poles standing on the east side of Hope College with bundles of white paper tied on them. Soon I heard music, and running up the garden promptly climbed the fence to investigate. A procession of students, dressed in fantastic costumes, came around University Hall, not a lengthy procession like those of the present day, but quite as enthusiastic, and the music (probably Washington's March, as that was always played on great occasions) was very inspiriting. They went by the old well up the back

Joseph Cady
Steward, 1812–26

campus and halted; probably there were speeches. Then the papers were lighted, and made a very pretty bonfire. I was told afterwards that the bundles contained the essays that the students had written during the year. I do not remember ever seeing such a procession afterwards.

Mr. Cady's house stood on George street until after his death in 1862. In 1866 the lot was exchanged for one on Prospect street and the old house commenced a journey across the back campus to a new location. As there were no buildings to be endangered then, the students conceived the brilliant idea of setting it on fire and having an illumination worth while. The police, however, found out the plot and had a guard around the house all night. The next day it was moved on and it now stands on Waterman street numbered 72.

May 11, 1908. *Susan B. Ely.**

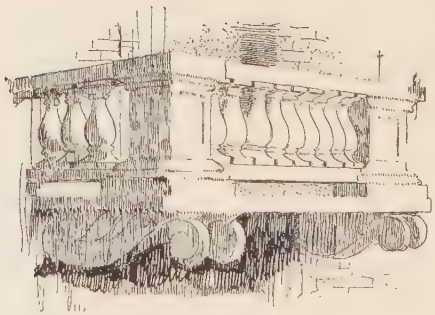
* Daughter of Thomas Backus, 1819, and widow of Dr. J. W. C. Ely, 1842.

The "Tallow-Candle Illumination"

HOW well do we remember the time when we made one of the vast crowd of 'literati' of all ages, sexes, conditions and colors, who on the university grounds witnessed and enjoyed that ever memorable 'tallow-candle illumination' on the Tuesday night preceding commencement day. With what mingled emotions of awe, admiration and delight (we were younger in those days than we are now) did we listen to the 'full band' posted on the platform, and contemplate the astonishing skill of the gifted men who could discourse such scientific music as Washington's March through the mysterious convolutions of the bugle, the French horn and the serpent! The dazzling brilliancy of the illumination, as it suddenly burst upon the vision at the sound of the college bell, was overwhelming; the bright eyes and blithesome beauty of the girls was perfectly inspiring; the jokes of the gallants capital; the jollity of the white and colored spectators refreshing in the highest degree; and the sudden extinguishment of the candles at the signal for the closing show startling, if not appalling, while the promiscuous descent of the vast crowd through College street, at a 'hazardous rate of speed,' and without the benefit of any other gas than that emanating from the mouths of a race of wags now quite extinct, constituted a finale at once extremely ludicrous and dangerously interesting. It never failed to give both strangers and citizens new and 'enlarged views of men and things.' By the way, the country people, who used to

come into town in wagon loads to see the illumination and hear the music, always supposed that the college candles were real wax. They were nothing, however, but the cheapest kind of tallow candles, and the inexperienced young gentlemen of the freshman class generally made shocking work of them. Not only the window seats and the floors of their rooms, but their boots, hats and best clothes were all covered with grease for days afterwards. Bits of candles, in fact, were strewn all over the college campus (the students used to throw the candle ends down upon the crowd the moment the bell sounded for the extinguishment of the lights); and there was nothing but grease, grease, grease from campus to chambers, from chambers to chapel, from chapel to Commons Hall. In truth it is not going too far to say that the only practical knowledge of Greece some of the young men ever obtained at the university was the knowledge of candle grease on the occasion of the ancient and admired tallow candle illumination.

James P. Dunwell, 1834.



Memories of 1832-36

ONE of the pranks of the students which I took no part in, but remember well, was the carrying of President Wayland's cow up into the belfry of University Hall and tying her to the bell so that it rang wildly. The perpetrators were never known.

FRANCIS WAYLAND
As he was when he assumed the presidency of Brown in 1827

In Professor Caswell's recitations I sat in the third seat. On one occasion the student next me was unprepared to recite so he besought me saying, "Do ask Caswell a question to set him talking." I did so, and the professor talked all the period, when he closed by saying, "Gentlemen, we have passed the hour very pleasantly but have made no progress with the lesson for the day. Take the same lesson to-morrow." The class passed out chuckling at their success in hoodwinking the professor. This happened not once but several times.

There were three societies among the students, the

United Brothers, the Franklin, and the Philermenian. The latter was the largest and occupied a room in Hope, while the Franklin society had a smaller adjoining room. This society was given up and gave the use of its room to the Philermenian, which of course it had no right to do. Justin R. Loomis, afterwards president of Lewisburg University, and I raised by subscription $125.00 to refit the room and at the end of the term set to work ourselves to do this. Without permission from anyone we tore down the partitions between the two rooms and threw the débris out of the window. Professor Caswell passing by saw it and came to inquire into the affair. He made no objections, and nothing was ever heard from the authorities. We worked incessantly, painting and plastering, also altering the book-cases, which had stood against the partition, to fit the small spaces. Charles C. Jewett, afterwards librarian of the university, and I also classified and catalogued the books and arranged them in the rebuilt cases.

The class of 1835 refused so strongly to receive any assignment of parts—"as an appeal to sinful ambition"—that only three of its members received their degrees at graduation,—Jonah G. Warren, S. S. Sumner and Edward Stone. Warren afterwards acceptably filled the position of secretary of a missionary union.

The class of 1836 sympathized with them and drew up a paper (which I think was signed by every member of our class) protesting against the custom. It was carried to the president's house, but as he was not at home it was left there. Nothing was ever heard from it and at graduation every student took his position and received his degree as though no resistance had been made. John L. Lincoln and myself obtained the signatures to the paper.

Jacob R. Scott was not a high-stand scholar, but no one else could write such pure and elegant English as he, as

he afterwards proved by his able pastorates in the South and in Portland, Me., and Yonkers and Rochester, N. Y. At the latter place he labored efficiently in establishing the university and the theological seminary.

Under the influence of Jacob Knapp our class became strongly excited on the slavery question, some taking a stand for and others as earnestly against it. Professor Goddard was in favor of slavery and showed it plainly in class. It resulted in my writing my essay for public declamation at the close of the term on anti-reform. He accepted it all but the last portion, which he cut off. On the evening assigned for my essay, I gave it as far as the portion he had criticised, when I said,—"I was about to speak concerning another class of anti-reformers, who, puffed up by pride of office, would frighten all honest men from all attempts at reform; but as this is forbidden I refrain."

S. O. Shepard the next night came upon the platform with his essay, which had been severely cut by the professor, and delivered it as left by the latter. He spoke at the close saying, "I deem it but just to myself to say that the disconnected and disjointed condition of my essay is due to the criticism of the professor."

The essays attracted the attention of the president, who sent for Horace T. Love (my roommate) and learned the whole story from him. We saw the president, with head down and measured tread, as was his custom when he had anything important on hand, go to Professor Goddard's house and soon return.

The professor shortly afterward came to recitation and in his quick, nervous way made unfavorable comments which I cannot recall.

At the last service of the year, as the president reviewed the year's occurrences, he said of me in substance, "One student with a delicacy and modesty peculiar to himself

has presumed publicly to question the criticisms of his professor." Of Shepard he spoke in a similar manner but less severely.

The year after graduation I went every Saturday night to the president for exegesis of the New Testament. As he was so kind to me I ventured once to refer to the occurrence, but he cut me short, saying quickly, "I have forgotten all about it; I know nothing of it."

William Lawton Brown, 1836.

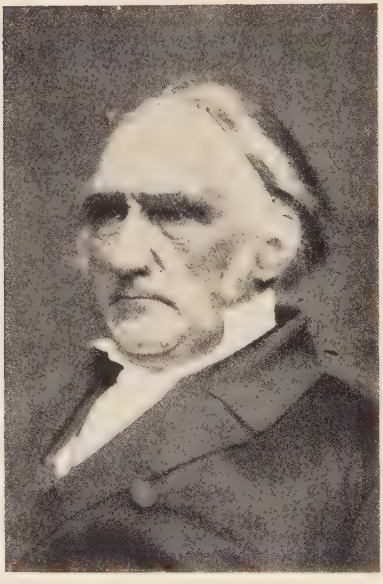
Dictated, May, 1908.

In the Days of Wayland and Elton

IT seems to be a particularly hard matter at present to maintain the discipline and to preserve the good order of colleges. Dr. Wayland never had the least difficulty. He was disobeyed with fear and trembling, and the boldest did not care to encounter his frown. He was majestic in manner, and could assume, if he pleased, a Rhadamanthine severity. It was a calamity to be called into that awful presence; and no student, of whatever character, ever made the least pretence of not being frightened at the summons. Such bravado nobody would have believed in; he who indulged in it would have been laughed at. However loosely our tongues might wag, we thoroughly respected and even reverenced the president; and upon public occasions, when he put on his academic gown and cap, we were rather proud of his imposing appearance.

There were traditions of the frightful state in which he found the university upon assuming its government, after the anarchy of Dr. Messer's time, and of the vigor with which he reduced it to order and studious diligence. If he had less of the *suaviter in modo* than of the *fortiter in re*, I am not sure that there was any reason to regret the deficiency, for he had to deal with thoughtless young people who were none the worse for feeling the heavy hand of a master. There were those who thought his firmness akin to obstinacy; but it must be remembered that he was a man of profound convictions, of fastidious conscience and of opinions not lazily arrived at. His

temper every one knew to be naturally hot and high, but nobody could know how severely it was tried, or what efforts he made to control it. In his later days, I have been told, after his resignation, he exhibited marked urbanity and sweetness of disposition. Certainly there were small traces of either when any undergraduate was detected in an act of meanness or a flagrant violation of the university statutes. He had a heavy foot for a student's door when it was not promptly opened after his official knock. Once, when we were bent upon illuminating the college in honor of some festive occasion, and contrary to his express injunctions, he exhibited his abilities in this way most effectually. "*Æquo pulsat pede*," we quoted from Horace as we fled from his wrath, and saw one row of lights extinguished after another. We were in great fear of suspension or of expulsion for some days after. To tell the truth, some of us, with reason enough, were usually in a state of apprehension. One young gentleman, whose conscience was especially cowardly that morning, was paralyzed, as he was crossing the campus, by hearing his name called in Boanergesian style. Heavens! it was the doctor who was beckoning to him! He thought hurriedly of all his misdemeanors of the week just past; for which of them was he now to be brought to judgment? What was his as-



President WAYLAND

tonishment, his exquisite sense of relief, when the president merely said, "C——, have you a chew of tobacco to spare?" For the doctor was a shameless consumer of the Indian weed; and some intricate speculation in philosophy or theology had been brought to a sudden standstill by an untimely vacuum in the doctor's box.

One scans with a kind of awe the marvellously miscellaneous curriculum which modern ideas of liberal education have introduced into our American colleges. The young bachelors must know a little of a great many things. In my time it was Greek, Latin and mathematics, and mathematics, Latin and Greek, for the first two years at least, unless the superficial instruction in rhetoric and elocution is to be taken into account. But the limited course, which is now held in such small esteem, was far from contemptible in its results. It is all very well to say that the men forget their Greek and Latin, or find neither of much use in the practical business of after life. The grammar and vocabulary they may forget, but the taste, the literary sense, the critical judgment which, other things being equal, follow early classical training, are seldom lost. One who has been nurtured when young upon such diet rarely degenerates into a mere Philistine. In Dr. Horatio B. Hackett we had a classical teacher of distinguished abilities and accomplishments. He may not have known as much Latin as Gottlob Heyne, nor as much Greek as Dr. Porson, but he had quite enough of both for our young stomachs, especially when the recitation was before breakfast. I used to think him a man of the sixteenth century. He should have been employed in that kind of mastodonian annotation which swelled the spare remains of Velleius Paterculus into a chubby quarto of a thousand pages. Perhaps it was not altogether our fault if we could not relish the discussion of a disputed reading of Livy or of Tacitus as he relished it.

He lived for learning, but he conscientiously gave all his great acquisitions to the cause of sound Christian knowledge. As he was accuracy itself, he occupied a high position among the American reviewers of the English Bible, and I suppose he went on toiling to the last.

View of Providence
India Point district about 1837

We had another professor of the Greek and Latin languages in the Rev. Romeo Elton, S. T. D. It was without any accurate prescience of his future proportions that his parents gave to him the name of the elegant young lover of Verona, for he was a little, round man, of a presence by no means romantic. It is impossible now to say by what concatenation it happened, but the irreverent

undergraduates of a bygone period had bestowed upon the sesquipedalian professor the name of "Bump," and though he was exceedingly popular, he was seldom called anything else. Whether he was a strong classical scholar or not we never could find out, for he was so absurdly good-natured and so punctiliously polite and of such confirmed *mauvaise honte* withal, that we did much as we pleased in his class-room. It was upon the ground-floor, and when the exercises became dull, and the windows were open, the students occasionally jumped through them after roll-call and went away. They were not missed by the good doctor, who would probably be engaged at the time of the exits in a bland illustration of the Iter Brundusinum or some other part of Horace, drawn from his personal observation when abroad. It was averred and generally believed that he had told every sophomore class since 1825 how, when he was at Göttingen, he slept between two feather-beds. This was an adventure the recital of which always caused him to cross his short legs rapidly in token of satisfaction, and successive classes waited for the narration with impatience. He was, however, what college professors sometimes are not,— he was a perfectly well-bred man, and if he was ready to take the word of the boys without question or cross-question, the more graceless was it in them to tell him falsehoods. When he did duty at evening prayers, he always remembered "the soldier, the sailor and the slave." This appeared to be a formula which he had fixed upon as both comprehensive and euphonious; so he adhered to it, and I do not know that he could have done better. There was a rule of the college that every dormitory should be visited by some member of the faculty during study hours, to make sure that the boys were at their books. This was one of Dr. Wayland's early notions of discipline; I am happy to say that the immoral and semi-military cus-

tom was long ago abandoned in Brown University. I am obliged to add that one of the professors and most of the young tutors took kindly to the espionage, and visited the rooms assigned to them with punctilious regularity. Those students, however, who lodged in the division of Hope College assigned to the Rev. Romeo Elton, S. T. D., had a good time of it. He always looked in at the door with a blush, as if he were making an unwarrantable intrusion upon domestic privacy, and he valorously broke the rule by calling seldom. I think that his plan was never to make a domiciliary visit oftener than twice a week, and curiously enough he always made it at the same hour and upon the same days; and always found his grateful young gentlemen at home.

When a man is writing or talking about his college life, he is expected, I hardly know for what reason, to dwell upon the least reputable parts of it. Almost everybody seems to hear with relish of the president's horse shaved, of the chapel-bell deprived of its tongue, of the cow introduced into the pulpit, of asafœtida placed upon the tutor's stove, of insolent jokes cracked at the expense of men renowned for learning and piety, of windows broken, and of homesick freshmen made needlessly miserable by coarse intrusion upon their privacy or by cruel profanation of their persons. We had enough and more than enough of these senseless diversions, and sufficiently tormented those who had us in charge, or who received in sorrow official intelligence of our misdemeanors; but I do not think that the students of that time were hard-hearted or heartless, and I do think that there has been a change in more than one institution of learning for the worse. Perhaps we were fortunate in the circumstance that, whatever our disorderly exploits, nobody thought of putting them into the public journals. The insubordination of some colleges has now become a staple article of

news, and those who disturb their studious quiet appear to be bolder and more reckless than we were. A reminiscent may note this change; fortunately for himself, he is not required to suggest a remedy. At any rate, we did not indulge in manslaughter in those unsophisticated days.

Charles Taber Congdon, 1841.

Printed in his *Reminiscences*, 1880.

The Cloistered Life of the Early Forties

STUDENT life at Brown in the early days was academic life pure and simple. The students lived together in the college, dined together in Commons Hall. The hours for devotion, for study and for recitation, the same for all, were regulated by the college bell with the precision of clock-work. The entire academic body, officers and students, was expected to attend chapel service at six o'clock in the morning and again at five in the evening, on which occasion after the prayer by the president, the junior or senior who happened to be the orator of the day pronounced a spirited oration on some theme of academic, local or national interest. Every student was required to meet his teacher in the class-room directly after prayers in the morning, at eleven A. M., and at four P. M. From seven to nine in the evening it was his bounden duty to be at his books in his own private study. Such was the cloistered life in college halls in the early days at Brown. Whatever we may think of its general influence, it surely had its advantages. The faculty and students constituted an academic family. Ties of friendship were formed which not even the cares of the busiest life could ever sunder.

Albert Harkness, 1842.

George William Curtis's Memories of Brown

I AM not an actual alumnus, and yet it is hard to believe it, because never was alumnus more tenderly treated by his Alma Mater than I have been by the college which I remember so long and so happily. I was born almost under its shadow on the southern slope of the hill on which it stands and near the house of the generous benefactor whose name it bears. As a child I gazed with admiration upon its students thronging down College street and stretching up Westminster and High streets, of an afternoon, for their "constitutional," and no recollection is more vivid than that of the commencement procession, with Dr. Wayland's thunderous brows crowned with the tasselled academic cap and the academic gown draping his massive form, with Chancellor Bridgham and the awful board of fellows, and a cloud of clergymen, and the elect seniors in flowing gowns and new shoes, bringing up the rear. This procession in black preceded by the band descended the hill and marched through the lively market place to the old church, an annual reminder, at least, to the busy citizens that there were other interests than those of the counting-room.

I have sometimes in later years fancied a loftier pride in Dr. Wayland's imposing port on those occasions, as if he delighted, in the midst of trade, to assert the dignity of letters. In the crowded church I always pushed up to the side of the platform which the graduating orator ascended. Some phrases I still remember in the orations and especially one line in the commencement poem of Thomas Allen Jenckes, afterwards the father of civil service reform. He impaled the dudes, as yet unnamed, of those days, upon the sharp, satiric sneer, "Vain folly's last edition, bound in calf;"—a sally at which dudes and maidens laughed uproariously. Commencement day was more impressive to me than the Fourth of July. The little boy that I was dilated with its grandeur. When President Wayland stepped out of the pulpit to address the Fellows, before seating himself upon the throne to confer the degrees, and, waving his hand toward the pew in which sat the graduating class, alluded to them in his Latin speech as "hos juvenes" I felt myself to be prospectively included. As Charles Lamb at Oxford, so I at Brown was admitted *ad eundem*, and when afterwards our gracious Alma Mater distinguished me by her favors, I felt only that she acknowledged a son as loyal as any child she had ever borne.

You ask for some reminiscences of the college within my time. Certainly the most ancient of my Brunonian recollections is that of the spare and, to my boyish eyes, queer figure of ex-President Messer, who, after his retirement from the presidency, used sometimes to preach in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church. His sermons I do not recall and the chief facts that have lodged in my memory are his solemnity of manner and his knee breeches. I seem indeed, as I think of him, to perceive a queue, but it is probably only a vision arising from the sense of fitness. Given the knee breeches it is easy to

deduce the queue. Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf," a poem which was, I believe, actually suggested by Major Melville in Boston, the last survivor of Sam Adams's tea party, used to seem to me a metrical commemoration of Dr. Messer and his breeches, although "the old three-cornered hat" had disappeared. Dr. Messer lived beyond the old Hoyle tavern on High street, in a stately house, as I remember, toward the Cranston line. He seemed to have placed himself at the furthest point from the college, as if in his own person to impart the atmosphere and benediction of letters to that uncolleged neighborhood. Even in later years the good doctor viewed as the head of the university may be still, perhaps, characterized as a queer person.

I remember, also, when Dr. Holmes in the first flush of his literary reputation, which began with the delivery of his Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge, came to Providence to repeat it before the chapter at Brown. It was read in the old Baptist meeting house, of course, and with the utmost effect, for Doctor Holmes certainly disproves the dictum of Mrs. Browning in Lady Geraldine's courtship that "poets never read their own verses to their worth." Holmes reads his own verses with the most exquisite appreciation and with a modulation of rhythm, and a shading of tone, which conveys their sublimest suggestion. The great Phi Beta Kappa audience in the old church never heard from any poet more resonant and charming numbers than on that day. The poem had especial significance for a Providence audience because the touching lyric which broke the stately, measured flow of the decasyllabic verse with a pensive rippling melody,—

> "And one amid their shades was born,
> Beneath this turf who lies:"

was a tribute to Holmes's sister, who was the wife of Dr. Usher Parsons, then a practising physician and surgeon in Providence, whom Providence boys regarded with respect and admiration as the surgeon of Perry's fleet on the great day of the victory on Lake Erie.

My older brother entered Brown fifty-one years after his grandfather, James Burrill, Jr., for whom he was named. My grandfather graduated at the age of sixteen, in 1788. In a few memoranda made by him and now in my possession he writes in a hand which attests the excellence of his teacher, "was admitted a freshman in Providence College August 31st, 1784, being with W. Barton and D. Peckham previously examined by Dr. Manning, Dr. Stillman, Dr. Brown, Mr. Tutor Robins and Mr. Wilkinson." Again "on commencement day, September the 3rd, 1788, received from the hands of Dr. James Manning, president of the college, the degree of bachelor in the arts. The class which graduated consisting of the following young gentlemen, viz.: Messrs. Atwell, Barton, Blackington, Bowen, Briggs, Burrill, Daggett, Doggett, Fisher, Harris, Holbrook, Jackson, Lazell, Leonard, May, Mead, Tillinghast, Turner, Whitman. The exercises allotted to each and which they severally performed at Commencement were as follows: To Atwell, Valedict. orat. Doggett, Sal. do. Daggett, 1st inter do. Barton, 2d inter do. Tillinghast, Eng. orat. Bowen, do. Holbrook, Greek do. Mead, Heb. do. Leonard and Burrill, forensic dispute, and to the rest parts in dialogues." There is also a record of the young graduate's expenses in college, which, averaging a little more than 9 pounds a year, amounted for the four years to 36 pounds, 7 shillings and 2 pence. He adds the expense of preparing for college, which was 7 pounds and 19 shillings, making a total of 44 pounds, 6 shillings, and 2 pence. These details are not exactly "within my time,'

but they may interest you as illustrations of the earliest years of the college.

My brother entered college with the late Abraham Payne, with whom he sometimes occupied a room in the southwest corner of University Hall, on the fourth floor, although he generally lived at home. The late Charles S. Bradley, afterwards chief justice of Rhode Island, and George V. N. Lothrop, ex-minister to Russia, were, I think, two years in advance of Payne in college. The three men were notable figures even then. Bradley was a devoted student, with a certain severity of temperament, as I recall him, and he made the impression of a youth of high aims, his mind already set upon distinction. Lothrop, less serious than his friend, was of a generous nature, cordial, expansive, but also a good scholar without effort, and he, also, was not without ambition. In both men the ambition was gratified. Judge Bradley became one of the most eminent and honored citizens of the state in which he was educated and cast his lot, and Mr. Lothrop passed from the Michigan bar to one of the great foreign diplomatic posts of the country.

Abraham Payne completed the group. In his case the child was father to the man. As a youth I recall the dry humor in which his views of men and things were dissolved, a humor which affected his life and gave to his estimate of the world an air of kindly half-indolent cynicism, as if, perhaps, life were not quite worth while. He, too, cherished an ambition with which his temperament was not in accord. In those days, he read Burke, and pondered political questions with youthful ardor, and smiled sympathetically at my brother's admiration for Emerson and his sympathy with "the transcendental movement." Payne cherished a deep and enduring loyalty to my brother's character and he in turn delighted in his friend's manly independence and persuasive humor, each recognizing a touch of genius in the other.

After their college days they seldom met. Payne pursued his professional career in Providence and my brother for many years lived in England. But until Payne died their interest in each other never declined. It seems to me upon Payne's part, as I recall it, not unlike that of Carlyle for Emerson. In one of his letters, Carlyle, who was always at close quarters with the wrangling world in general, says to Emerson substantially, "what are you doing up there in the empyrean?" Payne could not escape his temperament; and the ambition of his college days, like that of so great a multitude, was never gratified. It was curious to observe the men whom the state politically honored, and not to see him among them. But his carelessness to restrain his wit, his courage of his opinions and the manliness of his bearing, with a shrewdness of observation and a broad intellectual and moral comprehension of his time, made Abraham Payne as memorable a Rhode Island figure as those which he has kindly and pungently commemorated.

It was while these three men were in college that the Alpha Delta Phi, one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the later Greek letter societies, the modern prolific progeny of the Phi Beta Kappa, was founded by "the lamented Eells" at Hamilton, and a chapter was organized at Brown. Bradley, Lothrop, Payne and my brother were among the first members, and they were full of zeal, tempered by the smile and the humorous gibe of Payne. They promoted the higher objects of the society, however, with serious devotion. The meetings, as became those of a mystic fraternity, were held at night, and I can still hear the bell in the Baptist tower with solemn and reproving clangor pealing forth the hour of twelve, and one, and two, while I awaiting my brother at home conjured all kind of chimeras dire in the dead waist and middle of the night; so that the meetings of the Alpha Delta

Phi seemed to me a kind of Witches' Sabbath or Carbonari conspiracy.

This, I believe, is the view still entertained of those Greek midnight assemblies by some college faculties. But upon the delightful houses in which the societies now domesticate themselves, which have all the refined and luxurious aspects and appliances of city clubs, the fathers of the society whom I knew at Brown, regarding it as an arena of scholarly discipline and mental emulation, might gaze, as in Couture's picture of the Decadence of the Romans the austere elders of the Brutus and Cato type look upon the garlanded and carousing revellers. In the charming elegance of the society's modern house I can imagine the grave and earnest Bradley of those earlier years, asking whether it be a summer pavilion from the garden of the Academy where Plato taught and inspired or a pleasure house from Sybaris. I can also imagine the nimble witted Alpha Delt, or of any sister society, replying with the son of the merchant to his uncle who rebuked him for reaching the office at ten o'clock in the morning when his father came at seven, "Yes, dear Uncle, *tempora mutantur;* my revered parent, bless his memory, came at seven that I might come at ten!"

You see how dangerous it is to touch the stop of reminiscence in an old adopted son of Brown. You think to water a few plants of memory, and you are threatened with a freshet. "The waters are out" in a serious sense when you unsuspiciously raise the gates. To how many readers must the names I have mentioned be unknown! "Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while? Peradventure the very names, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic, unsubstantial, like Henry Pimpernal and old John Naps of Greece." But what realm is more thickly peopled with airy and invisi-

ble forms than the corridors and walks of a college? What high hopes, what lofty ambitions, what generous purposes, were native here! How much of great achievement began in this studious seclusion. To the backward glance of how many a man conspicuous in public honor and activity are not these quiet and modest walks and buildings of Brown the seat of a happiness which even renown and the gratification of the ambition once ardently cherished here do not afford.

To the older "Fellow" of the university undergoing the commencement orations in the historic church, the tone of the valedictorian may seem to be factitiously sad. The youth speaks from tradition, not from experience. But he speaks also with instinctive forecast, for it is the shadow of things unseen, but sure to be, that falls upon his spirit. Happily in every successive class which ascends the steps of the graduating platform and in every valedictory oration there is something of deeper significance than the tone of sadness. It is that the class and its orator are the symbols of the renewed impulse of hope, faith and vigor with which undaunted youth forever quickens the world.

George William Curtis, honorary, 1854.

In College with "Sunset" Cox

THE following reminiscences of Samuel S. Cox, '46, speaker of the national house of representatives and minister to Turkey, have been gathered from various sources, including the sketch of his life written by his nephew, William V. Cox.

In a letter to a sister, dated Brown University, Providence, November 25, 1845, Mr. Cox gives his unique experience as a temperance lecturer. He was then in his senior year. He writes:

"There was to be a grand temperance oratorio (about 60 singers), after the speaking (at Mechanics' Hall), and the house was densely crowded, mostly with females. The aisles were full — some 1500 or 2000 people present. I did not intend to speak — was standing up in the aisle with some students looking at the girls; when someone came pushing through with a little trunk in his hand, declaring he had to speak and must get through. 'Oho! Buckeye,' says I. 'Hallo! stranger,' says he. 'Bear, or I am no Buckeye,' says I. 'Right, young man — give us your hand — see this cane? John N. Bear on it.'

"'Cox is my name,' says I. The Buckeyes embrace — push through the crowd, Cox in the lead. Everybody staring. I told the president of the meeting who was present. He had heard of me, and said I must speak too, and introduced the Buckeye Blacksmith. Well, I was stirred up — made a speech of twenty minutes — introduced Bear with a gusto. He made a perfect roarer of a speech, astonishing the people considerably. He got up

a little respectability for me, after I had soft-soaped him — told him about my taking him with a habeas corpus or something in his intemperate days — said I was clerk of the court at Zanesville, etc., etc. Last Monday I had a special invitation to lecture. I signed the pledge, and as the doctor was away with Dr. Judson, I prepared myself well; spoke forty minutes to a very refined audience — was nicely complimented by the president — but that is my last one for some time. Our exhibition comes off Saturday. We have been practising all the afternoon, and the way we are drilled!" In the same letter Cox more than once expressed a longing for pumpkin pies, such as he had at home. "I must say," he writes to his sister, "if I have a failing it is pumpkin-pieward."

Of another college experience he writes:

"I made my début here on the stage — spoke a part of my Fourier speech, which the professor did not like as to the sentiment, but which brought down two rounds of applause from the students. I never felt so elated in my life, my manner of speaking was so different and I put all my soul in it (as I had written it myself and consequently felt what I said), and there was so much of the free and easy, Western stump-speech manner about it that it took. The professor told me not to speak any more such things as Fourierism, but said he saw some fine promise in my way of speaking. He did not know I wrote it, and as we are required to make selections from others till next term, he supposed it somebody else's. The students wanted to know where I got it, as there was considerable fun and novelty in it. I stopped once in the middle, having forgotten the next sentence, but they commenced stamping, and it put me considerably out — and some, most fellows, would have been abashed and taken their seats, but I stood it and at last got through. So much for my entré! They think here I am an odd genius. I don't visit anybody —

stick to my room — mind my own business — walk as straight as a lightning rod and as independent as a woodchuck. I can put on all kinds of airs, and they will lay it all to Western manners and characteristics. They generally suppose that we are mostly heathens out West, without refinement and taste for literature — and the specimens of Western students here are by no means flattering."

His classmate Mr. Frank W. Anthony of Mattawan, Mich., describes this incident as follows:

"The class had been trained for nearly two years by our prim and precise professor of rhetoric, Professor Gammell, into his peculiar and polished style of speaking and writing. S. S. had doubtless had triumphs at the crossroads schoolhouse of the West. You can imagine the effect of his first speech in the college class upon professor and students. It was the first stump speech any of us had heard. We all tried hard to control our risibles. It was impossible after a few sentences. I see now the determined look that came into the new student's face as the laugh grew louder and longer. It said, while he completed his speech, 'laugh if you will, the power is in me and you shall yet respect it.' When completed he leaped from the platform, regardless of the steps, and made for his seat. As soon as Professor Gammell could control himself and the uproar, he said, 'It is customary, Cox, for the student to pause at the foot of the platform for criticism. We will excuse you this time. Next.'"

Another classmate, the Rev. James C. Fletcher, writes:

"Cox liked to take a hand even in his student days in addressing a crowd; and on one occasion he made a stump speech to the assembled Democrats in Providence, R. I., in connection with Thomas W. Dorr, who in 1842 endeavored to change the old government of Rhode Island by forcible means — for which Dorr, being over-

whelmingly defeated at the polls and elsewhere, had to suffer in prison. The Democrats, as well as the old Whigs, were overwhelmingly against Dorr. Nevertheless, when agitation began in regard to liberating Dorr from the penitentiary, 'Sam' (as we called him), with the pluck that always characterized him, took the part of the small party, demanding the pardoning of Dorr, and actually, to the chagrin of the faculty (all Anti-Dorrites) 'Sam' addressed the 'unterrified' in the streets. 'Sam' always took the part of the 'under dog' in the fight."

Dr. Charles R. Cullen of Gaines Mills, Va., writes:

"We sat beside each other three years. While we were at Brown the Liberty party was forming and the Garrisons were in full blast. In the Methodist Church (the only denomination at that time very radical) Abbey Kelley, Abbey Folsom, S. S. Foster and Wendell Phillips were to speak. They abused Dr. Wayland, who was carrying on the controversy with Dr. Fuller on the subject of slavery, but could not tolerate the Garrison set. The doctor advised the students not to attend the meeting, as he knew they would commence by abusing himself, calling him anti-slavery hypocrite, etc. This made the whole body of students decide to go and take possession of the meeting — to allow the Abolitionists to speak fifteen minutes and the students thirty minutes — to hiss them and applaud the students. Sam made a rousing speech — so did Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, now of Philadelphia. Phillips was severe on the students and told them they might be as silly as geese or venomous as serpents, he would speak if they stayed until midnight. We generally did for several nights."

Cox freely gives his opinion of his associates. He says:

"They judge of a fellow's respectability greatly by his dress here. . . . There are some monstrous mean fellows among the Yankees. Again there are some fine fel-

lows — good — open-hearted — warm-hearted students — in my class. Some of the best families of New England and the Union are my classmates. A grandson of General Greene; a son of Commodore Morris, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. Wayland's son; Professor Goddard's two sons."

Dr. August Shurtleff of Brookline, Mass., writes:

"Cox joined our class in the sophomore year, and won our hearts at once. He was one of the most genial, kind-hearted and witty men I ever knew. The professors all liked him, and when he asked funny questions sometimes, never reproved him. I think he was about medium as a scholar, certainly not less. He was always talking politics. I have a classbook in which my nearest friends wrote a sentiment over their autographs — it is before me now. He says he has always been celebrated as an unterrified Democrat; that there was a tradition in his family that when he was born a scroll of fire was seen extending around the top of the bed-posts on which appeared the legend 'Vox Populi Suprema Lex.' He looked like and always reminded me of Oliver Wendell Holmes and like him showed his under teeth when he laughed, which was about all the time. He was a dear, good fellow."

Honorable James B. Angell, president of the University of Michigan and lately minister to Turkey, who entered Brown as a freshman just as Mr. Cox was beginning his senior year, gives the following account of the latter's college career:

"Cox did not study for class rank, though his general scholarship was good. But no student worked more industriously. He gave most of his time, however, to the study of English and American history and political economy. He was, I think, much impressed, as most students were, by the instruction he received from President Wayland, especially by the free-trade doctrines set forth in the president's work on political economy. He seemed to be

preparing himself for entering on political life. He gave full promise of all he subsequently accomplished in his public career. When he left college, we all confidently expected that he would attain to great eminence in public life. His attractive social qualities made him a great favorite in college. He was brimful of innocent fun. He had considerable skill with his pencil in caricature. He was an agile participant in the sports of the ball ground. Wherever one met him, whether in athletic contests, in social life, or in intellectual tournaments, there was an abounding vitality and effervescent good nature in him, which made him a most stimulating and enjoyable companion. I am sure that all of his contemporaries in college have cherished, as I cherished, the most pleasing recollections of their companionship with him in the days of his student life."

Mr. Cox once told Mr. Brown of the editorial board of this volume of his close but brief acquaintance with Francis Wayland. He came to Brown in 1842 from Ohio, then an almost exclusively agricultural state, and, like any breezy Western boy, always walked across the grass, paying no heed to paths. This custom of his wore unseemly lines in the front lawn and President Wayland had signs erected for all persons to keep off the grass and confine themselves to the gravel paths. This made no difference to young Cox, as he continued to run across the grass until one day he ran plumb into the arms of the president. Seizing the delinquent with the frown of Jove lowering around those shaggy eyebrows, Dr. Wayland sternly asked, "Did you see that sign?" "Yes, sir." "Did you read it?" "Yes, sir." "Why did you violate my orders?" Cox thought a second and replied, "Well, the only reason I can think of is that I came from a state where there's more grass than gravel." President Wayland relaxed and said, "Young man, I expect we shall hear from you after you leave here."

When President Angell was a Student

MY college life covered the period from 1845 to 1849. In these days, when the faculty numbers nearly a hundred, it is difficult to comprehend how a faculty of seven men carried on the institution with vigor and success. I need hardly say that each one of the seven was a man of force and was admirably qualified for his special work.

The youngest was Professor Lincoln. He had recently returned from Germany, where he had pursued extended studies in the classics and in philosophy. We had the pleasure of reading Livy with him while he was preparing his edition of that author. He was therefore brimful of enthusiasm on the subject and fired us with much of his own spirit. Although we were studying a dead language, no classroom was more alive than his. He was intolerant of sluggishness or laziness, and often rebuked it with a stinging word. "I have forgotten," said an indolent fellow one day in reply to a question. "Forgotten," was the sharp retort of the teacher, "Did you ever know?" One answer given him amused him and the class as affording rich material for his notes on Livy. We were reading the twenty-first chapter, which describes the passage of the Alps by Hannibal. The professor asked one of the class why Hannibal had the elephants with him. With great promptness the answer came "to draw up his cannon." The youth who made the reply was so chaffed by his classmates that he left Brown and went to another college.

Professor Boise, who afterwards at the University of Michigan and the Chicago Theological Seminary won so high a reputation, had charge of the Greek. He manifested the same philological acumen which always distinguished him. But he seemed to us at that time to dwell too much on the minutiæ of grammar, and not enough on the beauties of Greek literature. The current saying among us was that "he would die for an enclitic." But it is impossible to over-state the influence which he and his colleague Professor Frieze exerted in the West through their labors at the University of Michigan in diffusing love for the study of the ancient classics.

Professor CHARLES C. JEWETT, 1835
University Librarian 1842–48

The librarian, Professor Charles C. Jewett, who had been in Europe purchasing books for the library, had charge of the instruction in French in my sophomore year. He was greatly beloved by the students. It was with much regret that we saw him accept the post of librarian of the Smithsonian Institution. He afterwards became the librarian of the Boston Public Library, and died at a comparatively early age.

Fortunately his place in the classroom was taken by George W. Greene, the well-known historical scholar.

His life had been chiefly spent in Europe. The revolutions of 1848 were raging while we were under him. Greatly to our delight and I may add to our profit his time in the classroom, under the provocation of questions from us, was chiefly spent in discussing European affairs, and especially in describing the eminent persons who were conducting the military or political movements. Not a few of these he knew personally. None of us who hung upon his lips in these hours can ever forget his narratives. He had the art of the best French *raconteur*. I confess that my own intense interest in European politics and history dates from the hours I sat under the spell of George Greene's fine talk. And who of our American writers has surpassed him in a pure and flowing English style? I am sure the inspiration of the contact with so finished a scholar was lost on but few of the class, even though the demands for the details of recitation were not very exacting.

Professor Gammell had charge of our writing and speaking and also of the work in history. He maintained the tradition of pure and chaste writing which, established under Professor Goddard, has I am happy to believe never been lost at Brown. He was most exacting in his demands upon the writers, and no one willingly subjected himself to the humor and the stings of his pungent criticism. Even those who could not at the time receive them with complacency lived to recognize in them with gratitude "the wounds of a friend." No teacher rejoiced more than he in the success of his students in life or watched their careers with more interest. His course in history was fuller than that at any other college except Harvard. It was chiefly devoted to English constitutional history, though some time was given to American constitutional history. It called for solid and fruitful work.

According to the custom of those days in all the

colleges one man was called to give instruction in several sciences. This man was Professor Chace. He taught chemistry, geology, botany and physiology. At times he also conducted classes in Butler's Analogy. He really ought to have been assigned to the teaching of philosophy. His natural bent was towards metaphysics. His mind was singularly acute, his mental processes were most logical; his style of expression was absolutely lucid. His instruction was therefore highly appreciated, though from the brevity of the courses he could give us only elementary instruction in science. Laboratories had not then been introduced anywhere in this country. His opinion on any subject carried great weight with the students. It was generally believed that no one could outwit him by any trick or device. Therefore the vain attempt was seldom made.

Professor Caswell, who gave instruction in mathematics, astronomy and natural philosophy, had of all the teachers the strongest hold on the affections of the students. To him every one who needed sympathy or counsel instinctively went. His great warm heart drew all to him. He had the gift of making mathematics attractive to most students, and even tolerable to that inconsiderable number who had no gift or no taste for the study. When the vote on recommending for degrees was to be taken, he looked with abundant charity on those who had never been able to pass their examinations in mathematics, saying amiably, "Let them pass. The conies are a feeble folk." The impress of his beautiful character upon all the students was never forgotten or entirely effaced.

President Wayland taught us intellectual and moral philosophy, political economy and (in a brief course) the evidences of Christianity. I have met not a few of the men whom the world has called great. But I have seldom met a man who so impressed me with the weight of his per-

sonality as did Dr. Wayland. After making due allowance for the fact that I was but a youth when I sat under his teaching, I still think that by his power of intellect, of will and of character he deserved to be ranked with the strongest men our country has produced. It may be said of him as of his friend, Mark Hopkins, that his published

View of Providence from the North, 1849

writings do not adequately represent the man as his pupils knew him. As a teacher he was unsurpassed. His power of analyzing a subject into its simple elements and his power of happy illustration, often humorous, were equally marked. He permitted the largest liberty of questioning and discussion, but he insisted that the student should state his point with precision. Frequently by doing this the student answered his own question. One-fourth of my classmates were Southerners. When we came to the subject of slavery in our study of moral philosophy we discussed it for three weeks.

The doctor's son, afterwards known as the Rev. H. L. Wayland, inherited his wit from his father, and often entertained us by his amusing questions propounded to his father in a most solemn manner. Once he stretched his tall frame to his full height and with a deep voice remarked, "I should like to make an inquiry." "Well, my son, go on," responded his father. "I observe, sir," said the son, "that in the treatise we are now studying the learned author says so and so," quoting the passage. The class seeing that fun was at hand were all prepared to explode with laughter. "Well, my son, what of that?" said the doctor. "Well, sir, I recall the fact that in a noted treatise by the same learned author, entitled 'On the Limitations of Human Responsibility,' he remarked so and so," quoting the passage. Obviously the passages were contradictory of each other. The class and the doctor could no longer restrain their laughter. The son was the only serious person in the room. We were in glee at seeing how the father was apparently cornered. We did not foresee how wise and how characteristic was his method of escape. As soon as he could get a hearing he remarked, "It only shows, my son, that since the learned author wrote the first book, he has learned something more." I say this answer was characteristic because no man ever held his view more open to the vision of new truth than he.

The discipline of the college was wholly in his hands. In administering it he was stern, at times imperious. But no graduate of his time ever failed to gain from him higher ideals of duty or lasting impulses to a noble and strenuous life. He said so many wise things to us and uttered them in so pithy and sententious a style that one could never forget them. I presume my experience is like that of others, when I say that hardly a week of my life has passed in which I have not recalled some of his apt sayings and

to my great advantage. Is there any better proof than that of the power of a teacher over his pupils?

The recitations were conducted in a manner which furnished a remarkable training to the memory. The first man called on was asked to give an analysis of the lesson assigned; the second man then took up the discussion as given in the textbook or in the lecture of the previous day; the third, when called on, without prompting followed the second, and so on with the rest. It was believed by the students that a pretty exact verbal reproduction of the text was credited with the highest marks, consequently the best scholars cultivated the verbal memory so that they gained great facility in reproducing a text. I think that when in our junior year we had from twelve to fifteen pages of Smythe's Lectures on History as a lesson, at least half a dozen men in the class would in two hours prepare themselves to recite the whole of the lesson with substantial fidelity to the text. I think this practice was carried to excess. At the same time the power thus acquired has been of great service in life to many men. I ought not to leave the impression that ideas were not esteemed of more worth than words. The utmost freedom of asking questions and of discussion was permitted in the classroom, unless it was obvious that the liberty was abused.

The two debating societies, the Philermenian and the United Brothers, played a large part in the intellectual life of the college in my time. Electioneering for securing members was carried on with such vigor during the earlier weeks of the year that the freshmen had scarcely time left for their regular duties. I have heard many an old graduate say that he regarded the benefit derived from the society to which he belonged as equal in value to the help secured in the classroom. Very careful preparation was made by the ablest debaters and the honors they won

were highly cherished. Mr. Samuel S. Cox, who was a senior in 1845–46, was the most brilliant debater of his time in college. I doubt whether in his long congressional career he made abler speeches than some to which we listened from him in the United Brothers' Hall. The society halls occupied the fourth story of the north end of

Professor JAMES B. ANGELL, 1849
(Taken about 1860)

Hope College. It is a most promising sign that interest in debating has revived in the colleges.

We played football and baseball in the old-fashioned way in the rear of Hope College, but merely among ourselves. In football, the seniors and sophomores were pitted against the juniors and freshmen, and all who chose took part.

Students rarely went into society in the city before

their senior year, and not many even then. We found our social delights in our college intimacies. The number of students was so small, about 140, that one could easily know them all. Most of us took our meals in Commons Hall, the room now used as a classroom on the first floor in the middle of the east side of University Hall. Each class had its own table. If the fare was not very sumptuous, it was not costly, and the conversation was lively. Occasionally it became so boisterous as to stir the amiable steward, Mr. Elliott, known familiarly to us as "Pluto," to bring down his big bread-knife with a loud resounding whack on his table, and to shout with his husky voice, "Order, order." I cannot say that the usages in Commons Hall were conducive to elegant manners. But the plain meals were spiced with the flavor of excellent companionship.

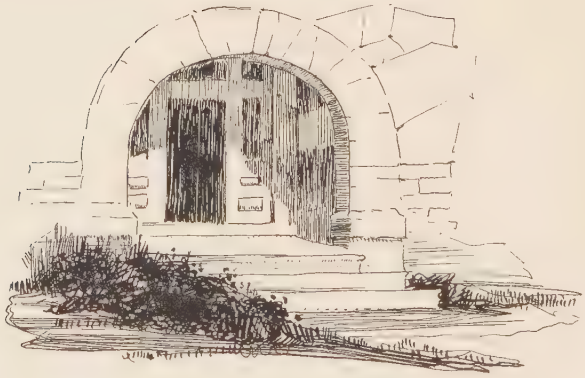
As we did not mingle much with the outside world, the questions which we sharply discussed with each other were fortunately largely connected with our studies and reading. We were divided into advocates and critics of Carlyle, of Coleridge, of Macaulay, of Emerson and of others whose works were then freshly appearing, and were read with avidity. I cannot resist the impression that we took a more vital interest in literary discussions than is apparent to me in student life in our day. Questions of politics and of political economy seem to me to absorb the attention more and questions of literature and philosophy less than in those days. Whether, if this is so, the change is a gain or a loss, need not be argued here.

But one thing is certain. Nowhere could college life have been more enjoyable than it was at Brown in the period under consideration. We students were drawn so closely together, we were so little distracted by outside life, we all trod so exactly the same path in our studies, we could each know the whole body of our companions

so intimately, that our lives flowed on as in a stream, and the dearest friendships of life were cemented there.

I believe that no college in the country furnished a better training to its students at that time. The careers of the men who were then undergraduates are the best proof. To mention only a few of my college mates, Chief Justice Durfee, Judge Franklin J. Dickman of Ohio, and Honorable S. S. Cox, of the class of 1846; Professor George P. Fisher and Professor James P. Boyce, of the class of 1847; Governor Murrah of Texas, of the class of 1848; Benjamin F. Thurston and James Tillinghast and Julian Hartridge and Rowland Hazard, of my own class, Professor James O. Murray and Edward L. Pierce, the biographer of Sumner, of the class of 1850; and Professor Diman, of the class of 1851;—the mother that produced such sons need not fear to ask us to tell of those days when with scanty resources and a faculty of seven she performed the great work which fell to her.

James Burrill Angell, 1849.



Riding a Professor "Pickaback"

ONE of the mildest and most chivalrous of gentlemen was Professor Romeo Elton. A rapscallion, such as only the higher education can produce, made a bet with his chum that he would ride the professor pickaback downstairs, three times, in Hope College. The first and second trips were duly accomplished, the student apologizing profusely as they came into the light. Finally on the third occasion, the professor spoke courteously, though in rather petulant tone,

"Very excusable, sir! But it must not be repeated."

Dr. Wayland's humor was frequently exercised. College diseases of certain types are often epidemic. Once in the chapel, he referred to these recurring cases of illness in terms well understood. "It will be necessary," said he, "for us to rusticate some of these gentlemen, lest they die on our hands."

He liked to tell a story, even at the expense of his own profession; and he rallied a habit of certain worthy clergymen who were fond of instructing the Almighty in prayer. At the funeral of an old maid, the doctor described a didactic enthusiast as he said with great unction, "O Lord! Thou knowest this woman had not a child — nay, more, O Lord! — Thou knowest she had not even a grandchild."

William Babcock Weeden, 1852.

Dr. Boardman's Recollections of President Wayland

I WAS so fortunate as to graduate from Brown University the same year in which Dr. Wayland graduated; the difference being that he graduated as president of the university, and I only as an undergraduate.

President Wayland was a most remarkable man, in every way; physically, intellectually, ethically. His majestic presence, his massive frame, his shaggy eyebrows overhanging his penetrating eyes, were most awe-inspiring. Notwithstanding this portentous presence, he was very kind and tender-hearted. He had, too, a keen sense of the ludicrous which endeared him to the students. It is said that at the chapel prayers, which in my time were held at daybreak, he had the habit of closing one eye and keeping the other open to observe the students. I once saw him go into the room of a delinquent student, in bed asleep beyond the proper time, and gently tickle his feet with a feather to awaken him.

On one occasion, my fun-loving comrades dared me to enter the classroom in one of Dr. Adoniram Judson's collars, which came up to my eyes. The president fastened that majestic gaze upon the ridiculous linen, and sternly said,

"What fashion of collar is that you have on sir?"

"It is my step-father's, Dr. Judson's, sir."

"I apologize," he retorted, "pray wear it every day of your life."

Along with other undergraduates, who were provoked by the discipline of some of the faculty against certain students, which was termed a persecution, I was once led into a state which resulted in a fit of boyish determination to leave the college the next day. The president, as he was returning from one of his classes, met me on the street, took me by the arm, and said grimly, "Before you go, will you kindly honor me with a call? I shall be at home between 3 and 4 o'clock this afternoon."

It is needless to say the incipient insurrection was ended.

George Dana Boardman, 1852.

President Magill's Memories of Brown

I SHALL never forget my first meeting with Dr. Francis Wayland. It was in the autumn of the year 1851. I had finished my freshman year at Yale the previous commencement, and been admitted to the sophomore class. I read at that time the doctor's pamphlet on The New College System of Electives, which he presented in a manner that attracted me, just after his return from a visit to Europe. I saw in it a way, as I thought, of securing my A. B. degree at Brown in '52, instead of graduating with my class at Yale in '54, as I had completed the full mathematical course required before I entered college and could give my whole attention to Latin and Greek, almost the only other real essentials in a college course at that time. I called on the doctor, at his home, at the head of College street, and was introduced into his study, on the first floor, in the southeast corner of the house. He rose as I entered and met me in the middle of the room. He did not ask me to take a seat, but the interview was all held standing in the middle of the room, a practice, I was told, of his to prevent too long interviews with a busy man. I stated my situation as a member of the sophomore class at Yale, and showed him, in as few words as possible, what I desired to do. Looking at me keenly with those dark, deep-set eyes, from under his shaggy eyebrows (he had a retreating forehead, with eyebrows projecting far over his eyes), he remarked in a very decided and rather

forbidding tone, "Young man, what you propose to do is possible, but not probable." "Well," I replied, "if it is possible I will try it with your permission." He gave the desired permission, and I was about to take my leave, when he suddenly added, "There is one more matter to be settled. Students are all required to attend church on Sundays, and they choose whatever church they please at the opening of the year, and that church they must regularly attend. Which one will you choose?" Remembering that our branch of Friends was not represented in New England, I hesitated a moment whether to choose the Friends meeting, or the Unitarian Church or the doctor's own service which was held regularly then in Manning Hall over the library. Seeing my hesitation, he added in that stern manner of his that almost frightened me, though I was not easily frightened, "Young man, when a man has lost his religion, I tell him Providence is a good place to come and find it, for we have all sorts here." To this I replied at once, "I will go and hear you, doctor," and he took my name as one to attend service in Manning Hall, and I went regularly through my course at Brown, and never had occasion to regret my choice.

Edward Hicks Magill, 1852

In the spring of '52 our class was reciting to the doctor our lesson in moral philosophy. We usually had about ten or twelve pages, and the manner of recitation was this: The doctor first called upon some member of the class to give a synopsis of the lesson. A perfect lesson

consisted in naming all of the topics in their regular order without mistake, and with no suggestion from the president. Then the next man in order was called, and he must take up and discuss the first topic, the next man the next, and so on, till the close; when the doctor himself would enlarge upon the subject, giving very interesting and suggestive talks, but these were rarely intermingled with the recitation, he doing his talking after we had all been heard without interruption. If the doctor had to question a student to get him to clear up properly a point not fully discussed, that always counted against a student in his marks. We were marked on a scale of 20, the highest mark being 20. This practice was the same in Professor Caswell's classes in mathematics, and somewhat the same in classes generally in my time at Brown. A member of the class, whom I will call A, was often late in reaching the doctor's classroom. One morning he came in late and took his seat just as the man above him finished his topic, and the doctor, with a somewhat quizzical expression, called upon A for the next topic. He rose, looked confused, and then remarked that he had not heard the topic just discussed. Without a word of censure or look of disapproval, and without a suggestive remark, the doctor simply said, "The next will proceed," and A sat down in confusion, while the next took up the required topic. The recitation went on as usual, and it is needless to add that that lateness of A was his last, at least in the doctor's classes. The doctor was a man of few words when, in his judgment, action would better serve the purpose intended.

On one occasion, for some reason, the doctor's class in moral philosophy seemed less interested than usual, and showed a listlessness and perhaps a disposition to talk which was quite unusual in his classes, where good order

and attention mostly prevailed. The doctor suddenly stopped in the mist of an explanation of a difficult point, and said, "Gentlemen, perhaps you think I am making no sacrifice in giving my time to you, but I can tell you that you are much mistaken in thinking so; instead of devoting myself here to some score or so of unappreciative young men, I might be writing books, and have, instead of you, an audience of many thousands." His calm and decided manner, and especially his pained expression, which I have never forgotten, made as much impression upon us as his earnest words. The idle and listless greatly regretted the interruption, and were instantly called to order by that pained expression, and stopped at the close of the class to make ample apologies. While the doctor was not, at all times, equally inspiring, he enjoyed the most unbounded confidence and respect of all who were privileged to listen to his teaching.

The doctor's examinations, which were generally in writing, were conducted in a manner that clearly showed his confidence in his men, and made them, with very rare exceptions indeed, worthy of that confidence. Instead of having an extra teacher in the room to aid in watching, to see that no cheating was done in examination, and placing the teacher in the rear to watch them from behind while he kept a sharp lookout in front, he never called in any aids, and left the room himself quite frequently while the examination proceeded, leaving his men alone. At the end of the examination he required each man to write and sign this statement: "In the preparation of this paper I have neither given nor received assistance." I believe that the confidence thus reposed in his class has borne much good fruit in after years. As this course was far less common then than today, I have often referred to it with satisfaction.

Professor George I. Chace was my professor of chemistry during my course in Brown. His lectures on chemistry were to me remarkably clear, and his careful synoptical review of each lecture contributed much to this result, and aided us in fixing them in our memory. The consequence was that most students, at all attentive, succeeded well in his "quizzes." When anyone did not, it was usually from inattention, and the professor had little patience with idle and inattentive students. One student, who had often tried the patience of the professor, was undergoing an examination upon some chemical test. The question was whether indigo would float or sink in a certain solution. The student in his explanation said that the indigo floated or sunk, he did not remember which, but he knew that it was one way or the other. "One way or the other," exclaimed the professor, quite losing his patience for once, "Everything in life is *one way or the other*, and what you come to college for is to *find out which way it is*." It is needless to say that the dullard was too much overcome to continue his examination.

Professor John L. Lincoln was another well remembered member of Dr. Wayland's able and efficient faculty. I have always regarded him as the best teacher of Latin that I ever had. He was strict and scholarly, but always kind and courteous in his manner with his students. A careless fellow whose lessons were rarely, if ever, well prepared, rose to recite the familiar ode of Horace in which he congratulates himself on finishing a book of his odes, opening with the well-known words, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius." ("I have raised a monument more lasting than brass,") and mistaking the *egi* of *exegi* for a part of the verb *edo*, "to eat," he began briskly, "I have eaten a monument harder than brass," whereupon the

professor quickly but courteously remarked, "That will do. You may sit down and digest it."

I did not myself witness the above, but heard it ascribed to Professor Lincoln, and although different from his usual courteous manner, I have no reason to doubt it.

Sometime after the resignation of President Wayland, and the appointment of the Rev. Barnas Sears in his place, having the care of Dr. Sears's two sons in my class in the high school, the doctor invited me and a few other gentlemen to meet Edward Everett, on the occasion of his visit to the university. We were shown through the different buildings, and the then modern improvements by the introduction of scientific studies, which Dr. Wayland had done so much to promote, were pointed out. We were, I think, in one of the rooms of the then new science building erected on the grounds, when Mr. Everett was called upon for a speech. He spoke, of course, in the highest terms of Dr. Wayland, and of the bold innovations that he had made in the old college curriculum, and we all felt that when he came to speak of his successor he had a difficult task before him, but, as always, our great American orator was equal to the occasion, and turning toward Dr. Sears, with one of his inimitably graceful gestures, he added, calling Vergil to his aid, "And the golden branch furnished Æneas, as a species of enchanter's wand, plucked from the bough, that brought forth another, whenever a branch was plucked from it," and added, "*Primo avulso, non deficit alter.*"

Edward Hicks Magill, 1852.

Student Pranks in the Fifties

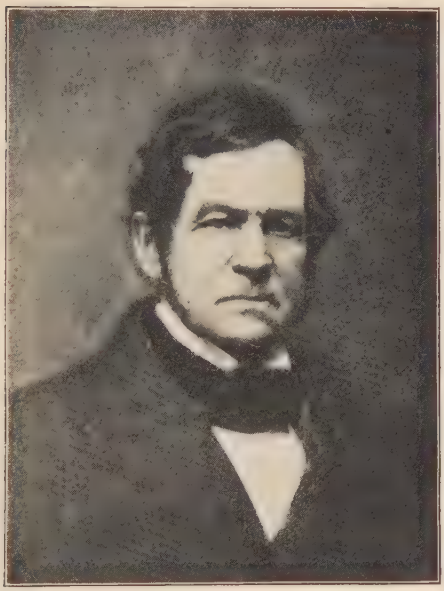
IN the early fifties we had few athletic sports, or in fact anything to work off the surplus energy of a boy; consequently, there was more mischief and innocent deviltry going on than at the present day. A few incidents come to mind. Under Professor Greene in modern languages our classroom was in the rear of University Hall on the first story and one warm day in summer the windows being open it was prearranged to have a small dog in the room who was fond of chasing a ball. One was thrown in repeatedly through the open window and of course the small dog went for it each time. At another time during the winter some of the boys threw some asafœtida down the register and it was quite fragrant. The professor remarked that he perceived a very disagreeable odor in the room, but if we could stand it he could also.

Professor Caswell was one of God's noblemen and very popular with his classes. In our recitation-room the seats were raised on three sides of the room. One day we made arrangements at the commencement of the recitation to cross our legs and all swing them in unison. The professor remarked, "Young gentlemen, mathematics does not consist in swinging the legs." One morning he called on me to recite and in a moment he remarked, "I beg your pardon, I called upon you yesterday — next."

Professor Lincoln was very popular and just in every way. On one occasion a boy was rendering his transla-

tion in Latin and after he had finished the professor remarked quietly that it was a very "smart" translation, but that he had ridden the "pony" too accurately.

During our sophomore year two freshmen boasted that no "sophs" could duck them, that they had a club at the head of their bed and that their visitors would get it hot and heavy. They bragged so much that five of us, who were often banded together, thought it our duty to give them a little cold water. It was a fine December night when one of our crowd came into my room and said, "Let us duck those fellows to-night." We gathered the others and got two pails full of water from the well and a four-foot stick of wood and quietly went up to "Pandemonium" (the name given the fourth story of University Hall) to room number 56. At a signal two broke in the door with the stick, the writer went in first and pulled down the bedclothes, and the two others each gave them a pail of water. They did not wake until the water struck them, and the club so nicely whittled out was of no use.



Lemuel H. Elliott
Registrar, 1828–1864

At the north end of "Pandemonium" roomed a sophomore who had rendered himself very obnoxious while we were freshmen. He had a box-stove in his room, as wood

was in use at that time. One evening he missed his stove and went around inquiring if any one had seen it. Of course no one was able to impart any information, but the following morning he found it on the ground under his window, a fit subject for the junk-dealer.

Frequently we would make a call on a freshman, each of us with a pipe or cigar, and we could tell at once from his attitude toward his unwelcome visitors whether he was a proper subject to "smoke out." Occasionally a bonfire would be started on the back campus and the cry of fire would rout out the fire company. They appreciated the joke and we always gave them three hearty cheers, which were returned with the same good feeling. One day we thought we would screw the pulpit doors in Manning Hall together so that Dr. Wayland could not enter the pulpit. We were all on hand for prayers the following morning, when to our astonishment the doctor walked into the pulpit as usual. A few weeks afterwards one of our number was in Registrar Elliott's office and "Pluto," little dreaming that he was talking with one of the participants, remarked that by chance he thought he would look into the pulpit one morning, which was not his usual custom, and found the doors screwed together, which defect he had immediately repaired. After that he religiously examined them every morning. Other student pranks which I remember were wrapping the college bell in cloth so that it would not ring, leading a horse to the top floor of University Hall in order to make suggestions to the college officers as to how to get it down, and rolling a cannon-ball the length of the long hallways in the old college building.

No student was allowed to attend the theatres or leave the city without permission. Once I had my ticket bought to hear Jenny Lind on her first appearance in Providence. By permission of my father, but contrary to the

wishes of Dr. Wayland, I went, however, and the result was seventy demerits, the first I had received in nearly two years.

It was the custom for the professors to call at the students' rooms sometime during the evening, as it was against the rule to go out without permission. There was one professor whose delight it was to find the boys out. He would sometimes go outside the building and notice that a room was dark, and then call. We would collect in the rooms of his division and turn the lights out when he was sure to call, but to his surprise and disappointment he would find us in. This was in University Hall. Some of us did not like this method of supervision and changed our rooms to Hope College, where we were under Professor Porter, one of the most honorable men that ever drew the breath of life. One evening he called at our rooms and remarked that Dr. Wayland had given him orders not only to call but to report to him how often he did call and that it was altogether against his wish or desire to do so. We never left our rooms without asking his permission. He placed us on our honor and we did not wish to betray the confidence he placed in us. He did not remain long at Brown but returned to Yale, much to the regret of those with whom he came in contact.

The famous rebellion took place, I think, in 1852. For some time the two large societies, the Philermenian and the United Brothers, had been dwindling in their Saturday afternoon meetings. A petition was sent to the faculty requesting permission to hold these meetings on Friday evenings instead. It was signed by nearly every member of the university, but greatly to our disappointment it was rejected. A vote was taken in each of the societies to meet the following Friday evening and accordingly a large meeting was held; but very soon a loud rap at the door was heard and when it was opened there

stood Dr. Wayland. In his stern heavy voice he said, if I remember correctly, these words, "By the authority vested in me, I request you to disperse as soon as possible under pain of suspension from college." This request was very soon obeyed. On the following morning his bust, which had been recently made for the university, was found dangling from the tree situated at the northwest corner of the chapel, and feeling ran very high among the students. The final result of the above unfortunate affair was that at the end of the term several of the students left for other colleges. The bust was taken down by the college authorities and thenceforth disappeared from view. I have later learned that Dr. Wayland, who was much pained and chagrined at the performance, gave the bust to Reuben A. Guild, the librarian of the college, with the request that it should be kept from his sight forever. Dr. Guild stored it in the basement of the old library, where it remained for many years, until the new library was built, when Dr. Guild resuscitated it and had it cleaned up and repainted. Just before his death, he presented it to the Rhode Island Historical Society, in whose gallery it now is.

William Smith Granger, 1854.

A Flagrant Failing

ONE little incident lingers in my memory which illustrates the guilelessness of Dr. Wayland, and which, however often repeated, never appeared to awaken his suspicion.

There was, in the class of '55, an individual who was exceedingly shaky in the subjects of intellectual and moral philosophy. As in the process of daily questioning the circle appeared to be approaching him, he would lean forward nervously and whisper to a near-by student "Quick, ask him a question." As the student thus requested would have been the last to be suspected of collusion, the doctor would smile most graciously, tip back in his chair, place his feet on the rounds, spread his bandanna handkerchief on his knees, and proceed to discourse to us for several minutes. The weak-kneed individual of the class breathed more freely, and the danger for that day was passed.

The doctor, however, had one bad habit for a college president,— that of tobacco chewing. It was too flagrant a failing not to be attacked, so at one of the semi-annual exhibitions there appeared on the "mock programmes" prepared for the occasion the announcement that "Dr. Wayland, with his accustomed accuracy, will now snuff a candle with tobacco juice at a distance of five paces."

William H. Pabodie, 1855.

Painting the President's Horse

R. WAYLAND never spoke disparagingly of any statement or opinion of a student, but sought to have him show his ability to prove the idea that he advanced. In his moral philosophy lectures, so remarkable in presenting great truths, he was accustomed to allude to the Proverbs of Solomon as proving their divine origin by the wonderful use of the small words in concise expressions that did not admit of any double meaning. He always encouraged the freest discussion with honest criticism on all subjects. Once in the class, a student said that he differed from the doctor and did not think it required any special effort or the exercise of genius to add a chapter to the Proverbs we already had. The doctor simply said, "We shall be glad to have you prepare an additional chapter, and I will call on you for it at the close of the next lecture." Accordingly he asked for it, but it was not read. It remains to this day the "Unwritten Chapter of the Proverbs."

While Dr. Wayland enforced discipline, he preserved the individuality of the student and made him feel that his success depended upon his submission to the law which made obedience a virtue. A marked example of his methods was the manner in which he dealt with the student who painted his horse. He had a most beautiful bay saddle horse which was kept in the barn across the lawn in the rear of the students' rooms and in sight of all

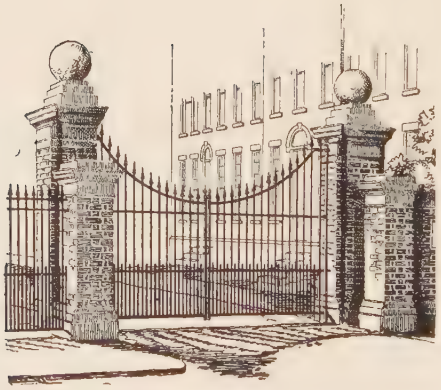
the students who were on that side. It was one of the duties of the hostler to water the horse and groom him there, offering to the students an unexpected opportunity for sport. One of them, who never entrusted his secret to anyone, conceived the idea of a hippodrome, in which the doctor's horse would be conspicuous. One Friday night he procured some white paint and stealthily painted the horse like a zebra. The hostler, on unlocking the barn and discovering the transformation, closed the door, turned the key and reported to the doctor. He asked, "Has anyone seen the animal?" "No, sir," replied the hostler. "Well, you have acted very shrewdly. Feed and water him well. Do not speak of it to anyone and we will find out who did it."

He then asked his sons to tell him the name of the first student that said the word "horse." It was the next Friday afternoon, while playing on the campus, that a young man running along asked the boys there, "Where is your father's horse?" They answered that they did not know, but informed their father of the incident. Dr. Wayland immediately wrote the young man a note inviting him to come to his room at a quarter to eight o'clock that evening. It was quite an honor to be thus noticed, and he was on hand promptly. The doctor was writing, and turning up his eyes said, "Good evening, my son. Excuse me till I finish this paragraph." Sitting back in his chair, he said, "I wrote you to know where you got the paint that you used on my horse." The whole thing was called up so suddenly that the culprit could only tell him the street and number.

The doctor replied, "It is now a week since your artistic work, and the paint is dried on, but you can use turpentine and clean it off. John will bring the horse out to the pump at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and help you do it."

Not another word was said about it. He turned the conversation upon the boy's studies and his college course, and encouraged him in his work. The story soon became known around the campus, and some time later in his recitation-room Dr. Wayland said, "Never enter on any doubtful course, for be sure your sin will find you out. There is nothing so difficult to keep as your own secret, and in an unguarded moment you will say the word "*horse*."

John Ledyard Denison, 1855.



The Story of Dr. Wayland's Cow

IN 1856 I became a member of the household of Rev. James B. Simmons of Providence, who was an alumnus of Brown in the class of 1851. Dr. Simmons tried to interest and encourage me to persevere in a course of education, and frequently rehearsed some item of history of his Alma Mater,—not always dwelling on the serious work of college life, but often referring to absurd and questionable pranks of mischievous students. The one that I remember most clearly was the story of the capture and sale of "Moss Rose," Dr. Wayland's beautiful cow. This valuable animal disappeared, and no trace of her could be found, although careful inquiry was made through the town, in Seekonk and in other adjoining towns. Finally the search was abandoned, and another cow was bought. This new cow proved to be very satisfactory, and her milk was almost equal in quality to that of "Moss Rose." In fact the new animal had many of the peculiarities of the former occupant of the same stall, though she was different in color and her horns were shorter. The horns of "Moss Rose" were curved near the ends and were tipped with brass balls while the new cow had shorter horns with blunt ends. "Moss Rose" was bright red with white spots on various parts of her body, while the new cow was the same general bright red without spots. But when spring came and she shed her winter's coat of hair, she too had white spots precisely like those on "Moss Rose" in location and size, and behold! her indentity with the lost beast was thoroughly established.

At last, after "Moss Rose's" death, a student wrote a biographical poem in which he referred to some of the specially interesting scenes in the old cow's eventful life. This poem was read at a memorial service in Manning Hall in 1850 or 1851.

William H. Stewart.

Garbs and Customs of Half a Century Ago

ONE of the most conspicuous changes in the external appearance of college life in the last fifty years is that which has taken place in the attire of the students. Entering college in my seventeenth year I was still wearing "jacket" and trousers. How this garb appeared can be determined only by consulting pictures of that date. No such garment as a "jacket" is seen on boys of to-day. Before the end of my first year in college I donned bosom shirts and coat and waistcoat. Except in summer black was the only color. In summer "wash" trousers were often worn. The coat was a frock. Cutaways or sacks were seen on only one member of the class, the heir of a wealthy family who was not confined to provincial usages, and who was sometimes derisively spoken of as "bobtail." To appear in trousers of a lighter hue was regarded so shocking that Professor Dunn insisted on loaning a pair of his own trousers to a member of my class who appeared at our "exhibition" and who preferred to have none but drab trousers. Evening coats were worn in the day-time by participants in commencement or other public exercises. One of our professors wore out an evening or "dress" coat discarded as "best" by using it as his daily attire. The only head-gear, excepting the straw hat for summer, that I wore was either a "cap" or a silk hat. I think that felt hats were not commonly worn until after Kossuth's visit to this country.

Photography was introduced while I was in college, and our class was the first to have class photographs taken. They show how differently from the present age men then wore their hair. It was cut square at the ends about on a line with the bottom of the ear, like what is now called the Dutch style. Shingling the hair was not common until 1860 or later.

There were but four buildings on the college grounds in 1853,— Rhode Island Hall, University Hall, Manning Hall, containing the library and the chapel, and Hope College. Lawn mowers had not then been invented. The grass on the front campus was allowed to grow until haying time, and quite a crop of hay was obtained. If it was not carted off on the day on which it was made, mischievous students were likely to dispose of it during the night. On one occasion they stuffed a professor's room with all that it would hold. It is to be remembered that at the date referred to college was in session well into July. The back campus was pasture ground. Dr. Wayland and Dr. Caswell each kept a cow grazing there. One of these cows disappeared for two or three days, and was finally found shut up in a room in Hope College which had happened to be without an occupant.

The ground east of the front line of Sayles Hall was used by Dr. Wayland as a vegetable garden. The first time I had occasion to interview him I climbed the fence, and he paused from his labors with the hoe to attend to me, addressing me as "My son." Dr. Wayland might sometimes be seen towards evening smoking a pipe in his garden, which extended back of his house, along Prospect street to Waterman street. He also "chewed." A mat lay in front of the platform in the chapel on which he regularly spat before going up into the desk at morning prayers. Tobacco chewing was quite common among the students, apparently, often only to assist in defiling the floor of recitation

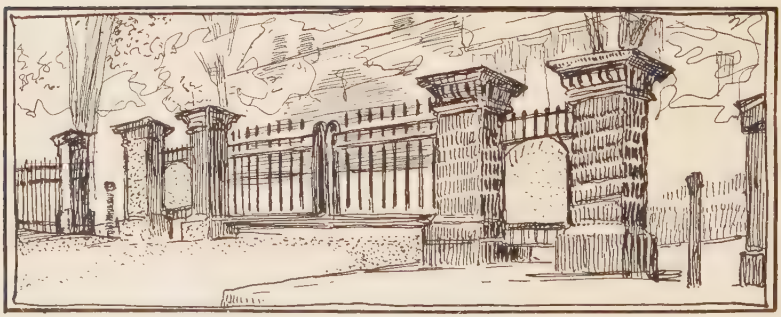
rooms. The majority of the faculty, however, preserved too good discipline in their rooms to permit this.

In University Hall above the first story the corridors ran the full length of the building with staircases at either end, so that if any officer of discipline ascended one it was easy for a culprit to descend at the other end and escape. The upper story was called Pandemonium and not infrequently deserved the name. Amusement was sometimes found in rolling paving-stones the whole length of the corridors at midnight or later. On coming back after vacation about the year 1855 we found the corridors divided in the middle by partitions. This made calling on one's neighbors inconvenient. An occupant of a room in the top story could not get to a neighbor's room in the other half of it except by descending three flights at one end and ascending three flights at the other. The general impression was that these partitions would not stand very long, but it was found that they were constructed of boiler plate, and too firmly braced to give way to ordinary violence. The only relief was found for a short time in inviting men up to sign "the petition" for some favor or the abatement of some grievance; but the victim on reaching the upper floor was led up to the partition to inscribe his name.

Dr. Wayland was the pioneer in the introduction of the "optional system" at college, and I entered college while his system was still on trial; but with his resignation and the election of Dr. Sears as his successor, Dr. Wayland's system was dropped. It provided that the degree of A. M., should be given for the old four years' course, including both Greek and Latin, and the degree of A. B. for a three years' course including Latin but not Greek. There was very little option given us, however, none the first two years, when we had nothing but Greek, Latin and mathematics, and only a very limited option the last two years

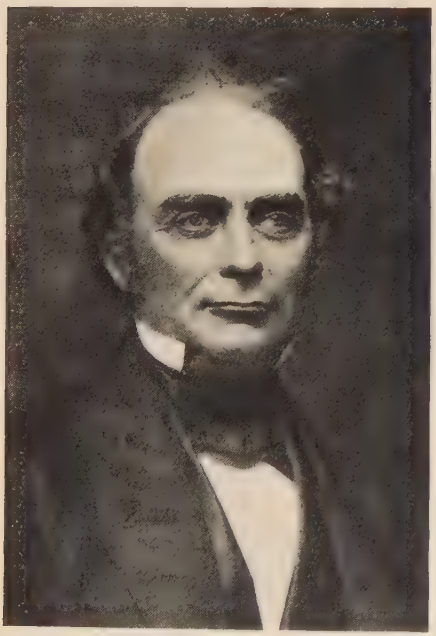
in one-third of our studies, when we were allowed to choose between French and German. The most conspicuous feature of Dr. Wayland's system was the admission of special students to any courses they were qualified to take. Thus many of my schoolmates entered college when I entered, but recited with the junior or senior classes, because almost the only studies they could take were modern languages, English and history. Thus our entering classes were very large for that period, considerably above 100, but by the next year but few were left. Dr. Wayland's system also aimed to make the remuneration of the professors depend somewhat on their making their courses attractive. Every professor had a uniform salary of $1,000, and in addition six dollars each half-year for every student in his classes. This system, however, prevailed but a short time.

Edward H. Cutler, 1857.



The Faculty in the Fifties

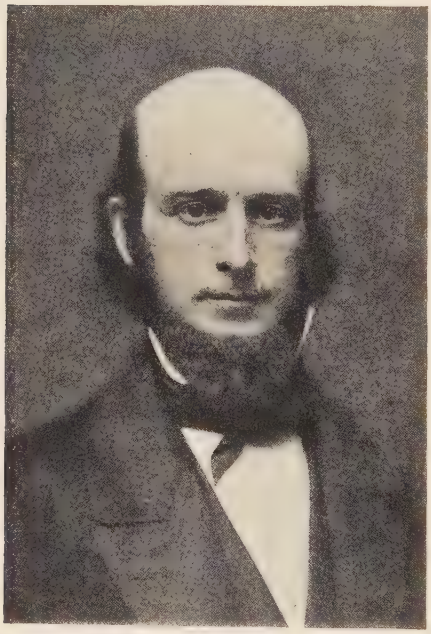
AT the time of matriculation Dr. Wayland used to sit in his office looking much like a lion in his den. Ushered into his presence, the trembling freshman was ready to obey unquestioningly his slightest behest. So when the matriculation register was placed before the young fellow, and the president, looking out from under his shaggy brow, bade him sign it, he thought of nothing but instantaneous acquiescence. Then came the catastrophe, the old lion thundering out, "Stop, sir. *Read* what you are going to sign. How do you know that it is not a note of hand?"



Professor SAMUEL S. GREENE, 1837
(Taken about 1857)

A MUCH honored professor, then a very young man, had lately returned from a residence of a year or two at Athens, and was in the habit of discoursing most edifyingly upon the results of his observations in the ancient

land surrounding the little capital. It was one of the well recognized resorts of the mischievous boys of his class, when they preceived that a call to recite might lead to a particularly disastrous display of their delinquencies, to inquire the result of his researches into " the peculiarities of the Greek mind," assured that the bell before the next recitation hour would strike before their thirst for information had been fully gratified.



Professor Robinson P. Dunn, 1843
(Taken about 1857)

Two professors were accustomed to illustrate their lectures by experiments of a more or less sensational character. Of these, one was apt to announce, " Now gentlemen, you will see such and such surprising phenomena," half the time blank disappointment following. The other was wont, almost as uniformly, to preface the experiment with the remark, "What we now ought to see, and what we may see, although scientific experiments are proverbially treacherous, is so and so," failure never being known to crown the cautious instructor's efforts.

Professor Lincoln was exceedingly well liked by the students of his day, and familiarly, as well as affectionately, called by them " Link," a fact with which he was perfectly

well acquainted. On one occasion, a student translating a passage concerning Cicero rendered it exactly as it was written, " M. Tul. Cicero."

" M. Tul.— M. Tul.," exclaimed the professor, " Why not give the gentleman his full name? How do you suppose I would enjoy being spoken of as *Link*? "

Professor NATHANIEL P. HILL, 1856
(Taken about 1859)

ONE of the older professors had a stock of stories which had been related for the benefit of so many generations of students that they had acquired a sort of traditional reputation. He would relate a tale of a non-musical personage who was accustomed to declare that he was able to recognize only two tunes, of which "one was *Old Hundred* and the other wasn't."

Again he would tell the story of a high-road, which became a by-way and farther dwindled into a cart-track, finally running into a foot-path through a wood, and ending as "a squirrel track running up a tree." Prompted by the upperclass men, the "freshies" used to be ready in each case for the enthusiastic narrator, breaking out into the most uproarious applause, just before he reached the point of his tale.

IT became the custom, at one period, for the students to

inhale the then freshly-known nitrous-oxide or laughing-gas and watch the queer antics which resulted. There was a little fellow who had been much brow-beaten and "put upon" by one of the bigger men, a bit inclined to be a bully. The youngster evinced a great desire to breathe the strange mixture, proceeding without a moment's delay, under the protection of his temporary irresponsibility, to give his adversary, taken entirely by surprise, the biggest drubbing of his life. The gayety of the occasion was not diminished when it came to be known that mischievous fellow students had inflated the gas bag with nothing but pure common air.

Anonymous, 1857.

More About the Faculty in the Fifties

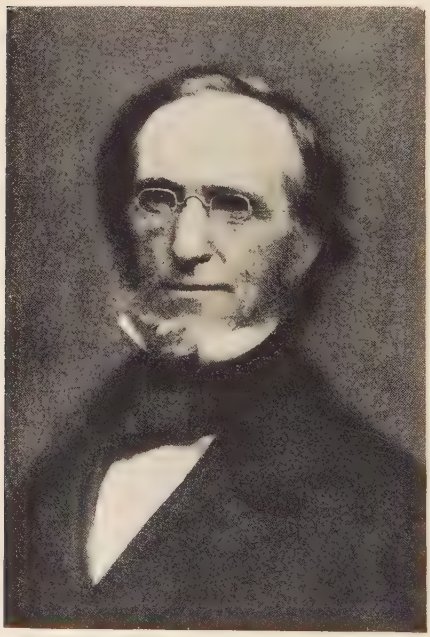
THE transition from Wayland to Sears marked a great step in the modernizing of old Brown. What first impressed me about Dr. Sears was his collection of German books and the new conception which he brought of scholarship. In his daily walk and conversation he had an air of refinement that gave evidence of a travelled mind. Being sometimes in his house and seeing his foreign books, I felt myself in some measure kept in countenance by his example, as I was already reading German when I entered college, and had enthusiasms unshared by any of my mates and even looked upon askance by my pastor.

Of the matter of Dr. Sears's teaching, I have never been able to detect in my mental equipment a trace. It seems to me he must have been singularly destitute of the quality we name personal magnetism. He never put me up to studying or reading anything, yet I revere his memory. I remember the contempt and indignation I felt for fellows who took advantage of his lack of schoolmasterly strenuousness and spoiled his precious lecture hours with base turbulence. He was a man of fine grain, but seems to have gone through his lecture functions without taking sufficient note of the mental attitude of his youthful hearers.

The men in Dr. Sears's faculty all had my unqualified respect, and some of them had my love.

Of Caswell, whom the catalogue taught us to honor as "regent," I think every student must have brought away

tender memories. In the tempering of his character the ingredient of sarcasm, so apt to be large in the pedagogic make-up, was wholly left out. He supplied its lack with urbanity, patience, geniality. The maxim we are all reduced at last to accept,— *Man kann sich seine Jungen nicht zu dumm denken*,— if he ever did acknowledge its validity, he surely never acted upon it. He never hurt a fellow's self-respect. Of the smart modern pedagogy, acrid, mordant, critical, exacting, he had nothing. Men of his considerate type, of his goodness, of his simplicity, should never cease to exist in college faculties.

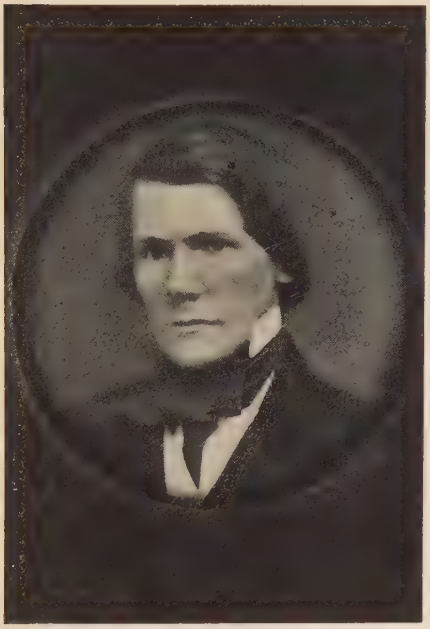


Professor Alexis Caswell, 1822
(Taken about 1857)

Most of all I loved Professor Dunn, though he made me commit to memory Campbell's and Whately's rhetorics. For my intercourse with Dunn I feel I am somewhat different from what I should have been without that influence. He gave me suggestions, promptings; he was affable, kindly, cultivated in manner, easy and fluent of speech, a genuine example of good rhetoric, himself more potent as a lesson than the books we repeated to him verbatim.

Next I put Gammell. In Gammell's classes also we committed things to memory. Here it was Hallam and

Guizot. But Gammell was a great talker, and was venturesome. It was his business to ruffle the waters rather than to spread oil upon them. We asked him questions. In the interchange of speech many dormant ideas were awakened. I came to feel a certain stimulus from Gammell's discoursive commenting, and came from his classes stirred and thinking.



Professor JOHN L. LINCOLN, 1836
(Taken about 1852)

Chace was still teaching the doctrine of the three imponderable forms of matter, lecturing slowly enough for me to take it all down. To Chace I felt a warm attachment. He once wrote an article on the Persistence of Physical Law, and was reputed to have thereby hurt his prospects. This, of course, belonged to the esoteric concerns of the corporation, but it was talked about in the community, and was an influence determining the way of thinking of the student body.

Lincoln made the impression of perfect competency as a Latin scholar and as a disciplinarian. In his teaching he followed the old way, the way of the preparatory school, — small daily tasks in three or four books. I never heard of a *seminarium* or of Latin as being used for practical purposes. All this is of later date. I believe Lincoln would have been great in a *seminarium*. But the ubiqui-

tous "pony" has emasculated all language teaching. Harkness and Angell complete, I believe, the list of the men who were my teachers at Brown.

The best thing about my college course was that it was not oppressive and exacting, and left me time to browse in the department of Reuben A. Guild. Dr. Guild's administration of the library was perfect, and I was always pleased to see, in my visits in later years, that he still kept up the same system. I mean to say that I am infinitely thankful for the freedom of access to the books which Dr. Guild might have denied me but did not. A college library should not be stacked, though some portions of very large ones may have to be. The same privilege, of unrestrained access to the books, I enjoyed at the Athenæum from my fourteenth year, or earlier. This grand library privilege was worth to me fully as much as all school and college beside. Dr. Guild was not to me guide, philosopher and friend; he simply said nothing, but kept on with his writing, when I went into his alcoves. Hence it is that no one has ever been able to fool me with accounts of the horrors of desultory reading, and hence I am wont to scout the maxim, *non multa sed multum* and to prefer *et multa et multum*. There is nothing occult or mysterious about a library. An educated man must have ranged largely in such fields.

Samuel Thurber, 1858.

Junior Burials, 1853-59

ONE of the long-expected outbursts of enthusiasm in the fifties was the junior burial. This was an annual occurrence as regular in its return as class-day or commencement, and an event of such general interest that nearly the whole college, except perhaps the "grave and reverend seniors," turned out to participate in the solemn funeral ceremonies. How far back in the history of the university this custom originated I have no definite information. After mature reflection, I think it must have existed for several years prior to 1853. The burial of Euclid at Yale existed from an early period, but the difficult problems of Euclid made it a peculiarly obnoxious study to the average student. Hence I cannot avoid the conclusion that the junior burial must have originated before Professor Dunn had been appointed to the chair of rhetoric and English literature, since a more kindhearted and popular instructor was not known in our day. The books which were used as text-books in his course were not difficult to comprehend, and the course in general was instructive, useful and practical, and why these books were selected for the solemn ceremony of burial appears incomprehensible to any one who enjoyed the instruction of this most genial professor.

Burial programmes of the seven years 1853–59 show a similar order of exercises in each, the best talent of the class being usually selected for the different parts. The following extract from a Providence paper of July 7, 1857, gives a brief account of the burial of that year:

"The annual college show of the burial of Whately by the junior class came off last evening, and Campbell and Spaulding were included in the sepulchral honors. The procession formed at the corner of Hope and Waterman streets and, preceded by the brass band, and burning torches, and banners with devices and inscriptions, marched through the principal streets on both sides of the river. The young men were dressed in every variety of mock mourning costume, and some of them rivalled the "Antiques and Horribles" of the Fourth. The works of the devoted and finished authors were placed upon a car drawn by white horses, and supported on each side by comically solemn pall-bearers.

"At Ferry wharf they embarked in boats, and at a suitable position the funeral ceremonies were performed, and the text-books were committed to the deep. The procession was marshalled by Robert H. I. Goddard, assisted by Joseph H. Patten, William H. Kneass, Moses Lyman, Jr., James F. Decamp, Charles P. Williams and Robert Millar. The ceremonies consisted of music, a funeral ode by A. H. Nelson, an oration on Campbell by Solon W. Stevens, a poem by Arnold Green, an oration on Whately by L. C. Manchester, an oration on Spaulding by Charles L. Colby, and a Latin burial service by J. Henry Gilmore. The affair was comical, without being indecorous, and the procession was witnessed by great numbers of people along the entire route."

According to my further recollection the boats were large batteaux which were rowed by boatmen to a buoy some two or three miles down the bay, not far from Field's Point, at which place the services were held at about 11 P. M. The procession started from the college about nine and arrived back at the college about one or two in the morning, going up Waterman street and halting in front of Professor Dunn's. Professor Dunn kindly put his head out of the window and bade us "good-night." The boys gave him three rousing cheers, and the band played "Home, Sweet Home," as we were to return home the next day.

The books contributed by the class were put into a box

BURIAL

OF

Whately, Campbell and Spalding,

BY THE

JUNIOR CLASS OF BROWN UNIVERSITY,

JULY 9, 1855.

RICHARD OLNEY, - - - - Chief Marshal.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS:

William B. Crocker,	J. E. Tourtellotte,
Charles Blake,	M. H. Morrison,
Nicholas B. Bolles,	M. B. Jenkins.

☞The Torch Light Procession will form at the corner of Hope and Waterman streets, at 8½ o'clock, P. M.

or coffin and weighted with bricks sufficient to sink it. Several holes were bored in the box to let the air out, and on one occasion an enthusiastic junior leaped out of the boat and sat astride the box until it began to fill and sink, the boring of the holes having been omitted.

The following extracts are taken from the programmes of different years. In that of 1853 the ode written by James DeMille began as follows. It was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne:"

"Ye whimpering coves assembled here
Upon a solemn bust,
Oh! drop the bitter, burning tear
O'er Richard Whately's dust.

CHORUS:—O'er Richard Whately's dust, my coves, etc."

The chief marshal was Duncan Smith, and the committee of arrangements was G. P. Upton, Duncan Smith and John Vernon.

In the programme for 1854 the names of the participants are not published. The following is the first verse of the ode, to the melody of "Massa 's in de cold, cold ground:"

"O'er the wave the breeze is bringing
The junior's mournful song;
Whilst the dirges we are singing,
Of Richard Whately, dead and gone.
Where the golden moonlight streaming
Gilds the glassy wave,
There our torches brightly gleaming
Shine upon his cold, cold grave.

CHORUS:—Hark! across the river
Comes the mournful lay;
Richard Whately's dead and sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold bay."

In the programme of 1855 appears the noted name of Richard Olney as chief marshal. The exercises were an oration on Campbell by N. G. Bonney, a poem by Francis Wayland White, an oration on Whately by George L. Stedman and an oration on Spaulding by Charles B. Goff.

The ode written by Charles Turner to the tune of "Nelly was a Lady," began as follows:—

"Down on the Narragansett floating
Now mournful are the juniors all;
The bones of Richard Whately toting
Beneath their dark funereal pall.

Gone is Dick Whately,
Thrice has he died;
Down below, in realms of woe,
His soul is quantified."

In the next year (1856) Daniel B. Pond was chief marshal. The oration on Campbell was given by W. W. Corbett, the one on Whately by Alexander T. Britton, the one on Spaulding by John Hay,* and the poem by Charles H. Forsyth. The Latin burial service was pronounced by John B. Brackett. The ode was written by George W. Carr to the tune of "Benny Havens, Oh!" and began as follows:—

"From classic halls Brunonian,
Lugubrious juniors pour
To dump Dick Whately and his friends
Upon the Stygian shore;

* NOTE. Hay was a graduate of 1858, but entering in advance was reckoned with the juniors of that year in rhetoric, and hence appears in this programme. It is to be hoped that the distinguished secretary of state will contribute a copy of his oration on Spaulding to the archives of the university.— S. W. A. (Unfortunately Mr. Hay's oration must now remain unrecorded.— Editors.)

Burial

OF

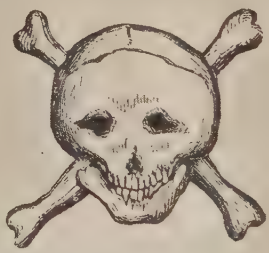
WHATELY AND CAMPBELL

BY THE CLASS OF

'60.

Brown University,

JULY 1, 1859.



GEORGE WATSON HALL, Chief Marshal.

Assistant Marshals,

JOHN WHIPPLE, JR.,	FREDERICK A. MITCHEL,
JAMES D'W. PERRY, JR.,	BENJ. F. PABODIE,
WILLIAM S. SMITH,	GEO. W. KETCHAM.

The Torch-Light Procession will form at the corner of Hope and Waterman Sts, at 8½ o'clock, P. M.

To pay the debt of gratitude
Which we so long have owed
For *equivocal* assistance,
In the *analytic* code.

CHORUS:—Then mourn for Richard Whately,
For Richard Whately, oh!
May the Narragansett gently roll
O'er Richard Whately, oh!

In this year and the following the exercises were varied by the addition of an address to the sophomores which was given in 1856 by Samuel C. Eastman.

I have already quoted a newspaper item describing the burial of 1857. In 1858 Charles M. Smith acted as chief marshal. The orations were pronounced by David H. Montgomery, Elnathan Judson and J.T. Plumer, the poem by Richard Waterman, the Latin burial service by T. W. Bancroft, and the address to the sophomores by David Weston. William D. King wrote the funeral ode, which began as follows: Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

"Come mournful class of '59,
Come gather round this bier,
While for the *cause* we put the *sign*,
And drop the bitter tear.

CHORUS:—And drop the bitter tear, my boys, etc."

In 1859 G. W. Hall acted as chief marshal and H. K. Porter and P. S. Jastram gave the orations, J. G. Chapman the poem, G. S. Abbott the Latin burial service and H. M. Rice the address to the sophomores. The name of the author of the funeral ode is not stated. The following is the last verse: Tune, "Benny Havens, Oh!"

"What though from 'neath the ocean's bed these *syllogistic* bores
Should rise in turn, the bane and curse of valiant sophomores?
We juniors now can swell the song, 'Our labors all are o'er,'
And louder yet we'll raise the shout, farewell forevermore.

CHORUS:—Farewell forevermore, etc."

The writer has no information as to any later ceremonies of this kind. A peculiar feature of these burials consisted in the banners or transparencies which were made from time to time to illustrate the persons and scenes described in the studies of the year. One of these, said to have been made by the noted artist Waterman, represented the supreme Can(n)on of the New Analytic, another the Novum Organon of Sir Francis Bacon (a pig grinding a hand organ). * Another, entitled the Junior's Vision, represented a junior sleeping soundly in bed, a pony sitting upon his stomach, glaring at him, a procession of noted worthies, Venerable Bede, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, and a host of others emerging from Hades, while the radiant face of an angel hovered over the bed representing the genial professor of rhetoric, etc. These were carefully preserved and handed down as legacies from class to class.

Among the noted names upon these programmes are those of several men who afterwards filled important public positions,—two United States secretaries of state, doctors of divinity, judges and prominent physicians and instructors.

S. W. Abbott, 1858.

(*This for years was in the possession of Upsilon Chapter of D. K. E.—Editors.)

The College Water Supply in the Fifties

IN the ante-bellum period (1850–60) no public water supply furnishing water through a system of pipes was known or even dreamed of upon the top of College Hill. The method of supplying water for the use of the students was as crude as that of many houses in the remotest backwoods of to-day. The supply consisted of two ordinary stoned wells, each of which was covered with a wooden framework containing a windlass or wheel, from which a large stone was suspended, capable of balancing an "old oaken bucket." From these wells we tugged our daily water supply in wooden pails up one, two or three flights of stairs to our rooms in Hope College or University Hall. Such luxuries as bath tubs and other modern plumbing facilities were unknown within the precincts of the college.

These two wells were located, one opposite the easterly side of Hope College and the other near the southeast corner of University Hall. The surroundings of the latter were not of the most sanitary character, and nothing but the fact that the underground currents of water in that neighborhood ran from north to south prevented the occurrence of frequent epidemics of illness among the inmates of University Hall. The quality of the water of such wells at the present day would be regarded as open to question, but the chemical examination of water was then scarcely ever considered as a matter of importance.

It was the custom of Mr. Elliott, the registrar (often called "Pluto" for short, for some unknown euphemistic reason or other), to mow the grass upon the east campus in June, and make it into hay. Upon a certain night in June, 1856, toward the close of our sophomore year, this hay disappeared, or at least a large part of it, and the Hope College well curb was found upset at some distance from the well. The well itself was stuffed full of haycocks, and Mr. Elliott's services were in demand to remove the damaged fodder. For a time the water strongly resembled herb tea, but it soon resumed its wonted purity.

I have in my possession a note from President Sears, requesting me to call at his office the day after this occurrence, which I very gladly did, since I was enabled, like Sam Weller, to prove an "alibi," for I spent that night with one of my classmates outside the college walls.

S. W. Abbott, 1858.

John Hay as a Parodist of Emerson

IN 1857 Emerson contributed to the Atlantic Monthly some lines entitled "Brahma," which began as follows:

> "If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again."

The first number of the Atlantic containing these lines arrived at Brown University in the fall of 1857, and speculation was rife among the students as to the meaning of Emerson's stanzas. Some students of "the baser sort" even suggested that Emerson had in mind the festive game of euchre.

Whatever may be said, however, as to the difficulty of interpreting these lines, no college student can have any difficulty in understanding the meaning of the following words by John Hay, which were published in November of that year in the annual publication known as the "Brown Paper:"

"SA! SA!"

> If the hazed freshman thinks he's hazed,
> And that he's passed his hazing pain;
> He's sold — too high his hopes are raised,
> The soph'more goes but comes again.

Far or forgot to them is near,
  First or fourth story is the same;
The vengeful sophs to him appear,
  And funk destroys his sense of shame.

In vain he tries to shut them out,
  He tries to fly, but has no wings;
Freshmen are weak, and sophs are stout,
  The vanquished freshman yields and sings.

The soph'mores leave his dim abode,
  He ventilates till half-past 'leven;
Freshman, this haze is for thy good,
  This year is hell, the next is heaven.

S. W. Abbott, 1858.

The Athenæum
Where generations of Brown Men have read and studied

A "Smoking-Out" in 1856

IT was a night in September of 1856, and all through the upper stories of University Hall many creatures were stirring, some quaintly or hideously costumed and disguised; others, like the writer, being present only as what are called nowadays "rooters," in the performance about to take place.

Samuel Duncan and his roommate, Adoniram J. Gordon, then only promising freshmen, but destined to become distinguished preachers in the Baptist Church, were the victims selected for the sophomoric visitation.

"In the dead waist and middle of the night" a resounding rap upon their door was the first intimation they received of the honor about to be conferred upon them. For a time a parley was carried on between the inmates and the outmates of room number 27, but a forcible entry being threatened the unseasonable callers were very reluctantly admitted, finding their hosts not in costume de rigueur, but in plain robes de nuit.

Each of the distinguished visitors, some six in all, had a small flower-pot, in the bottom of which were live coals, and on top of them, and filling each pot, were scrapings from the floor of some Providence cigar factory.

Stretching themselves upon the floor, in positions that outlined the spokes of a wheel, with the flower-pot pipes — a long reed stem inserted near the bottom of each — grouped in the centre like a hub, they proceeded to blow up into the room clouds of odoriferous and nauseating smoke that soon told upon the stomachs of the embryo

preachers. The only pure air in the room was the stratum next to the floor where the smokers lay.

Ernest B. Gordon, in his biography of his father, writes thus of that scene: "Gordon when a freshman of but two weeks' standing was visited in his room, 'smoked out' and imperiously ordered by his visitors to mount the table and preach a sermon. The newcomer's resources in that line had not been suspected. With admirable appropriateness he chose as his text, 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves.'

"Never was a more pointed discourse delivered. The listeners taking umbrage rushed like the wild beasts at Ephesus upon the preacher, upset the table upon which he stood, and would have treated him badly indeed, if his Christianity had not passed forthwith from the didactic to the muscular phase and with excellent results. He sprang at the ring-leader, tore his coat in halves, and with the efficient co-operation of John Hay, who just then appeared upon the scene, routed the intruders from the premises."

If the intruders were indeed routed from the premises, they carried the "rooters" with them, for I bear a large and distinctly visible scar upon my right knee-cap, lifelong evidence of what occurred after the smokers, with their victims, emerged from room 27, U. H.

Duncan, mounted on a chair in the centre of a group of applauding sophomores and collaborating juniors like Hay and myself, had just referred to "that monumental work of Daniel Webster, his great dictionary," when the group of juniors who were sitting in the deep window-seat at the end of the hall vociferously shouting, "Here's to good old Brown, Drink her down," were amazed at seeing the orator, his nightshirt waving in the breeze, tumble headlong among his audience, that was seen to be scattering in every direction. The cause of this sudden stampede was disclosed as the crowd thinned out. Mr. Elliott,

the then registrar of Brown, but whom we knew only as "Pluto" or "Plute," had made his way, with a lantern concealed under a long coat, into the crowd gathered about Duncan's pulpit, and there he had suddenly held up his lantern in the speaker's face.

With alacrity I girded up my loins and joined the hegira; but in the dark, stumbling over a sophomore who had fallen at the top of the stairs, I soon reached the second story by a series of involuntary somersaults. In my rapid descent I received other injuries besides the one above mentioned. My trousers and coat were badly torn, and I lost a cane, a hat and a handkerchief, each having my name on it.

There seemed to be no chance for me to prove an alibi when President Barnas Sears should summon the suspected participants in that "smoking-out" into his presence.

In the end, however, no one was made to feel the weight of the faculty's displeasure for that night's uproar, and from the "infernal regions"—as "Pluto's" office was called—I afterward recovered my property, upon which "not even the smell of fire had passed."

One excessively scared sophomore, in desperate eagerness to avoid the clutches of "Plute," climbed out the window of a third-story room and by the waterspout leading from the roof to the ground made his escape, minus trousers and much cuticle from legs and hands.

A. H. Nelson, 1858.

The Duel.—In Three Chapters

Chapter I

Why It Was

"COME, now, this will never do, gentlemen don't settle their disputes with their fists," I said, as I jumped between two of my classmates, who, in the room of one of them on that long-to be-remembered afternoon in March of 1857, had suddenly begun to strike at each other with seemingly angry purpose. The day had been an unusually fine one for that time of the year, and consequently Westminster street—in those days the fashionable promenade of Providence—had been thronged with young men and maidens, among the former the student body of Brown University having a large representation, each and all being there with flirtatious intent.

Four of the promenaders having sought a favorite rendezvous of the juniors in the room of Mr. Clarence Bates of Louisville, Ky., the incidents of the afternoon were being discussed with great glee and much bantering as to possible conquests, when suddenly Mr. Charles P. Williams of New York made some disparaging remark about a certain young lady with whom Mr. Bates was evidently smitten, when the latter sprang from his seat, where he

was wrestling with his constant companion, a fiddle, attempting to draw from it the cheerful strains of "The Arkansas Traveller"—the only tune he knew—and struck at Mr. Williams. The latter dodged the blow, and quickly struck out in return, whereupon I sprang between them with the remonstrance above quoted. Mr. Bates then handed to Mr. Williams one of his visiting cards with the words "I demand of you, sir, the satisfaction of a gentleman, and refer any friend you may find to serve you in this matter to my friend Nelson here." Mr. Williams accepted the card, and turning to Mr. Harry W. Kneass of Philadelphia asked that gentleman to act as his friend. Mr. Kneass readily consented and at once withdrew from the room with Mr. Williams.

These four students roomed and boarded in the same house, and, although they belonged to three different Greek-letter fraternities, they were known to be very intimate. That evening the loud tone of voice in which Mr. Bates and Mr. Nelson asked the head-waiter in the supper room to seat them at a table apart from the other two, with whom up to that time they had always had seats at the same table, caused considerable curiosity among their fellow boarders, and during the following day—Sunday—there was much gossip afloat concerning a probable duel between Mr. Bates and Mr. Williams. Sunday afternoon, while the two "seconds" were in the room of the chronicler hereof arranging the preliminaries, a knock at the door was heard. As a matter of due caution Mr. Kneass crawled under the bed while I called out in hospitable tone, "Come in!" I was greatly surprised to see the Rev. Mr. Bancroft, rector of one of the Episcopal churches of Providence, to whom I had listened that very morning, answer my summons. He soon made known his errand. Having learned from his brother, then a sophomore, but in after years on the faculty of Brown,

that there was a prospect of a duel being fought by two students of Brown, he had called as an alumnus, jealous of the reputation of his Alma Mater, to learn the truth of the rumor, and if possible to avert such a calamity. After learning the facts as above related he asked me if I would not try to find the principals, while he waited in my room, and, using his name and telling them of his earnest entreaty that they forego their deadly purpose, effect a reconciliation. I readily assented, and leaving the other second under the bed, and my caller seated by a glowing grate fire — the night before it had turned cold very suddenly and the air was now full of whirling snowflakes — I went in search of the principals. I soon found them and having communicated to Mr. Bates the rector's pacific message, he replied, "I'll have that fellow's heart's blood before I'll ever take his hand again." To Mr. Williams, whom I found soon after, I gave the message with which I was charged and the reply of his antagonist thereto, to which he answered, "Mr. Bates shall have the satisfaction he has demanded. That is my answer to the minister." Returning to my own room I made known to Mr. Bancroft the result of my interviews. The clergyman expressed great sorrow at the vindictive spirit shown by the principals, and rising to go he said, "I suppose that you know that as soon as this reaches the ear of the faculty you will all certainly be expelled." After his departure Mr. Kneass emerged from his hiding place and together we discussed our plans as they seemed to be affected by this unexpected call. We decided that Mr. Bancroft would not be long in telling the president of Brown all that he knew and conjectured regarding the duel. It therefore became necessary to forestall the result of that action by having the duel come off sooner than the afternoon of the next day — the time that we had fixed upon for the meeting and that the rector had been told. Hastily

the keeper of the livery stable just across the street was advised that two horses and buggies must be ready for us at 5:30 the next morning, and when we came from the supper room that night, each couple scowling angry defiance at the other, we gave orders in rather loud tones to be called at 5 the next morning. By that time the impending duel was the absorbing topic of conversation in that boarding house as well as in Hope College and University Hall, the dormitories of Brown.

Chapter II

Where It Was

"My land, mother, just come here and see what is going on yonder in the woods!" And soon the farmer's entire family, wife, three children, hired girl and hired man were ranged along the fence back of the barn, witnesses of a duel by two students from Brown University. It was a real March day, raw, cold, blustering and snowy, and to those spectators it seemed a most extraordinary day to be chosen for a most extraordinary performance.

Two buggies, each containing two young men, had turned out of the road near the farmer's house, and, the occupants getting out, hitched the horses to trees near by, and then sought a place in the woods where there was a cleared spot of considerable extent. There one of the quartette was seen to measure off fifteen paces over the snow-covered ground, and another one of the party, having directed the other two to take their places at either end of the line thus marked off, handed to each a pistol, saying, "Gentlemen, I shall hold out my handkerchief thus. At the word 'three' I shall drop the handkerchief and you will fire." He then took his position midway between the two combatants, and a few paces from the line he had

measured off. Holding out a handkerchief, he said in a voice that startled the onlookers, "Gentlemen, are you ready? One! Two! Three!" At the word "three," the handkerchief dropped to the ground and there was a discharge of two pistols. The cap worn by one of the duellists was seen to fall backwards off his head, and the right arm of the other man fell to his side. The four young men then ran together into a group, and while one of them hastily bandaged the arm of his friend, the other two drove rapidly away. They were soon followed by the other duellist and his second. The whole affair had not taken five minutes; but what did it all mean? The spectators guessed, and rightly so, that the actors were students from Brown University, over yonder in Providence, Rhode Island, from which the Seekonk river there separates Massachusetts. But who ever heard of men from the land of Roger Williams invading the domain of Cotton Mather, at such an unseemly hour and for such a bloodthirsty purpose?

Before noon the farmer had gone to Providence, and had spread as widely as he could the story of what he had seen. The duellists were soon known and were interviewed by every newspaper reporter in the city; but nothing more was learned from them than what the farmer and his family had been telling all day. Their story was, however, corroborated by the testimony of the keeper of the toll-bridge, who noticed specially the great agitation of the young men who first crossed the bridge on their return to Providence, and after he had been startled by hearing pistol shots in the woods near the Massachusetts end of the bridge. He said that when the second buggy crossed the bridge, one of the occupants was leaning back in the corner and groaning "Oh, my arm; my arm!" And while he was wondering what it all meant the young man who was driving gave the horse a

sudden cut with the whip, and they dashed off towards the city without paying their toll. The next morning the newsboys of Providence — few in number in those days — were running all about the campus of old Brown yelling, "Here you are! All about the duel and all about the faculty!" As one of the duellists was a Southerner and had unusually long hair, and wore what was then known as a "border ruffian" hat, the editors of the two daily papers of Providence made the most of those special features of the affair and exhausted their vocabularies in denunciation of "such a high-handed attempt to import into the liberty-loving North the barbarous customs of the slave-holding South." The faculty of Brown was called upon to turn over at once to the officers of the law these daring and insolent invaders of peaceful and law-abiding New England. A prominent citizen of Providence left for Boston on Tuesday armed with the affidavits of the farmer and his household, and that of the keeper of the toll-bridge, to urge the governor of Massachusetts to call upon the governor of Rhode Island to arrest and surrender to him these arrogant law-breakers.

Chapter III

What It Was

"Well, Mr. Nelson, what is the truth as to the duel said to have been fought across the Seekonk river on Monday last by Mr. Bates and Mr. Williams, in which you and Mr. Kneass are said to have acted as seconds?" It was Dr. Barnas Sears, president of Brown University, who asked that question, as I entered the dreaded precincts of his study on Wednesday, the second day after the duel. Messrs. Bates, Williams and Kneass were in the parlor of the presidential mansion, waiting their turn

to be summoned thence into the doctor's study. We were not there of our own accord, nor for the purpose of making a social call upon Prex; far from it. That morning Teddy, the Irish factotum and general errand boy of the university, had handed to each of us a note with the sympathetic announcement, "I've a note for you from the president, and I'm thinking it's about that jewel. It's right sorry for all of yer, I am." He was right. The note was to advise us that at 3 o'clock that afternoon the president expected to see each one of us at his house.

To chapel service on the morning of the duel and thereafter to recitations, as they regularly occurred, Mr. Bates had gone, carrying his right arm in a sling. The green cloth cap that Williams wore on that eventful morning was found to have had two holes through the top, and to the curious inquirers as to the cause of those holes, Williams had constantly replied, "A bullet went through there." When, however, we passed into the vestibule of Dr. Sears's house that afternoon, Bates suddenly removed his arm from the sling "whole as the other," and Mr. Williams was ready to explain how it was that "a bullet went through his cap." To the question of Dr. Sears as above quoted I replied, "Dr. Sears, the truth is that the whole affair is a hoax that we got up for the purpose of fooling the students." "Was there then no duel on Monday last?" asked Dr. Sears. I replied, "Mr. Bates and Mr. Williams did fire pistols towards each other, but I know that there were no balls in the pistols, as I loaded them." "But how about the quarrel out of which this duel is said to have grown?" asked the president. "That," said I, "was all arranged beforehand, as part of the hoax." "Well," said the doctor, "that is about what I expected to learn; but two or three of the faculty are disposed to believe that it was a bona-fide duel. You may go, Mr. Nelson," and thereupon I was directed to the door leading to the street,

while the president summoned Mr. Bates into his study. Mr. Williams was the last of the four to be closeted with Dr. Sears. To the query, "But how about that cap of yours, Mr. Williams? Is that it that you have in your hand? You have told those who asked you about those holes that a bullet went through there; was that the truth?" Mr. Williams replied, "It certainly was, sir; for after we came back last Monday morning I cut those holes with my knife, and then pushed a bullet through with a nail." That sophistical explanation was too much for even the proverbial gravity of Barnas Sears, and he laughed most heartily.

When Williams came into the room where the other "duellists" had met after leaving the president, he found Bates making up for the time he had lost, when, on account of his "wounded" arm, he had been unable to play on his fiddle. "The Arkansas Traveller" was now travelling at a lively pace, and at intervals, "Here's to Good Old Brown, Drink her down" was being sung lustily, if not melodiously, by the trio. But a sudden hush fell upon our party when Williams said, "Well, you fellows seem to be pretty jolly, considering the fact that our duel is likely to land us in a Massachusetts penitentiary." "Penitentiary?" we exclaimed in unison. "What do you mean by that?" "Did not the Prex tell you about Tristam Burges?" said Williams, "about his having gone to Boston yesterday with the affidavits of that toll-bridge keeper and that farmer, in order to get the governor of Massachusetts to call upon the governor of this state to surrender us for trial? Dr. Sears says that if once the officers get their hands on us, as we would not be allowed to testify in our own behalf at the trial, and as we have taken such good care to make everything indicate a bona-fide duel, he is very much afraid that we would never be able to make a Massachusetts jury believe that it was

only a college students' prank." This most important news Dr. Sears had reserved for Williams, who, as I have said, was the last of our party to be examined. It was startling news for all of us, and had the president told Williams nothing more the writer would very probably have already served out a sentence of twenty years in a penitentiary. But just then Dr. Sears was for us, "the right man in the right place." He told Williams that if the officers of the law called upon him to give us into their custody, it would be his duty to comply, "if"—he significantly added—"I can find you." He therefore advised us to conceal ourselves securely the next day, and if the officers were unable when they first reached the city to find us at our rooms or boarding house, they would undoubtedly call on him, when he was quite confident that he could convince them that they were being hoaxed. We did not hesitate about acting upon the president's advice, and that night, stealing one at a time out of our rooms, and through back streets and by-ways of Providence, we gained a safe hiding-place with a classmate who roomed in the outskirts of the city. The next morning our host went out as a spy in our interest and after the arrival of the morning express from Boston he returned to report that Mr. Burges with two companions had arrived by that train. He had followed them to the governor's office and thence to our boarding-place, where they could get no trace of us, for the proprietor said that we were not in our rooms and had not been to breakfast, and the chambermaid reported that our beds had not been slept in the previous night. Thence he had followed them to the president's, but there they stayed so long that he got tired watching for them to come out and so had returned to report. All our attempts at jollity during that day were dismal failures, and we found it impossible to follow the example of Mark Tapley, for the "adverse

circumstances were too real and personal." Our spy went out again, to return after the departure of the afternoon express for Boston. College songs "languished on our tongues" as the walls of a penitentiary began to loom large upon the near horizon, while we looked anxiously down the street as the time for the return of our scout drew near. At last we saw him running towards the house, and, as we threw up the window-sash, he called out — waving his cap over his head —"Hurrah! hurrah! they've gone back to Boston." It had turned out as Dr. Sears prophesied, he having (as we always believed) called upon the governor of Rhode Island before the Massachusetts officials arrived.

The agonizing suspense of the day thus joyfully ended, we forthwith repaired to Westminster street, where, arm in arm, and so taking up the whole sidewalk, we promenaded, the cynosure of all eyes, and hearing very often as we passed along, the words, "Look! look! there go those students that fought that duel." But in the language of the "diamond," the faculty now "came to the bat," for the following day our friend Teddy called again upon each of us with another note from the president. As before, Teddy was confident that it had to do "with the jewel" and again he was right, though it was not now an invitation to call upon Dr. Sears. The note handed me read as follows:

"On account of your participation in the recent pretended duel between Mr. Clarence Bates and Mr. Charles P. Williams, your connection with Brown University is temporarily severed. You will return to your home and there remain until the beginning of the next quarter, when you may resume your place in the university.

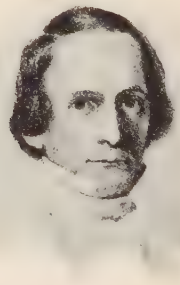
"Very truly,

BARNAS SEARS, President."

Bates having been suspended in his sophomore year, and restored upon promise of good behavior thereafter, was now expelled. He went to Union College, known among college men of those days as "Botany Bay," and was graduated about the same time with Williams and the writer hereof from Brown. Kneass never returned to Brown.

There are residents of Providence who still believe that the above is a fictitious explanation of a bona-fide duel, by which the actors very cleverly slipped out of the clutches of the law; but as the sole survivor of the participants in that serio-comic college scrape, I make affidavit to the literal and complete truthfulness of the foregoing narrative.

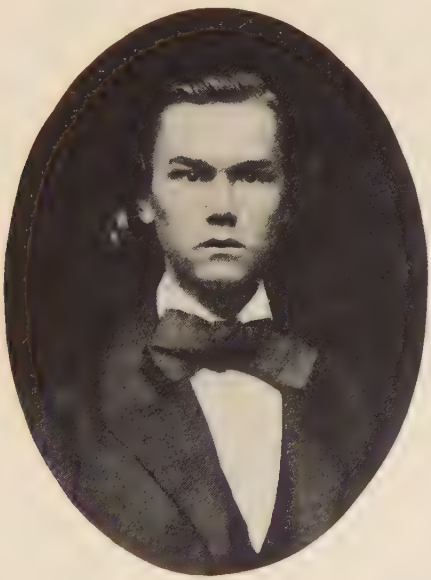
A. H. Nelson, 1858.



Henry Wheaton, LL.D.
Brown University, Class of 1802
to honor whom,
and to promote the Study of International Law,
the Wheaton Collection
of Works on the Law of Nations
has been made in the College Library

John Hay, 1858

WHEN the time came for the selection of a college, it is not strange that Hay — influenced, undoubtedly, by the fact that Providence had been the early home of his mother and Brown University the Alma Mater of his maternal grandfather (Rev. David Leonard, 1792, the poet of his class) — made



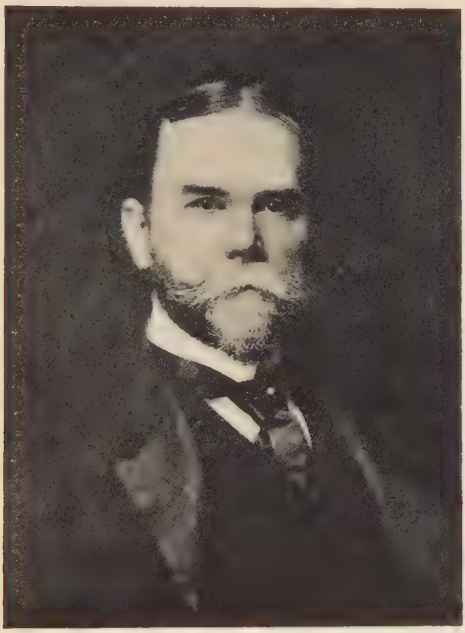
JOHN HAY, 1858
(Taken in 1857)

choice of this college. He therefore entered Brown and at once took high rank as a writer. This was

evident not only from his essays in the departments of rhetoric and the various sciences — in short, in all those studies in which good writing subjoined to a thorough knowledge of the subject is required — but from the fact that whenever anything above the ordinary was needed in the way of composition his services were at once drawn upon. This, too, was the more noticeable when it is recalled that the class of which he was a member was made up of an unusual number of brilliant men, excelling especially in composition, and many of whom have since become eminent in different walks of life, particularly that of journalism. His class poem, delivered in 1858, before an audience composed chiefly of highly cultivated and beautiful women — Hay was always a great favorite with the ladies — is a model of its kind. The close of this poem (to my mind the quintessence of healthy sentiment) is such an exquisite gem that the readers of "Memories of Brown" will thank me for reproducing it in this connection:

"Our words may not float down the surging ages,
As Hindoo lamps adown the sacred stream;
We may not stand sublime on history's pages,
The bright ideals of the future's dream;
Yet we may all strive for the goal assigned us,
Glad if we win, and happy if we fail;
Work calmly on, nor care to leave behind us
The lurid glaring of the meteor's trail.
As we go forth, the smiling world before us
Shouts to our youth the old inspiring tune;
The same blue sky of God is bending o'er us,
The green earth sparkles in the joy of June.
Where'er afar the beck of fate shall call us,
'Mid winter's boreal chill or summer's blaze,
Fond memory's chain of flowers shall still enthrall us,
Wreathed by the spirits of these vanished days.

Our hearts shall bear them safe through life's commotion,
Their fading gleam shall light us to our graves;
As in the shell the memories of ocean
Murmur forever of the sounding waves."



JOHN HAY, 1858
(One of his latest portraits)

Hay, during his college career, was, like his favorite poet, Shelley, of a singularly modest and retiring disposition; but, withal, of so winning a manner that no one could be in his presence, even for a few moments, without falling under the spell which his conversation and companionship invariably cast upon all who came within his

influence. He was, indeed, to his little circle of intimates, a young Dr. Johnson without his boorishness, or a Dr. Goldsmith without his frivolity. Upon his first entering the university, the intellectual bullies of his class, mistaking these traits for weakness, were disposed to look down upon the newly entered collegian from Illinois. It was but a little while, however, when his sterling worth gave them pause.

During his entire college life the stand in scholarship taken by Hay among his classmates was of a high order. Nor did his industry (although his ability rendered that habit of less value to him than to others) prevent his giving friendly aid to members of his class not so gifted. Hay was for some ten months my chum and bedfellow; and often, after returning from a party late at night, when it was "odds with morning which was which," I have found him sitting up writing out a Latin or a French exercise for some classmate whose intellectual furnishment was not of the highest order.

To his friends it has always been a source of much disappointment that he did not woo the Muse more zealously. Hay's faculty of rapid composition was simply marvellous, and would scarcely be believed, even by myself, had I not repeatedly witnessed it. I recall an instance in point. One evening, shortly before the close of the term which was to conclude Hay's college life, I had gone to bed, but was not asleep, when Hay entered our room. To my remark, "Hay, we have not now long to be together, and I wish you would write something for me to keep," he drew toward him a sheet of paper, lying on the table, and without any hesitation rapidly wrote off four stanzas which I consider — even now that I have come to mature age and judgment — one of the most charming odes I have ever read. It was entitled "My Dream;" and in the rhythm of its numbers and the beauty of its diction it more than

equalled the verse of some of our more pretentious poets.

In conclusion; as a dear friend and brother, as his chum and bedfellow in college, with all the intimacy those terms imply, and having had exceptional opportunities of knowing his life since he left college, I may say of him as Horace wrote of his friend, Fuscus:

"*Integer vitae scelerisque purus*
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu."

William Leete Stone, 1858.

Professor Nathaniel P. Hill
(A later portrait)

President Wayland as Seen by His Nephew

IT has been frequently alleged against Dr. Wayland, both as a teacher and as a man, that he was stern, imperious and dictatorial, without charity for human frailty. Nothing can be more unjust. His own ideal of right rendered him, it is true, at all times impatient of wilful wrong in others; but once he was convinced that a person sincerely endeavored to do right — even though the flesh sometimes got the mastery — no one was more gentle and loving than this stern man. Indeed, his practical kindnesses towards students struggling after an education were both numerous and delicate. An instance in point came under the notice of the writer. A poor student (now a prominent man), who was forced, if he would go through college, to use the strictest economy, had for many months literally subsisted on crackers and water. (I have often myself seen his barrel of crackers in his room in the " Hope Building.") As a very natural consequence, in accordance with the principle, *sana mens in corpore sano*, the student grew poorer in his recitations in proportion to his loss of bodily power. At length, observing the nature of his scholarship, President Wayland sent for the student, and, upon learning the facts of the case, gave him the privilege of taking from his cow — a valuable Durham, imported by the doctor from England — two quarts of milk a day, at the same time adding from his own purse — at no time very plethoric — a sum which was

of material advantage to the student. The recitations of the student from that time steadily improved, so that he finally graduated with the honors of his class.

Nor was his sternness — as many have supposed — habitual. Once freed from the official harness, his intercourse with all was marked by a geniality of conversation and manner which irresistibly attracted those who were so fortunate as to come within the circle of his intimate acquaintance. Nor was this all. His sense of the ludicrous was most keen, and while his humor was never hilarious, his appreciation of wit in others was quick, and his quiet drollery irresistible. It sparkled in his conversation and sometimes in his letters. The writer well remembers that once — in one of the many delightful walks which it was his privilege to enjoy with him — in reply to a question as to the design of a certain building in the distance, he answered, with that merry twinkle which those familiar with him will at once recall, "Oh, that is for boys whose Latin is bad — who have never been taught the distinction between *meum* and *tuum!*"

I well remember one Sunday morning when Dr. Wayland was temporarily supplying the pulpit of the First Baptist Meeting-House, then vacant by the death of Dr. Granger, I walked with him to the meeting-house and I remarked, on seeing a large number of people going in: "Uncle, you are going to have a large congregation today." "Yes, William," he replied, "but they are all *well dressed!*"

As an orator, Dr. Wayland cannot, in the popular sense of that word, be called great; yet, if to have the gift of speaking with fluency and elegance, and if stirring an audience to the very depths of emotional feeling, is eloquence, he certainly possessed that quality to a remarkable degree. Indeed, there are passages in some of his sermons and addresses which, for power and moral

grandeur, have rarely been surpassed. Of this nature was his address delivered at the commencement of Union College in 1854, the year which witnessed the fiftieth anniversary of the presidency of the late Dr. Nott. "When Dr. Wayland closed," said a person who was present, to the writer, "had we at that moment beheld with mortal vision the 'pearly gates' opening to receive our president, no one would have been startled, but considered it a natural sequence of that which we had just heard, so completely were the time and circumstances of the occasion forgotten."

It was my privilege, occasionally, to accompany my uncle on various errands of mercy; and in this connection an amusing circumstance recurs to me, viz. that Dr. Wayland invariably took off his hat to any negro (by whose race he was specially beloved) whom he chanced to meet, who took off his hat to him — saying in explanation of this habit, that he would not be outdone in politeness by even the most humble. Indeed, it was quite a standing joke among the members of Dr. Wayland's family that his hats rapidly became shabby on this account!

Dr. Samuel W. Abbott, secretary of the class of '58, and a close personal friend of mine, in the course of a letter written to me, some years ago, gives an anecdote of President Wayland. Dr. Abbott writes:

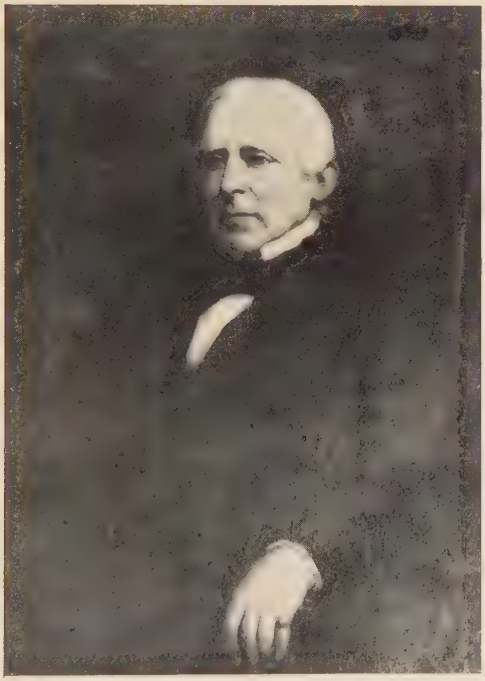
"Your uncle, Dr. Wayland, was a grand old man, and although I was only one year in college, as a freshman, under him, and only a boy of seventeen at that, I came to entertain the highest regard for him.

"I remember, with great pleasure, his sermons in the following year at the Baptist church, and especially the simplicity and clearness of his style. I have some of his sermons now, taken down as I sat in the gallery of the church.

"One day, an exceedingly cold winter day, he preached

with a big pair of mittens on his hands, the church being rather cold for comfort. His wonderful address at a hall on Dorrance street, on the occasion of the attack of Brooks on Sumner, is another of the vivid recollections which come up before me, as he stood on the platform, denouncing the institution of slavery in the strongest terms."

William Leete Stone, 1858.



John Carter Brown
A University Benefactor

Brown at the Close of the Fifties

Brown University from 1855 to 1859 was very different from what it is today. The entire faculty consisted of 10 members, the number of resident graduates was 2, and the number of other students was 223. In 1858-59 the number fell to 189. The college buildings consisted of five, namely University Hall, Manning Hall, Hope College and Rhode Island Hall, together with the president's house, to which, perhaps, should be added also the University Grammar School. The library was a very small affair. It was housed in the lower story of Manning Hall (the chapel being in the upper story), and contained, when I entered college, 28,000 volumes.

Among the faculty, unquestionably Lincoln, or "Johnny Link," as we called him, was by far the most popular, as he had been and was destined to be for many years. The two men to whom I think I owe the most intellectually, though they were by no means personally my favorite teachers, were Gammell and Chace. I do not know that I have ever heard any man who explained history more philosophically and made it more entertaining and attractive by tracing historical events back to their ultimate causes than Professor Gammell. From what I heard later, I suppose the lamented Diman was even superior to him. Chace, on the other hand, was the most critical logician. I think that he was the strongest man intellectually of the entire faculty. I shall never forget his voluntary class in Butler's Analogy. With a wealth of illustrations, breadth of knowledge and large-

ness of view, he crowded the room by his attractive Sunday afternoon classes.

Unfortunately I never came under the influence of Dr. Wayland as president, though I saw him a few times socially and heard him constantly when he filled the pulpit of the old First Baptist Meeting-House after the death of Dr. Granger and before Dr. Caldwell became the minister. It may well be said that he filled the pulpit. He also filled the house.

Dr. Sears was one of the most acute reasoners and one of the most learned men in his specialty that I ever met, but after all the mental grip of Chace was far the strongest.

Sometimes we boys enjoyed an intellectual combat between two members of the faculty, one of which at examination time I have never forgotten, and, in fact, the question then propounded has puzzled me ever since. It always seemed to me odd that Professor Chace should come into the recitation room of dear old Dr. Caswell, whom we all knew as "Cax," and take a hand in the examination of the students. In reply to a question from Caswell a student had defined a solid as one in which the force of attraction was greater than that of repulsion, a fluid as one in which the two forces were equal, while in a gas the repulsive force was greater than that of attraction. At this point, Chace put this poser to the student:

"You say, Mr. A, that in a solid the force of attraction is greater than that of repulsion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it not true that if two unequal forces act upon a molecule in opposite directions it will move in the direction of the greater force?"

"Yes, sir."

"If then, in a solid, the force of attraction is greater than that of repulsion, why does not a solid shrink until

the two are equal?" I do not remember the termination of the incident, but the question has puzzled me from then until now, for I have never yet seen a satisfactory definition of these three different states of matter.

Unquestionably the two students between 1855 and 1859 who have since become the most famous are Richard Olney of the class of '56 and John Hay (whose name appears in the catalogue as John M. Hay) of the class of '58. On class day in 1856 the president of the day was George L. Stedman, the orator was Richard Olney and the poet was Francis W. White. Of Richard Olney the Providence Journal said, "This young gentleman delivered an admirable address on the importance of carrying literary culture into professional life, a theme well adapted to the question and which he discussed in a manly and scholarly spirit." I am sure that Mr. Olney's later life has been as good an illustration of his theme as any that he quoted in his oration. In 1857 Daniel Goodwin was the orator and George W. Carr the poet. Unfortunately, I think, these four orations and poems were never printed, but I have in my scrap-book a pamphlet, printed for private distribution, containing the oration and poem delivered on class day, June 10, 1858, by Samuel T. Harris and John M. Hay, respectively. Mr. Hay's poem is well worth reading today for its rhythm, its graceful expression and its sentiment. Both Olney and Hay gave promise at that early day of their later eminence.

Until 1870, commencement was always held on the first Wednesday in September. Earlier in the history of the college, commencement shook the entire state of Rhode Island. It was the great event of the year, but with increased population and diversity of interests the tremor of the state by 1855 had perceptibly lessened. But it was still in college annals, naturally, *the* event of

the year. I well remember with what awe as an incoming freshman I marched down the hill just back of the band and saw men whose names I venerated so much follow President Sears between the lines of the procession and enter the old historic church, Samuel Ames, Isaac Davis, John Kingsbury, dear old Quaker, Dr. Tobey, Governor Arnold, Rufus Babcock, Heman Lincoln, Dr. Hague, Baron Stowe, Gardner Colby, and others.

Among the commencements, next to the one in which I myself graduated ('59), that of 1857 has always stood out prominently in my memory. The Alpha Delta Phi held a special celebration of the 21st year from its founding. The oration was delivered by George William Curtis on "The Nature, Duty and Responsibility of Patriotism." It was certainly one of the finest addresses which I have ever listened to, only equalled in the vividness of my recollection of it by a sermon which I heard later by Edwards A. Park, '26, on the text, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

A very distinguished visitor was received at Brown in 1856. Mr. Edward Everett, who delivered his oration on Washington on April 19, made a visit to the university, where he was received by the president and faculty and was presented to all the students. Less than four weeks after this address, an indignation meeting was held in Westminster Hall to express the feelings of the citizens at the assault on Senator Sumner by "Bully" Brooks. As the first citizen of the state, Dr. Wayland was asked to address the meeting. After a number of other speakers had inflamed the audience almost to the highest pitch of anger, the ponderous form of Dr. Wayland was seen mounting to the stage. His well-known conservative character and the high personal esteem in which he was held caused him to receive a most enthusiastic welcome.

Instead of inflaming the passion of his audience still further, he made a quiet, dignified, logical argument in favor of government by law rather than by violence. Almost at the end of his speech, he burst out into one sentence, a very simple one, but one which made an impression upon my mind and the minds of everyone present that could never be forgotten: "I was born free and I cannot be made a slave." I shall never forget the wonderful outburst which followed that sentence. It was impossible for him to continue his speech for perhaps fully ten minutes. Everybody shouted himself hoarse and hats were thrown into the air and twirled on the tops of canes. I have never before and never since seen such a wild demonstration.

William W. Keen, 1859.

John Nicholas Brown, 1885
A University Benefactor

The Angell Cradle

SHORTLY before I entered the university in September, 1855, President—then professor—James B. Angell was married. We boys declared that he had won the "mathematical prize"—the daughter of dear old Professor Caswell. That she was a "prize" indeed all who ever knew her gracious personality will testify. During my sophomore year his first baby was born. Dr. Angell then was "professor of modern languages," *i. e.*, French and German. His pupils in both classes were kept posted as to the approximate date by a sub-freshman friend, Mrs. Angell's brother—now Admiral Caswell, U. S. A. (retired).

The two classes met and appointed a committee, of whom I remember I was one, and supplied them with funds to buy the finest cradle that could be had in Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. It was a splendid mahogany creation, if my memory is not at fault, with a lace canopy, and went by clock-work. Upon a silver plate the inscription was all engraved—except the name and date, which had to await events. As soon as both were decided the plate was completed and the cradle sent home in triumph.

When the baby was a year old, Professor and Mrs. Angell invited all of the donors who were still in college and a number of Providence girls to what was known in those simple days as a "party." Towards the close of the delightful evening a dozen of the boys gathered around the piano and sang, to the tune of "Cocachelunk," the

song which I give below. It was written by John Hay of '58—who though a year before myself was yet a member of the same modern language class by reason of the peculiar arrangements then existing as to degrees. He gave me the original manuscript, which a few years ago I gave to the university with a lot of other Brunoniana I collected while a student. It is now in the library. Hay was not satisfied with his first effort and scratched out the entire first verse and began anew. When we had finished our song Dr. Angell read a metrical response "from the baby."

The cradle has done duty in the second generation and for aught I know is still busily employed in the third.

William W. Keen, 1859.

President Angell

THE ANGELL CRADLE.

Tune—Cocachelunk.

Once to earth there came an angel,
Wingless he was wafted down,
And his wailings woke the echoes,
Slumbering round the walls of Brown.

Chorus—Cocachelunk che lunk, etc.

Then outspoke a reverend senior,
Bending with the weight of years,
"We will give him a reception,
Worthy of the name he bears."

"We will frame a mighty cradle,
Suited to this youthful swell,
(For the student knows how useful
Is the art of lying well).

"It shall be propelled by clock-work,
Which will teach this juvenile brick,
In his youth to play the student—
Wanting 'rocks' to go 'on tick.'"

When the mighty work was finished,
On the gift one glance he threw,
Crowed his moderate approbation,
And concluded it would do.

Now the rolling year has vanished,
We with loyal hearts and true
Come to wish "that blessed baby"
With success, successors too.

Let us hope for future classes,
Repetitions of the scene,
Not like other "angel's visits,"
Neither "few nor far between."

John Hay, 1858.

An Initiation Into the "Phils"

WHEN I entered Brown University as a sophomore, in 1857, I found two open literary societies, known as the Philermenian and the United Brothers. They occupied two small halls on the fourth floor at the north end of Hope College. The reputation of each was well known to college boys and faculty. The United Brothers bore a name for good fellowship, lots of fun and little of literary work, while the "Phils" were a working body, with a good standard for literary and debating ability. Although a member of Alpha Delta Phi, I was desirous of joining one of the open societies and was "electioneered" by members of both to join, my choice being in favor of the "Phils," where most of my special friends were members.

In due time, in the autumn of 1857, a day was selected for initiation into the two open societies and notice was publicly given that on a certain Saturday afternoon in October, at two o'clock, the exercises of initiation and introduction would be held in the rooms of the societies, whose entrance doors were opposite each other at the head of the stairs in the upper hallway. The initiates to both societies were quietly told that they would not be expected to appear in evening dress, and might be called upon to re-dress before the public exercises began. With some of my class, I ascended the stairs at the appointed hour, and at the foot of the last flight witnessed the initiatory contest going on at the head of the stairs above. Four or more stalwart men of the upper classes were

stationed at each door, facing each other for the expected fray, and each initiate as he reached the landing was seized by the stalwarts of both societies. The pulling, struggling and shouting of "Brothers!" "Phils!" showed the *litter-ary* contest that was going on. There was no retreat, and up we went to meet the ordeal. I was seized by the stalwarts of both societies. My hat and coat were soon among the debris of the hallway, and waistcoat and shirt were also lost in the *mêlée*. At one time I found myself in both rooms, my head being in the hall of the "Phils" and my feet in that of the "Brothers." With me it was arms against legs, with a possibility of a separation, my head and arms going to the "Phils," and my legs and some part of my body, wherever the division should take place, to the "Brothers." Only one thing was in my favor, and that was my *will*. I wanted to join the "Phils" and I threw the force of my energies towards my friends on the north side of the stairway. After much pulling and hauling, I managed to draw my body across the hall within the desired haven. I went into that initiatory service a little over six feet in height. I now measure six feet, four and a half inches. The oration and poem which constituted the literary part of the afternoon exercises were thoroughly appreciated, as every part of my body, mind and soul was alive to my environment. It cost me just $4.75 to make good the losses of that October afternoon.

Thomas Williams Bicknell, 1860.

The Philermenians and the United Brothers

WHEN I matriculated at Brown in 1857, two literary societies, the Philermenian and United Brothers, pressed their rival claims upon the members of the entering class. The two societies had quarters on the fourth floor of Hope College, the former occupying the large room on the right of the hallway at the top of the staircase and extending the entire width of the building on Waterman street, and the other occupying the room of equal size on the opposite side of the hallway. Each had a library for the use of its members. At commencement time, the present and past members of the two societies alternating every other year with the Rhode Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa, marched to the First Baptist Church, and listened to an oration and poem delivered under their auspices. It was understood that the expenses of this biennial celebration would be borne by the two societies, and they were so borne in the earlier history of both; but when I entered college the best days of the two organizations had passed, and they were already in that period of decline that ended not long after in their dissolution. The United Brothers society, however, was much farther advanced in its progress toward dissolution than was the Philermenian, and its finances were already at a low ebb, and had been for some time. Both, naturally, were making vigorous efforts to secure new members, and the first weeks of my freshman

year were characterized by an active canvass on the part of the members of each society so as to secure as large a number of the new men as possible. The representations of the Philermenians that the United Brothers had few meetings and that the society was in a moribund condition had weight with me in the electioneering season, and I joined the apparently more prosperous society.

The meetings of the Philermenians were fairly well attended, and I have still pleasant memories of debates in the society hall upon some of the more important public themes engrossing attention in those four memorable years preceding the Civil War. Though the college fraternities were in a flourishing condition, and the interest of the students was largely drawn to them, there was enough of life still remaining in the Philermenian society to make membership in it exceedingly profitable.

But the United Brothers society had found it increasingly difficult, as the years went by, to hold its regular meetings; and in my freshman year about the only meetings held were those at the opening of the year, when a strong effort was made to impress the freshmen by an exhibition of vigorous life. In this way the Brothers succeeded in securing quite a number of new recruits, the society after the election returning to its previous languishing condition.

At the beginning of my sophomore year, the Philermenian found that the Brothers were making an active canvass for new members and were holding a few meetings in aid of the movement. The electioneering campaign in its progress seemed to demand extraordinary efforts on the part of the Philermenians, and considerable thought was given to the situation. The matter was handled with much secrecy, so that the Brothers should not obtain in advance even a hint, much less any knowledge, of what was contemplated. The weakness of the

treasury of the United Brothers society seemed to offer an opportunity for an approach to a consideration of the respective merits of the two societies that would not fail to make an impression upon the freshmen. As has been stated, there was an old agreement that the expenses of the commencement celebrations, held by the two societies, should be met jointly. For some time, however, the Brothers had failed to pay their share of this indebtedness, and the Philermenians had been compelled to meet the entire expense. All calls upon the Brothers in consequence of this failure on their part were unavailing. The treasury of the society was empty, and any hope of extinguishing the debt seemed to have no foundation whatever. A committee was now appointed by the Philermenians to bring the matter of this indebtedness to the attention of the Brothers, and the time selected for the presentation of the bill was one of the meetings which the Brothers were holding for the purpose of impressing the freshmen with the high standing of their organization.

Two of the sons of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the distinguished missionary, were members of the senior class, and both, I think, were members of the Philermenian society. The younger of these brothers, Elnathan Judson, winsome, exceedingly companionable, and in every way a delightful fellow,— whose early promise, alas, was blighted by an incurable, lingering disease — was made chairman of the committee. Judson had somewhat of the grace of public address which characterizes his younger brother Edward, the eloquent New York preacher; also the same large appreciation of the funny side of things; and the bill of the Philermenians against the Brothers was drawn up by him upon sheets of paper pasted together so as to form a continuous strip ten or twelve feet long.

Several weeks after the opening of the term, when electioneering on the part of the two societies was at its

height, and the Brothers were holding a meeting to which by much personal effort they had attracted a large number of freshmen, the committee appointed by the Philermenians appeared at the Brothers' hall. A goodly number of Philermenians followed the committee up the staircase, and were in waiting outside in order to render any needed assistance. The meeting of the Brothers was in full swing, and the debaters were giving a display of oratory which evidently was making a very favorable impression upon the freshmen.

"Mr. President: A committee from the Philermenian Society!" announced Judson, as he and his associates on the committee entered the hall.

The debate was suspended by the announcement, and the presiding officer — I think it was "Tim" Bancroft, but I am not sure, so many years have passed since the incident — apparently suspecting some unwelcome intrusion on the part of the Brothers' rivals, rose and asked the purport of the communication the committee desired to make.

"We have here, Mr. President," said Judson, "a bill which the Brothers owe to the Philermenians," and he began to unroll the manuscript account, which was soon and impressively displayed in its full length.

With persuasive voice and words, Judson was proceeding to mention the items of the bill, and to give some account of its history, when one of the Brothers rose and said:

"Mr. President, the gentleman is out of order! This is an interruption of our debate! I call for order!"

The president rapped loudly with his gavel, Judson meanwhile endeavoring to add to the statement he had made concerning the debt, and apologizing for the seeming intrusion, but asserting the necessity of having some attention on the part of the Brothers to this matter of long standing.

"The gentleman is out of order," shouted the president, "entirely out of order;" and he continued to rap loudly with his gavel.

The expected impression upon the freshmen had already been made. They had not received much information concerning the debt, it is true, but the length of the manuscript exhibited by Judson, on which the bill against the Brothers was recorded, indicated that it was no small affair. With apparent reluctance, and somewhat of an injured air, the committee from the Philermenian society now withdrew, and the Brothers took up the debate at the point at which it was interrupted; but manifestly the climax of interest for the evening had been reached, and the orators, eloquent as they were, could not bring the astounded freshmen back to the considerations before them when Judson and his associates made their appearance.

Both societies long ago reached the point of dissolution, an unfortunate affair, as I think, in the history of the college. There are things that a student may without hesitation leave out of his college course, and still well equip himself for the work of life as a citizen of this great republic; but he should hold fast to whatever will help him to think and talk on his feet with ease and forcefulness.

Henry S. Burrage, 1861.

The College During the Civil War

MY only college diary—it was written in my senior year—opens with these words: "Brown University, January 1, 1861." From that date to July 3, 1861, when the college year closed, the record covers one hundred and seventy-nine pages, mostly devoted to events connected with the outbreak of the Civil War. These pages reveal the intense interest with reference to public affairs which prevailed among the young men of the college, and especially those who were about to graduate. On the first page of the diary I find these words: "It promises to be an eventful year. Our country, a few months since prosperous, happy, united, seems today almost on the brink of destruction. The government maintains a masterly inactivity. The people no longer have confidence in it—indeed it seems to have no confidence in itself. One member of the cabinet after another is retiring, and the old public functionary, yet more lachrymose than ever, stands almost friendless and alone amid the ruins of his administration. . . . Whatever may be the issue, whether these states remain united, one family, or whether they be rent with civil feuds, God speed the right."

These words expressed not only my own thoughts at the opening of the eventful year to which they carry us back, but they expressed, I am confident, the thoughts of the great body of my associates in the college. There was on the part of these young men a clear apprehension of the fact that we were standing on the threshold of an

important epoch in our history as a nation. The columns of the daily papers were watched with unwonted interest. Something new and even startling was almost sure to appear with each added day.

Almost at the opening of the new year came the announcement of the seizure of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor by Major Anderson. January 8, one hundred guns were fired in Providence in approval of this action —the first of the many guns we were to hear during the four battle-years that followed. The formation of a Southern Confederacy, with Jefferson Davis as president, was announced early in February. Then came the inauguration of President Lincoln, March 4, and that most important state paper, the inaugural address. John Hay, class of 1858, was one of Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries. When he was graduated he left at Brown the reputation of a brilliant writer. His class poem on "The Power of Song" made class day, 1858, memorable. Mr. Lincoln came to Washington with a reputation, East as well as West, for strength in political debate, but it was not known that he was a felicitous writer as well. When the students at Brown read the closing sentence of the inaugural address—"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature" —they recognized at once the touch of the hand of the private secretary of the president, and said, "We know who wrote that; John Hay."

The attack on Fort Sumter, April 12, was the event which fired the hearts of the students, as indeed it did the hearts of the people throughout the North. The attack was commenced in the early morning, but it was not known in Providence until the day drew to a close. The

telegrams of that evening were confirmed the following morning and the excitement, everywhere visible, was greatly intensified when it was known that Governor Sprague had telegraphed to President Lincoln tendering his services to the government, also those of the Marine Artillery and a regiment of infantry. Professor Gammell, at the senior recitation in history that morning, said that the firing of the Confederates on Fort Sumter was without a parallel. "It looks as though our flag must go down," he said, "but, young men, if it does, it must go up again, and that, too, at whatever cost." How, without rebuke on the part of the professor, the dust was raised by the boys of the class of '61 in that old recitation room in University Hall as those words, calmly, yet forcefully, were uttered!

On Monday, April 15, came Mr. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men. Among the first to respond were some of the students of the college. All desired in some way to give expression to the patriotic feelings which had been awakened by the threatening attitude and acts of the Confederates. An opportunity was soon found. After our morning recitation on that day the seniors held a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait on President Sears and ask permission to raise the stars and stripes over University Hall. One of the members of the class was from Mississippi. His was the solitary voice raised against the proposed action. He had a word to say in favor even of the Confederate flag. Having recorded his vote he seceded and at length found his way back to Mississippi, where he entered the Confederate army and died in 1862.

The consent of President Sears to the flag-raising was readily secured. A flag-staff on University Hall was soon in place, a large flag was purchased, and on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 17, our beautiful national

emblem was unfurled in the presence of the faculty, students and a large crowd of citizens, who flocked to the campus to participate in services connected with the great uprising then in progress throughout the North. President Sears, Bishop Clark, Rev. Dr. Edward B. Hall, Rev. Dr. S. L. Caldwell and ex-Governor Elisha Dyer made ringing addresses from the steps of Manning Hall. All hearts were thrilled by the eloquent words of the speakers. When President Sears expressed the hope that the young men of the college, who were there to learn—to learn to be patriots, he would hope—and had everything at stake in this crisis, should show that they appreciated the blessings they had inherited from a brave and noble ancestry, there were few whose hearts were not flooded with unwonted emotions. The significance of fast-ripening events was rightly estimated. The gravity of the situation was not overlooked. But there was no appeal—there was no need of anything of the kind. The young men grouped around the chapel steps were ready for any duty which the unfolding future should make known to them. In my diary that day, referring to the flag-raising, I wrote, "It is the proudest day I have known in college." It would be difficult to give full expression to the meaning of these words. It is not too much to say that boys became men under the inspiration of the words then and there spoken and were influenced henceforth by stronger convictions with reference to life and duty.

Already it was reported that more volunteers had offered their services to the government than were needed. The organization and drilling of the First Rhode Island Regiment was in progress. The Marine Artillery left Providence for Washington April 18, and the first detachment of the First Rhode Island followed April 20. That morning Professor Gammell dismissed the senior class without hearing the recitation for the day. He rec-

ognized the fact that our books had little interest for us at such a time. Early in the afternoon the troops were drawn up in Exchange place and Bishop Clark addressed them in reference to their departure for the seat of war. When he closed his address there were few tearless eyes in the vast throng which the farewell had brought together. After a fervent prayer came the march to Fox Point, the embarkation, the casting off of the lines, and then the steamer started down the bay. Already we were beginning to understand something of the meaning of war.

The second detachment of the First Rhode Island followed April 24, completing the regiment's roster. The line was formed in Exchange place in the afternoon, and Dr. Wayland addressed the troops. The impressive scenes of the 22d were re-enacted, not only during the address but on the march to Fox Point, as we said farewell to classmates and college friends who left for the front with this detachment.

Letters soon began to come from our brothers in the field, and we were kept in close touch with events in Washington and vicinity, where the troops were quartered. Our thoughts were with them rather than with our textbooks. There was one textbook, however, which received considerable attention from the seniors, namely Woolsey on International Law, then just published, and which Professor Gammell wisely adopted because of its present interest. Almost daily it brought before us questions of vital importance in connection with passing events, and the lessons afforded the professor many a text for interesting and instructive remarks.

A military company was organized in the college in May, and many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity for becoming familiar with the school of the soldier. On class day, June 13, this company, known as

the University Cadets, had its first parade and was reviewed at Camp Burnside by Colonel Slocum of the Second Rhode Island. At the class day exercises in the chapel that forenoon neither the orator nor the poet forgot that the country was about to experience the shock of arms. We knew that our classmates in the army might at any time find themselves in the struggle and stress of civil war. Indeed, at the battle of Bull Run, July 21, Jenckes of the senior class and a private in the First Rhode Island was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. The other members of the class who were in the First Rhode Island—DeWolf, Hoppin and Sackett—returned to Providence with the regiment at the expiration of its period of service, were present at the graduating exercises which occurred September 4, and received their diplomas with their classmates, their patriotism counting for the studies they were compelled to abandon by reason of their army service. Only Jenckes, who was a prisoner, and Rogers, who was serving as a first lieutenant in the Seventh Massachusetts Volunteers, were absent.

At the commencement dinner on that day, President Sears called attention to the great calamity that had befallen the country. How his words thrilled his hearers as he referred to the sons of the college already in the army, and added, "May our Alma Mater always have brave sons, ready to meet all the demands of patriotism!" Dr. Wayland added to the impression which President Sears's words had made upon all. The college, he said, had sent its first fruits. Others must follow. The massive frame of the venerable ex-president was swayed with deep emotion as he added, "If these strong hands can sustain the stars and stripes, if these breasts can form a rampart to put far away the wickedness of slavery (slavery, slavery, what man was born to be a slave!), let us

form an impregnable barrier against the waves of sedition, of the most infamous conspiracy ever known, and let us say, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!'" As Dr. Wayland uttered these burning words he lifted those "strong hands" and, crossing his arms and beating them upon his breast, he stood before us the very embodiment of the words that fell from his agitated lips. There had been no doubt before where Brown would stand in the great conflict which the South invoked; but if anything was needed to awaken a deeper feeling of patriotic devotion in that hour of the country's need, it must certainly have been found in those two addresses.

The scenes of April, 1861, were re-enacted in the college when at midnight, May 23, 1862, tidings were received of the defeat of General Banks, and also of a call for added troops. It was a hurry call, and at seven o'clock the next morning six hundred and thirteen men of the National Guard in Rhode Island had reported for duty. On the following day the regiment, known as the Tenth Rhode Island, left for Washington. Company B of the regiment was recruited almost wholly from the students of the college, who went to the front under the command of ex-Governor Elisha Dyer, a son of the college, who although no longer a young man was full of the spirit of patriotism and furnished a shining example at a critical period of the war. The regiment was mustered out September 1, but many of its student members re-entered the service as commissioned officers, and had an honorable record on many of the great battlefields of the conflict.

When class day came, the orator returned from Virginia on a furlough in order that he might address his classmates; while at commencement the valedictorian, who had just entered the service for three years or the war, delivered his oration in the uniform of a captain of infantry. Among the guests at the commencement din-

ner were the governors of the six New England states. Many years after the war I learned from one of them—Governor Israel Washburn of Maine—that this was no chance meeting on the part of the New England governors, but they came together at the request of President Lincoln in order to avail themselves of the opportunity which commencement afforded for a consultation on public matters without attracting public attention.

The year that followed was a hard one for study on the part of the students who could but follow the fortunes of the country, dark at times, but wonderfully bright after the tidings from Vicksburg and Gettysburg, just as the college year closed. One of the speakers at the commencement dinner in 1863 was General John M. Thayer, of the class of 1841. General Thayer had served under General Grant in the Mississippi valley, and he eloquently eulogized his chief as one who would accomplish whatever he undertook, a prophecy that was abundantly verified before the war came to an end.

From the summer of 1862 until the close of the war I saw more Brown men in the army at the front than on the campus at Providence. After the close of the Vicksburg campaign, however, a leave of absence enabled me to attend the commencement exercises in 1863, while a wound received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, detained me at home long enough to allow me to be present at commencement on September 6. The centennial of the college was observed that day. Goldwin Smith, a guest representing the University of Oxford, was one of the speakers at the dinner. In his address he endeavored to correct an impression that England as a nation was animated by hostile feelings towards this country. Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase followed him and criticised the course of England during the war. "We hope for better days," he said. "We look for the time when England

will see that she consults neither her true interest nor her true honor when she indulges unfraternal sentiments towards America." Mr. Chase expressed his joy that there were illustrious men in England who dared rebuke such sentiments, and mentioned as one of them the honorable gentleman who had just spoken. General Burnside was present and had an enthusiastic reception as he responded to a call from the president of the university. But it was reserved for George William Curtis to stir the deepest feelings of the alumni and friends of the college as he asserted the duty of the scholar to the government under which he lives.

Seven months passed and the beginning of the end came with the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. Nowhere was the enthusiasm of the hour stronger than in the college. The students joined in the general jubilation, and then had a bonfire of their own on the college campus. This was followed by a more elaborate demonstration on the evening of April 13, when the college buildings were illuminated and there were congratulatory addresses by President Sears and others. A few days passed and all this joy was turned to sorrow at the tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln. The emblems of victory now gave place to the emblems of mourning. There was one man to whom all in Providence looked in this hour of national grief—Dr. Wayland. Toward his house the people moved as by an irresistible impulse. The students joined them. When they reached the house and Dr. Wayland understood why they had come, he went forth to address them. Professor George I. Chace has left us a very vivid sketch of the scene: "That hair playing in the breeze has been whitened by the snows of seventy winters. That venerable form is pressed by their accumulated weight. The glorious intellectual power which sat upon those features is veiled beneath the

softer lines of moral grace and beauty. It is not now the Athenian orator, but one of the old prophets, from whose touched lips flow forth the teachings of inspired wisdom. The dead first claims his thought. He recounts most appreciatively Lincoln's great services and dwells with loving eulogy upon his unswerving patriotism and his high civic virtues. Next, the duties of the living and the lessons of the hour occupy attention. Then come words of devout thanksgiving, of holy trust, of sublime faith, uttered as he only ever uttered them. They fall upon that waiting assembly like a blessed benefaction, assuaging grief, dispelling gloom and kindling worship in every bosom. God is no longer at a distance, but all around and within them. They go away strengthened and comforted."

At the commencement that followed, Professor Angell in eloquent words welcomed the sons of the college who had served in the army or navy during the war. It was almost like a roll-call of the professor's former pupils as the names came tripping from his lips. Some were not there to respond, indeed they would never return to these once familiar and fondly cherished scenes to renew the delightful associations of other days. A memorial tablet recording their names was erected in Manning Hall not long afterward — a fitting testimonial of the undying affection in which the college holds those who laid down their lives for their country in the Civil War.

Henry S. Burrage, 1861.

The Origin of "Alma Mater"

WHEN I was in college the only literary publication undertaken by the students was a small folio issued annually, called the "Brown Paper," conducted by the secret, or Greek-letter societies, and containing lists of their members, items of college news and editorial matter. At the beginning of the college year each society elected an editor from the senior class, and in the autumn of 1860 I was thus honored by my fraternity, the Psi Upsilon.

It was rumored that I had been guilty of some attempts at poetasting, and when the editors met for conference and to decide upon the work to be allotted to each, I was urged to contribute some poetry. Moreover, it being represented that there was a generally felt want of songs distinctively pertaining to Brown, it was agreed that a college song would be the most acceptable form of rhyme. I accordingly undertook the task.

I felt that it would be useless to hope for popularity and currency for anything that I might write unless I adapted it to some well-known air, and I therefore gave considerable thought to the selection of such an air.

At that time there was no organized glee club at Brown, but some of the students who were musically inclined were in the habit of meeting occasionally of an evening

on the chapel steps and joining in choruses of various sorts. One of these, which was frequently sung, was "Araby's Daughter," and I had often been struck with its sonorous swing and the fine harmony of its chords, and it appeared to me that the metre of this song was well suited to the sentiment of the verses which I proposed to write; so I finally selected it for my purpose.

The song was originally entitled "Old Brown," and when published it gained some favorable comments as a composition, but to my disappointment failed entirely to be taken up as a college song, and was, as I supposed, consigned to oblivion.

Years afterwards, some one sent me a programme of a concert given by the Brown glee club in Providence, in which this song, called "Alma Mater," appeared as the concluding number, and I subsequently learned that it had been adopted as the song of Brown.

How it came to be resurrected I never knew, but concluded that some member of the glee club had stumbled upon it in rummaging over old files of the "Brown Paper."

I need not say that it has been very gratifying to me that the verses in which I endeavored to express the sentiments animating the loyal sons of Brown in 1860-61 have been appreciated and deemed worthy of adoption by their successors, and it is pleasant to think that the "offering of praise" long ago laid upon the altar of Alma Mater is still daily renewed by her no less loyal sons of a later day.

James A. DeWolf, 1861.

Random Recollections of 1861

I REMEMBER that in some recitation on mathematics under Professor Caswell a number of students had "flunked," all answering, when called upon, "Not prepared." At each successive answer the gloom deepened on our teacher's face. Finally he called "Caswell," (his son). Tom felt impelled by the strange code of student ethics to be unprepared where his classmates had failed, so he too answered, "Not prepared."

Thereupon the dignified teacher dropped the professorial attitude and, assuming the parental tone, said, "Thomas! Go to the blackboard and draw that diagram." And thereupon Thomas did it!

Many well remember that Professor Caswell's experiments did not always succeed. He would then pass to the next subject with the remark, "Never mind, gentlemen, the principle remains true all the same." It was different with Professor Chace's experiments. They never failed, because, as I know from my having often gone through them with him, he always rehearsed them before his lectures. It was the custom then to review the last lecture before going on with a new subject. About half an hour would be thus spent in recitation and then a bevy of girls would file in from the high school and hear the lecture with us to the distraction of attention on the part of both sets of listeners.

Among our teachers who were gifted with power to impart information to their students I remember well Professor Greene, irreverently called "Betsey." It was a pleasure to be under him in any mathematical study. I must qualify this, however, when I recall the names of

some of those to whom such studies were a burden, no matter by whom taught.

I had the excellent excuse of living two miles away from college, "out of town," as it was then considered, when we had not even an omnibus running to town, and I was excused from attendance at chapel. I remember my surprise at the frank avowal of some fellow-students that they attended the First Baptist Church because they thought it had a good effect upon their college standing.

The chemical laboratory was then in the basement of Rhode Island Hall. The hot-air furnace was in the middle of the laboratory, and pipes running through the room carried heated air to the lecture rooms above. Well do I remember the speed with which Professor Chace and his class alike hastened forth when a dense cloud of vile smelling sulphureted hydrogen gas came pouring out of the registers in their lecture room! I wonder now, when I meet a certain white-haired business man on the street, whether he remembers when he mixed the necessary ingredients, and opening the door into the hot-air chamber, shoved the vessel containing them inside, where the heat of the furnace soon stimulated the chemical reaction that drove us forth above! Well may he remember it, for, if my memory serves me, he was rusticated for it.

One day several of us went to hear a speech in Railroad Hall, over the station on Exchange place. Little did any of us imagine that in the long, gaunt form then addressing us we saw the immortal future president of the United States, who was to free the slaves and save the Union. I must confess that I was unfavorably impressed by his manner. It was grotesque and uncouth. He made faces at the audience and set them laughing. He was interrupted by a man in the audience who asked questions not always pertinent. The audience hooted and hissed, trying to shut the man off, but Lincoln showed

his skill by asking for fair play for him, and during the rest of his speech he would occasionally address himself to this particular man.

While I was in college, the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, that famous corps, made a visit to Providence and among the sights of the town they were shown Brown University. All would have gone well there, had not someone unversed in college students' ways provided policemen to keep order on the campus. As soon as these policemen entered the college grounds, trouble began. Each hoot and yell from the students brought out more students to add increased volume to the vociferous disapproval of the presence of the policemen, some of whom were roughly handled. The row was only ended by withdrawing the policemen from the college premises. Aroused to indignation and elated by success, the students now became discourteous to the visitors, the Putnam Phalanx. They marched into Manning Hall through a lane of students, all shouting in unison and in time with the step of the Phalanx: "Left — left — left her far behind you — Right — right — right over yonder." I can see now the comical aspect of the hurrying last little soldier in his Continental uniform as he brought up the rear before the students closed in on him.

Why is it that the ludicrous little nothings from our early days leave such vivid impressions on our minds, while we forget beyond recall many of the great events we would fain remember?

These brief recollections are but trifles light as air, but, though not to be found in grave histories, what would we not give for such unconsidered trifles yielding similar details of university life during the middle ages! And so the time may come when to some distant generation these trifling incidents may serve to illustrate the university life of an extinct age. *Amasa M. Eaton, 1861.*

Memories Light and Tender

TOWN AND GOWN are closely interwoven in my recollection of college days. Even the old time-stained building that answered the purpose of a watch house, and which stood on the corner of College and Benefit streets, had its place in the college life of those days, for thither occasionally a student was conducted who, perhaps, ventured to destroy some of the old oil lamps for which gas had been substituted. And then comes the memory of the night-watchman when on a stormy, snowy evening he issued from its mysterious portals so enveloped in coats and mufflers that only his feet were visible, and not infrequently over it all he wore a cape, which it was not difficult for an agile student to lift and drop over the head of the guardian of the peace. He carried an enormous rattle, and when he sprung it under the window, and from the depths of his muffler cried fire! fire! fire! the startled one jumped from bed, raised the window and hurriedly asked, "Where is the fire?" to which might come the answer, "I don't know, but I guess it's down toward the Tockwotton House." Why, I remember two fire companies, who, coming from different directions, met near my window one evening on their way to a fire and there stopped and discussed the question, "Where is the fire?" I never found out whether they reached the fire or not, and perhaps it was not very important after all that they should, for if the building was, even for those days, of any height, though the brakes of the hand engines were manned by students and citizens

as well as firemen, the fire had to burn down to the stream, since the stream could not be made to reach up to the fire.

College hazing was indeed a brutal performance, and, if I remember correctly, in its severity it ended with our class. We hazed the freshmen, and the next day President Sears summoned us one by one before him and asked, "Did you take part in the 'smoking-out' of the freshmen last evening?" If the reply was "Yes, sir,"—and that was the almost universal answer,—the student was suspended from further college connection. One fellow, the present surgeon-general of the colony of Trinidad, British West Indies, and the author of our college song, came from the meeting with the president without the sentence being pronounced; he felt so badly that he went back and soon re-appeared, his name added to the "honor-roll." We thought that a college without a sophomore class was a serious matter for the college and so we met in "Brothers' Hall" and told one another so and sent a committee to intimate the same fact to the faculty. The committee soon returned and announced that "unconditional surrender" was the reply of the faculty. Well, we surrendered and were restored. The day after the restoration, Professor Lincoln was informed that the class had returned to their college duties. His dry, laconic reply was: "Why, so soon?" We then realized that the college could do without us; a tremendous thought for a sophomore.

Speaking of Professor Lincoln, we all remember what a charming, graceful, easy speaker he was, and yet I recall when presiding at a dinner of the New York alumni some years since, Professor Lincoln being on my right, representing the college in the absence of the president, that as the time approached for the speeches he was suddenly seized with a stage fright, and, oblivious of those around

him, he said over and over again loud enough for me to hear, "I shall make an awful failure." Once on his feet "Richard was himself" and at his best.

One incident in the history of secret societies in Brown University it seems should be recorded. Sometime subsequent to the Civil War, when President Wayland was in office and the late Hon. Samuel G. Arnold was a member of the corporation, the advisability of doing away with secret societies in college was under consideration. President Wayland strongly advocated the measure of abolition, and, as is well known, whatever President Wayland advocated was generally adopted. Governor Arnold was one of the charter members of Psi Upsilon in Brown University, and to the end of his life an enthusiastic member of that organization. He strongly and unflinchingly defended the secret societies, then five or six in number, frankly opposing the views of President Wayland. The result of the discussion was that secret societies were not done away with, and, although the mode of conducting them may have been modified, they are today an important factor in college life. The whole fraternity system at Brown is largely due to the character and manly action of Governor Arnold.

In our senior year came the rumor of war and calls from the various armories for men to enlist, and we students spent more time at the armories than in the lecture room. Meeting on the street one day, on our way to or from an armory, one of our most dignified professors, he stopped and said, "Come back to your studies; it is not well to breathe any longer this exciting atmosphere." And yet we kept on breathing it until some of our number marched away from the sound of the college bell to the tap of the drum.

A very tender memory comes to me. One lovely summer day as we came out of a religious service at the col-

lege, a classmate who seemed much impressed by the service as we sauntered down the hill together said with warmth, evidently derived from the tender character of the service, "Why cannot we have this kind of thing all the time?" I think it was the last time I saw him; for soon after he was drowned, but the memory of that walk with Chamberlain has been with me through life.

Some one has said, "He who calls what is vanished into being enjoys a bliss like that of creating," and so, as we face the realities of today, all are grateful for that God-given power of memory which recreates for us the realities of yesterday.

William W. Hoppin, 1861.

A Class Expelled

IT is a rare, if not unique, occurrence that practically a whole class is expelled from college, but it has happened in the history of Brown. When the class of 1861 became sophomores, in September, 1858, the perplexing question arose, "What shall be done about the freshmen?"

The custom of initiating freshmen in the various ways, more or less mild, known as hazing, had been so long established in college, without special rebuke, the students naturally assumed that, while the practice might not be openly approved, it had come to be regarded as one of the incidents to be expected in the introduction to college life.

A large majority of the class of 1861 were opposed to the hazing which had been customary. They had suffered quite severely from repeated visits of the previous class, in which doors had been smashed, and furniture broken, and, in some cases, personal injury inflicted.

The class of 1861 sought to introduce a reform and it met the usual fate of reformers. They undertook to reduce the customary harsh conduct to a harmless and pleasant affair. They knew, however, that so radical a vote as an interdict of hazing would not be recognized by some of the class and it was thought that even the freshmen might feel somewhat slighted if the sophomores neglected to visit them and to show them the attention that had been given to previous classes.

Accordingly it was voted in class meeting that no fresh-

man should be visited more than once and then in a gentlemanly manner. To insure this result, the class voted to attend in a body. Classes were small then. In 1858 there were 29 seniors, 42 juniors, 58 sophomores and 65 freshmen enrolled, but not all of these were in attendance in college and some were special students, not regarded as really members of the class. All of the members of the class were not able to attend in any one evening. Between thirty and forty took part altogether, but not all at one time. Enough, however, were present each evening to insure the mild policy which the class had adopted. The visits were cordially received by the freshmen in every case. The traditional flowerpot was at hand, but as nearly all the freshmen furnished pipes and tobacco for their guests, the latter were used in most cases.

The freshmen sang songs or danced or made speeches according to their choice. The visits were short and all were completed in two or three evenings. No complaint was made, no injury was done to person or property and no unpleasantness marred the fun in which both classes participated. In several cases we were invited to call again. We had accomplished what we desired in adapting an ancient custom, often vexatious, to the mutual pleasure of both classes.

To our great surprise five or six weeks afterwards every man in the class received a notice to call at the president's office. Somebody gave us a tip as to what it was about and we held a class meeting to discuss the situation. We were to be required to sign a paper stating that we were sorry for having hazed the freshmen; that we would never do so again; that we would abstain from all disorders in the future and use our influence against them. The class considered the matter, and refused to sign a paper implying that we had done wrong, which no one would admit. Indeed, we thought we had done a very creditable

thing. There had been no violence and no unpleasantness. Accordingly, all filed in, one after another, and refused to sign the paper presented, except one or two who felt obliged to save their scholarships, and some who were away. All the rest of the class, between thirty and forty, were "dismissed from college." We gathered in the room of the United Brothers, then in the north division, south half of fourth floor of Hope College, and were there all night, in conference, sending and receiving messages, between our class and the faculty, who had a meeting in the president's house until the "wee sma' hours." We became satisfied that we would not be out of college long, so we did not separate. The next day we went down the river for a clambake, and when we got back we found a modification of the paper to be signed. It was, in substance, that there had been a misapprehension as to the college laws and that we "regretted the misapprehension."

The situation appeared quite clearly in the newspapers at the time, from which the following are selections:

Boston Journal, October 13, 1858:

"Brown University.

"A dispatch in another column states that a number of students in the sophomore class of Brown University have been suspended in consequence of some disobedience. The dispatch is from an authentic source, but gives no definite reason for the dismissal. It will be seen that the writer states that every member of the sophomore class was dismissed, which can hardly be correct."

Providence Journal, October 14, 1858:

"Brown University:

"We are pleased to learn that the difficulties in Brown

University have been satisfactorily arranged, and all the students who were suspended have been restored. A little examination showed them that their position was indefensible and they have promptly placed themselves right. In that they were not called upon to make any sacrifice of personal honor, they have only done what gentlemen ought to do under such circumstances. The laws of the college forbid such irregularities as were the cause of the suspension, and in agreeing to abide by the laws of the college they only submit to the requirements of just authority. We can make great allowance for a spirit of fun in young persons, and even for the pretty severe joking that seems almost to belong to academic life, but the 'hazing' had gone quite too far, and the government of the college had no other course than the one which it took.

"Since the above was written we have received the following communication from a committee of the class, and we publish it with much pleasure. We stated yesterday that the class voted in class meeting that they would not give up the immemorial custom of hazing. This, we are informed, was not exactly so. They only resolved that they would mitigate the practice, and that no man should be hazed twice, as some of them had been the year before. The purpose of their meeting was therefore to ameliorate the system rather than to insist upon it."

Then follows the communication from H. S. Burrage, T. T. Caswell and J. A. D'Wolf, in which it was stated: "It had been understood by all that 'hazing' was not contrary to college laws, as it had been a custom here for years and accordingly the class did not consider it just for the president to require any such pledge of them, unless he also required it of the other classes. It was therefore voted that the class should sign no such paper from the president."

Providence Daily Tribune, October 14, 1858:

"Those students who were dismissed from college on Monday evening and Tuesday morning, to the number of thirty, were reinstated Wednesday noon. The same hand that applied the rod administered the healing balm. The worthy Mater could ill afford to lose so many promising children and all have been restored to her affectionate bosom."

Then follows a communication from a number of the class stating the situation as follows: "From time immemorial in Brown, as well as in all other like institutions, it has been the custom to initiate in due form the newly fledged freshmen, or to go through the operation commonly called 'hazing.' The college laws nowhere prohibit this or any kindred act, and never until after this year's 'hazing' was completely finished was a single word said against it by the president. Consequently we felt that we were disobeying no law or regulation in sustaining this custom for the present year and while we did not expect that the act would be openly countenanced by the president or faculty, still we supposed, as in years past, it would be 'winked at.' The Journal of Wednesday morning says that the 'hazing' had year by year grown more severe and that this last hazing was worse than any before. This we deny in toto. Last year when we were freshmen the sophs came four and five times and not only smoked us out, but smashed doors, broke furniture and in one or two cases committed personal injury. This year, however, the class of 1861 voted to haze but once and in a decent and gentlemanly manner. With this understanding we went around and in no case has there been a single complaint, and the freshmen seemed to think as little about it as we did. Five weeks have passed without anything being said about it by the president, when suddenly

we receive information that the whole class is to be summoned to sign a paper stating that we are sorry for having hazed the freshmen, that we will never do so again, that we will abstain from all disorders in college hereafter and use our influence and exertions against them.

"We refused to sign the paper and consequently more than thirty were dismissed from the university. Afterwards we were requested to sign, as a new law, that we would never engage in hazing again. If it was to be a new law it must of course be a law for the whole college and signed by other classes as well as ours. As it was offered to our class alone we were obliged to refuse this also.

"Wednesday morning we learned that the president was willing to receive us back upon signing a paper that if hazing was included in the laws we had misapprehended them and regretted having unconsciously broken them. As this was in accordance with our original position and did not imply a wilful breach of college laws we were willing to sign such a paper, as we would have been at the first."

The spirit of the class had been to prevent disturbance and to cultivate a friendly feeling between the classes.

The faculty at length perceived this, so the cards ran thus:

"Brown University
October 11, 1858.

Mr. ——— Your son is dismissed from college.

B. Sears, President."

"Brown University
October 13, 1858.

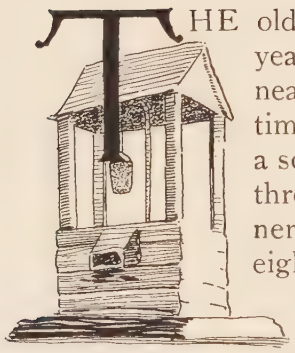
Mr. ——— Your son is restored to college.

B. Sears, President."

In college, as elsewhere, the necessity for discipline depends upon the point of view.

John H. Stiness, 1861.

The Passing of the Ancient Well-Curb



THE old well-curb which stood for many years around the opening of the well near Hope College passed away sometime during the year 1861–2. It was a square structure, boarded up about three feet from the ground, with corner posts extending upward seven or eight feet and supporting a roof. In this roof the horizontal windlass, consisting of a six-inch shaft carrying a drum some two feet in diameter, was placed. The rope, to which the bucket was attached, was around this drum. Around the shaft was wound a strong leather strap fastened to a heavy stone which acted as a counterbalance to the bucket.

It frequently occurred that a student, after filling his pitcher or pail, would amuse himself by pulling the bucket down to the surface of the water and, without filling it, let go the rope and allow it to come up empty. This, owing to the weight of the counterbalance, it would do with an increasing velocity, which would land it in the roof of the well-curb with a good deal of force and more or less noise. A good many buckets were knocked to pieces in this way.

I was occupying the room in Hope College on the third floor overlooking the well. One night in the fall of 1861

or the spring of 1862, I was awakened from sleep by the sound of the bucket plunging into the roof of the well-curb. I heard voices, too, so that I knew that two or more students were at the well. After allowing the bucket to shoot up out of the well a few times, they varied the sport by pulling the bucket out horizontally on to the campus the full length of the rope and then letting go, allowing it to spring back again. This was more enjoyable, for it made more noise, as the bucket had to jump the boarding of the curb in its mad plunge into the roof. After a few performances of this sort, the attempt to pull the rope out to its utmost length brought so much stress upon the curb as to overturn it. For a few minutes all was still. Presently there was a flicker of light against my window. On looking out I saw the prostrate curb had been filled with combustible material, which was on fire. Edward O. Stevens, a senior, who is now and has been for many years a missionary in India, occupied the room directly below mine. He raised his window and called up to me, "Clarke, are you at the window?" I answered, "yes." "What do you think we ought to do?" he asked. I told him I thought there was but one thing we could do and that was to let it burn. It was not long before a heap of smouldering embers and a few charred sticks was all that remained of the old well-curb.

The next morning, as the few students stood around the mouth of the old well, now covered with fresh boards, we were touched by the sense of our loss. While we waited there for the chapel bell to call us to prayers, we stood in a circle around the ashes of the departed and clasping each others' hands sang "Auld Lang Syne" and other appropriate hymns.

Benjamin F. Clarke, 1863.

In Brown's Centennial Year

WHEN I first entered college there was only the front row of buildings: Hope College, Manning Hall, then used as library below and chapel above, University Hall and Rhode Island Hall. These have since all been changed radically within. The ell has been added to Rhode Island Hall, the museum created and the interior very much altered. Originally there were two large lecture-rooms on the ground floor, the northern one occupied by the departments of philosophy and mathamatics; the south one specially fitted up for general chemistry and physiology. Professors Caswell and Greene shared the first and Professor Gammell had the second, though lectures by Professor Dunn were also given there. Somewhere in the building were secreted the human skeleton and the manikin, which were subject to periodic and more or less lengthened disappearances that to this day are not wholly accounted for. I have no doubt that the former figured in certain initiations as the veritable skeleton of a traitor to the mystic order.

The present chemical laboratory, which old alumni vainly try to call Rogers Hall, was built in 1862, and soon afterwards Professor John Peirce succeeded to the chair, with Professor Appleton as assistant and the present writer as bottle-washer and manufacturer of H_2S.

At the southwest corner of the front campus stood then the fine old colonial house, since moved to Waterman street, and now numbered 72. It was the residence of

Colonel William W. Brown of the First Light Infantry. Where Mr. S. R. Dorrance's house now stands was a wooden cottage, in which in my senior year I had a capital room. Back of Rhode Island Hall was another wooden frame house.

Professor William Whitman Bailey, 1864
(From an old photograph)

There were no suites in any of the dormitories. A man's one room was his castle, and if he were a freshman it might happen that he would be called upon to defend it. I lived outside of college and have no hazing experience to record. Indeed, even then, that atrocious practice was on the wane. No attention whatever was given to sanitary conditions or requirements. Basins were gener-

ally emptied from the windows of the dormitories, with or without the warning cry, "Stand from under!" Indeed, the propulsion of the liquid and the cry of alarm might be simultaneous. Every one had a stove, and ashes were cast into the halls, whence they were now and then removed. It was a mercy that no disastrous fire ever occurred. We all devoutly believed that the buildings were fireproof. Yet, the shabby, insanitary condition of the old-time dormitories at Brown, it is only fair to say, was not a whit worse than that which prevailed at Union or Yale or even Harvard. It was a reproach to all our colleges of that day that a young man, leaving a comfortable or even refined home, should suddenly encounter such demoralizing conditions.

Back of the chemical laboratory, and about the time that it was built in 1862, there began to be planted a grove of class trees, on the pleasant slope where now stand the swimming pool, the Lyman Gymnasium and Sayles Hall. The custom prevailed well into the seventies. It was fondly believed that these trees would abide for at least a century. One, I recall, was marked with a label. Yet under the exigencies of university expansion they all disappeared, nor have I ever heard of a remonstrance. With some little expense and trouble they could have been moved to more favorable localities. Besides the class elms there were some vigorous maples and one or two oaks.

When I am asked what we did between recitations, my immediate answer is: "Played cards." Indeed, I saw so much of high-low-jack, euchre and whist that I have loathed cards ever since. Singing on the chapel steps in spring and summer was spontaneous and general. Glee clubs were of later formation, so was the Hammer and Tongs, which succeeded to the room of the United Brothers. There many a young artist first displayed his talent in "Box & Cox" and "A Thumping Legacy."

Commencement in our day came in September. It was then that by common consent society people returned from their various summer resorts. The exercises presented features no longer known. In more or less classic Latin, pronounced in the old English way, the salutatorian addressed the formosae puellae in the galleries and spoke words of sonorous but unknown wisdom to corporation, faculty and students. There were some dozen or fifteen speakers, arranged in groups, and only Professor Dunn, and later Professor Bancroft, knew the significance of those groups as to rank. The undergraduate body always maintained that these censors rigorously excluded all originality from the orations. I do not feel so sorry for this now as I did then. After some four or five men had discoursed on "Great Minds in History," or "Aristotle's Views of the Future of Man," there was music and the graduates in large numbers bolted for the green outside the church. There, stretched under the trees, they discoursed of old times, while spry sophomores or juniors "trotted," or, as we then said, "electioneered," the incoming freshmen for the fraternities. The staple viands of the dinner, which was held in a big tent on the campus, were watermelon and very ancient cold turkey. A friend of mine maintained that he wrestled with the same upper joint on five consecutive commencements. Yet this was before the discovery of modern preservatives.

My own graduation year was that of the university centennial. President Sears gave in the church his great historical discourse, and the Central Glee Club sang an ode written for the occasion by Bishop Burgess. There was a grand dinner in the tent at which seven hundred guests were present. Among many good speeches by famous men we had one from Goldwin Smith, who was next day made a LL.D. by the university. Several poems

were read, the best of which, I need not say, was Major John Hay's "Centennial," beginning

> "A hundred times the bells of Brown
> Have rung to sleep the idle summers,
> And still today clangs clamoring down
> A greeting to the welcome comers."

William Whitman Bailey, 1864.

Relics of an Elder Day on College Hill

The Old Textbook Burials

THE "Whately Burial," famous in Brown tradition, passed away with the outbreak of the Civil War. It was no longer a time for masquerading and buffoonery. If there were to be parades of any kind, by common consent they were of a martial character.

While the old burials lasted, however, Brown could boast a unique and interesting custom, often calling forth high literary proficiency or histrionic and poetic powers. The juniors took this method of wreaking their spite against certain obnoxious textbooks—not in themselves reprehensible, to be sure, but the books demanded hard work and must be punished therefor. For quite a time Whately and Spalding—rhetoric and logic—were especially condemned. The poor authors were tried and condemned on the flimsiest curcumstantial evidence. In carnival array, each one vying with his neighbor to rig himself in striking apparel, the juniors marched through the streets escorted by the other undergraduates and a vast number of interested youth. With red-fire and Roman candles, they acted then much as they do now after an athletic victory. Many staid, reverend citizens, now pillars of church or state or bar, have we seen playing monkey-shines in these old-time processions. Often, today, they are all too ready to condemn another generation by no means worse than themselves. The difference in point of view between "in college" and "out" is profound and radical.

After a lengthened parade through the chief streets and a march past the houses of certain favorite professors, the procession embarked at Fox Point, and proceeding down the river for some distance consigned the books, which by the way were contained in a coffin, to the depths profound, while the band played a dirge. There was always an oration and a poem, many of which were clever and some even brilliant. A high priest conducted appropriate services, while Mephisto stood ready to thrust the obnoxious authors, considered to be embodied in their works, into outer darkness. It was a high honor to be chosen for any of the offices of the burial: priest, orator, poet, odist, were all supposed to be selected with great care.

I do not know in what year these burials began, but they were in full blast in the three years I was at Lyon's School, as the University Grammar School was more properly called. As I have said, the war killed them, but after a lull of some years they were revived in a somewhat different form. The exercise now became a cremation, and with other objects of opprobrium it was the rather personal habit to vituperize teacher as well as author and to bury the former where it was possible, as the unforgivable parent of such arid, wearisome stuff. No biting or sarcastic terms were of sufficient force, often, to express the class contempt or bitterness, and when the custom thus became cruel and lost its old pleasant aroma, it was but a question of time as to its passing.

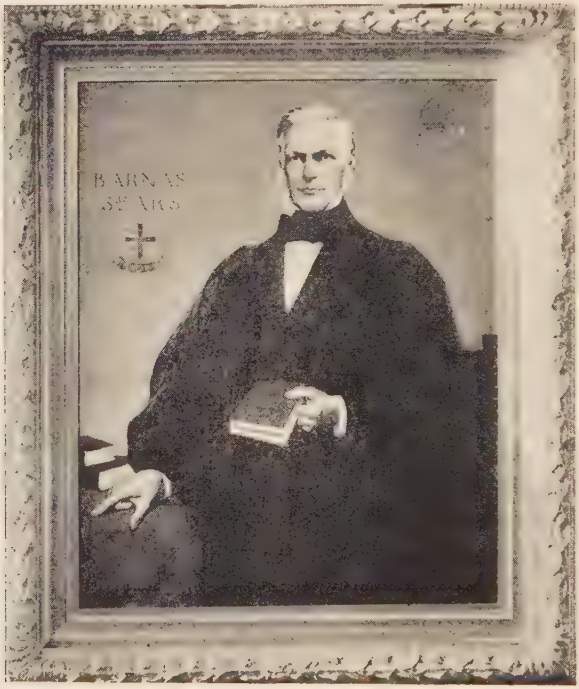
William Whitman Bailey, 1864.

The Faculty in the Sixties

PROFESSOR Albert Harkness was ever regarded by me as the embodiment of Greek culture and refinement. Never have I discovered in him the slightest irritation at the stupidity or the peccadilloes of his pupils. On a certain occasion when the class was indulging in excessive as well as uncalled-for applause, he simply raised his right hand and with repeated deprecatory gesture exclaimed, his countenance radiant erewhile with an amused smile, "Gentlemen, *gentlemen!* I am afraid we are doing ourselves injustice!"

Instruction in French was imparted by Alphonse Renaud, a Red Republican national assemblyman, who had to leave France when Louis Napoleon accomplished his *coup d'etat.* Upon his advent to the university, instead of announcing his first lesson at chapel prayers, he awaited our attendance on the first recitation hour. After instructing us as to the manner in which he desired us to prepare for the classroom, he continued, "Young men, I presume you are all gentlemen, but such has not always proved to be the case, therefore I must give you some rules of conduct." Among them was one that was listened to with profound attention: "You must not cut the rounds out of the backs of the settees!" As was to be expected, in less than a month one settee, the third from the front, had no rounds in its back save the stout end posts and perhaps two midway. Of course, it was occupied meanwhile by as many earnest students as could sit thereon without serious discomfort. Other

rounds were missing in different parts of the room, but here it was that time wrought its most serious havoc. Occasionally a loud crash beside the blackboards indicated that another round had given out, but as the instructor always looked in the direction of the noise and



Barnas Sears, 1825
President of the University, 1855–1867

not toward the students, the ultimate cause of these accidents was never ascertained.

The modern language recitation room was on the ground floor, rear projection, University Hall. When the windows were opened in warm weather to secure per-

fect ventilation, the north window-seat on the east side was always occupied by two or three zealous students. When the exercises became prosaic, one would gently slip over the sill and depart to his room, the better to be prepared for the next recitation. His place would be filled as promptly as circumstances permitted by some other equally studious chap. I never knew that the escape of more than one was definitely fixed upon the adventurer, though the instructor would be perplexed occasionally at his failure to find some one he had marked present.

It chanced that some of our number had previously studied the French language. To make manifest their superior attainments, they were wont to respond at roll call "ici." Others less learned but quick-witted caught on to the idea, and presently there were all manner of replies, even to "easy!"

Alas for poor Renaud! His vivacity cost him at last every position and he sought refuge in the Third Rhode Island Cavalry, where he served as a sergeant in Troop G from February 2, 1864, until November 29, 1865. Soon after his muster-out, despite former emphatic protestations of disbelief in the sincerity of Napoleon III, he accepted the provisions of that monarch's last amnesty proclamation and returned to his native land, whence ere long he went the way of all the earth.

One morning in the fall of 1862, as I wended my way across the front campus from my home, a mile and a quarter away, to morning prayers, then held on the second floor of Manning Hall, my attention was attracted to the singular appearance of Hope College. Had it not been that many of its own windows as well as all of the glass in neighboring buildings remained intact, I should have supposed a terrific battle had been waged in the immediate vicinity. The mystery I could not unravel nor

was it comprehensible until it was explained by one of my classmates, in substance as follows:

Prompted by the instinctive sentiment of paternity that develops in most sophomores toward all freshmen, one of the former who rejoiced in the soubriquet of Neoptolemus and occupied the southeast room on the

Professor George Ide Chace, 1830
(Taken about 1864)

ground floor of Hope College enticed one of the latter into his den and, as was alleged, there maltreated him. Naturally the ire of his fellows was aroused, and one midnight, as the valiant soph was sleeping the sleep of the just, he was rudely awakened by a loud crash, and *swash* went pail after pail of cold water over the prostrate, scan-

tily clad form of the innocent (?) victim. Of course, appeals for mercy were wasted words, and not until the assailants were wearied by their exertions did they cease from their labor. But such rebellious conduct on the part of freshmen was entirely unprecedented. The offence could not be overlooked. That class must be made an example of that would horrify forever after all such presumptuous folk. A plan of campaign was at once formulated, the nature of which can best be inferred by subsequent events.

On a certain later day anonymous warnings were received by the freshmen that their rooms would be visited that night. Pitman, who occupied the south front room, ground floor, middle entry, Hope College, was particularly favored in this respect. However, as everything seemed quiet at 11.15 P. M., the fighting juniors, if not the fighting freshmen, domiciled in Pawtucket, retired to their homes. But the college roomers were still uneasy, for never had such definite premonitions of trouble been known to fail. Accordingly, about midnight, a reconnoitring party, which included E. C. Chick and C. E. Willard of the junior class, sallied forth in search of information. It was found! Turning a corner from Brown street, the scouts butted into the sophomore army. Chick was at once knocked down, but Willard protected him until he had regained his feet, when a precipitate, though orderly, retreat was effected to headquarters, Pitman's room. There preparations to receive invaders were at once completed. Meanwhile, the hostiles, finding themselves discovered, moved promptly but silently forward to the attack, ranged themselves in front of the ill-fated room, and at a given signal hurled a shower of stones at the windows that carried away sash, blinds, shades and curtains, thus affording convenient breaches for assault. As no missile had been returned, the achievement

seemed simple enough. A valiant soph stepped upon the narrow granite underpinning, throwing his arms over the window-sill, and bent forward to enter. His head had scarcely reached the anterior plane of the room when whack! descended a gymnastic club, wielded by the muscular Ned Chick, upon that devoted pate, and its owner,

Manning Hall, 1864

with a heavy groan, dropped to the ground. A bolder youth essayed the second breach. He encountered a similar reception at the hands of the tall but wiry Charlie Willard, and in addition, just below the right eye, a stove-cover hurled with unerring aim, by the aforesaid Chick,

who afterwards affirmed that he did not then know that the cover was hot, but a little later found his fingers blistered. It is almost needless to state that the second adventurer dropped also, if anything a little quicker than the first. The besiegers were now convinced that the scaling of the wall was impracticable, so a flank movement was resorted to. The entry door was forced open, and after a desperate fight the few but gallant defenders were driven up the stairway. There, as at the ancient Roman bridge, three could hold ten thousand at bay, so the invading host halted without orders. It avenged its practical defeat, however, by sending out skirmishers, who riddled with stones the windows of every freshman residing in Hope College. The next term bill contained this item: "Private damage, 75 cents." This enraged not a few students who knew nothing of the circus until after the performance closed, among them myself. Chancing to be in the Chick brothers' room some days later, the subject came up for discussion when, knowing they would take care of their own bill, I turned to another of my classmates and remarked, "Kenyon, I give you full and free permission to use up my seventy-five cents worth of private damage." "Fact is," drawled Kenyon in reply, "I haven't used my own up."

Apparatus utilized in the physics room in exemplifying the principles of hydraulics was placed on a tin waiter that water escaping through faulty connections or ill-fitting valves might be restrained from mischievous perigrinations. When the experiments were concluded one day, the professor placed it on the floor, leaning against the glass instrument case behind him. The very next day the student next on my left chanced to bring in a pocketful of shot which he commenced to snap at random around the room. Disliking to see things wasted I bent over and whispered, "If you must fire, why don't you fire

to some purpose? Don't you see that waiter?" The hint was all-sufficient. His aim was at once directed toward the resonant metal. The interest of the entire class was excited. Each student commenced searching for a stray shot that had previously fallen in his vicinage. A right merry bombardment was vigorously prosecuted, for the sloping floor, elevated platform and long but simple table that served as the instructor's desk made the field of operations plain to all. Suddenly a modern cent was hurled against the target with such force that its rebound cleared the platform and it fell at the feet of the front row of students. Deathlike silence supervened upon its terrific ring. The professor adjusted his glasses, looked carefully over the room, and then remarked, "Tyler, you may stay after recitation." "Yes, sir," replied the suspect. I know naught of the matter, save that the cent was picked up, was passed along back and apparently stopped at Tyler's chair.

On one occasion Dr. Caswell placed a mathematical demonstration on the blackboard for the edification of the class. He was about writing the final result when he paused for an instant to run over the work lest perchance he had committed some error in figuring. Naturally he flexed his right hand backward. Just as he had completed the revision and the wrist was bent forward, a huge spitball struck the board at the exact point toward which the crayon was aimed, and spread out over a space two inches in diameter. The professor's hand dropped to his side, he turned and gazed at the class for a few moments, resumed his chair and gave us quite a pointed address upon our gentlemanliness or the lack of it.

One speech of Dr. Caswell's will never be forgotten by the class of '64. For terseness and appositeness it cannot be excelled. It was repeated as often as occasion demanded, and that was frequently. When we indulged in

unmeet applause, he always remarked with a most benignant smile, "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." For a time this was the signal for renewed applause, always graciously received, but later by common consent the observation was received with soberness and stillness. It was noted that the smile became sickly looking and ere long the iteration ceased.

Early in our senior year an event occurred somewhat startling, well-nigh tragic. Our depleted ranks had been strengthened by a number of recruits from a college outside New England. Among these was one Martin Luther Laws, a hot-headed Southerner. Initiation day had come, i. e., the day on which youths eager for forensic fame enrolled themselves in the Philermenian or United Brothers society. Though at this time the former seldom held meetings and the latter never, the rivalry in the securement of members was even more intense than in the days of their greatest prosperity, for now quantity, not quality, was the desideratum. The Phils occupied the practically double room on the north side of the north entry, Hope College, fourth floor; the Brothers the corresponding apartment on the south side. Their doors were opposite and in close juxtaposition to the west hall window. Now the upper stairway and entry were filled on these occasions with upperclassmen and if it was known that a given neophyte was pledged to either organization he and his friends had no slight task on their hands to land him at the appropriate destination. It chanced this day that Laws met a freshman hanging around outside the building with downcast countenance and dubious expression, so he asked what the matter was. He was told the youngster wanted to join the Philermenians, but was afraid to go up lest he be hustled into the Brothers' room. "Come with me and I'll see you through," said Laws, and the twain started on their trip.

Mr. Greatheart for once, however, had reckoned without his host. When they had reached the crowd, Ned Chick, a Brother and the fighting man *par excellence*, was standing in its midst and ere Laws could definitely ascertain his own whereabouts, his protégé was seen standing near the centre of the south room firmly held by the said Chick. This so enraged Laws that he drew his revolver and discharged it, but his hand was knocked up on the instant and the bullet merely grazed Fales's olfactory protuberance and buried itself harmlessly in the ceiling. Deathlike stillness supervened, during which Laws took his friend's right arm and marched him over to the interior of the north room, where he was duly enrolled among the people of his choice. Laws's seat in the recitation rooms was vacant, however, for a number of days. He first reappeared at the morning history hour. As he entered the room, Professor Gammell left his throne, walked over half the distance to the door, grasped him cordially by the hand and welcomed him back to the classroom. It was alleged that he was the only member of the faculty that approved Laws's action and that his powerful influence alone prevented expulsion.

The truth of that ancient adage, "Never too old to learn," was renewedly and conspicuously exemplified by an experience of that eminent educator, Professor S. S. Greene, but a short time before his retirement. In his algebra class was a pupil whom he styled the best mathematician he had ever met in the classroom. The man may be called Smith, chiefly because his name was not Smith, but also because he was in divers ways connected with that numerous and eminently respectable family. Now, the professor had been in the habit of telling his students they must be prepared to perform any example under the caption to be considered next day, but suddenly he awoke to the fact that most of the class were totally

unacquainted with them. Thoroughly provoked, he ordered each student to hand in next morning as he entered the recitation room a solution of every problem in the next lesson. These covered more than two pages octavo. Smith raised his hand—"Yes, you too, Smith," broke in the professor, "no one will be excused," and the student's hand dropped. Most of the class were dismayed: it was absolutely impossible for them to solve the examples and devote any attention to their other studies. On emerging from the recitation room they instinctively grouped to consider the situation, when one of the most stalwart threw his arms around their mathematician and exclaimed, "We've got Smith now, we won't let him go until he has got us out of this scrape." Another student tendered the use of his room and thither all repaired. Smith ordered the boys to count off by threes. He explained the first example to the division of ones and directed them to commence figuring; then he went over the second with the twos and the third with the threes. By this time the ones were ready to report. If their answers agreed he considered them correct—if there was much divergence he went through the work himself and thus detected the several errors. Quite promptly the list of questions was completed. Arrangements were made for the exchange of papers for transcribing when the question was asked, "What is to be done with Smith?" Finally it was agreed that one man from each division would hand him a copy of the problems he had wrought, which arrangement was duly carried out. Next morning, each student on entering the recitation room handed the professor a neatly written sheet containing the desired solutions, until Smith appeared, when he coolly passed over three pieces of paper in as many distinct chirographies, neither being his own. The professor paused, separated them, closely scanned them and then looking up at

Smith asked, "Have you performed all these examples?" "Yes, sir," promptly replied Smith. The professor again looked at the papers, when Smith continued, "The man that builds the house is *not* the man that drives the nails!" After a moment's pause the papers were laid on the desk with the others and Smith passed on. Never again was that class directed to perform an example outside the recitation room. Those three papers, of course, had afforded the key to the situation.

George B. Peck, 1864.

The Old and the New

More About the Faculty in the Sixties

WHEN I was a student at Brown University, in 1860–64, two degrees were given,—the degree of A. B. at the end of four years, and the degree of B. P. at the end of three years. In those days the Greek and Latin classics enjoyed a prestige in academic circles which they have since partially lost, and the A. B. course, which included them, stood higher than the alternative course in general estimation, not only because of its greater length but also because of its more approved requirements. The elective principle, though not then so dominatory in the shaping of college courses as it has since become, was recognized to a limited extent in the later years of the college course, for I distinctly remember that I had the option of substituting for Greek, which had been required in the case of candidates for the A. B. degree in the freshman and sophomore years, a laboratory course in chemistry in the junior year. I had at the time a lurking suspicion that laboratory work in chemistry might have a closer relation to modern life than Greek, but scholastic traditions were strong, laboratory work was unfamiliar and therefore uninviting, and I chose the Greek in the confident persuasion that it was both a more approved and promising instrument of culture, and in the profession of teaching, to which I purposed to devote myself, a subject rated at a higher market value.

In the early 60s, the requirements for the degree of A. B. included prescribed work in all the great domains of knowledge. Thus we studied not only the Greek and Latin classics, two modern languages, English literature, rhetoric, logic, and intellectual and moral philosophy, but

Professor WILLIAM GAMMELL, 1831
(Taken about 1864)

we studied the physical sciences also. In this way we left no department of human investigation untouched. I say untouched rather than unexplored, advisedly, for the sciences, at least in the A. B. course, were taught mainly for purposes of information rather than of training. Thus we studied general chemistry, geology, physiology, physics, astronomy, etc., but we had no laboratory work in any of these sciences. Indeed, except in the mathematical parts

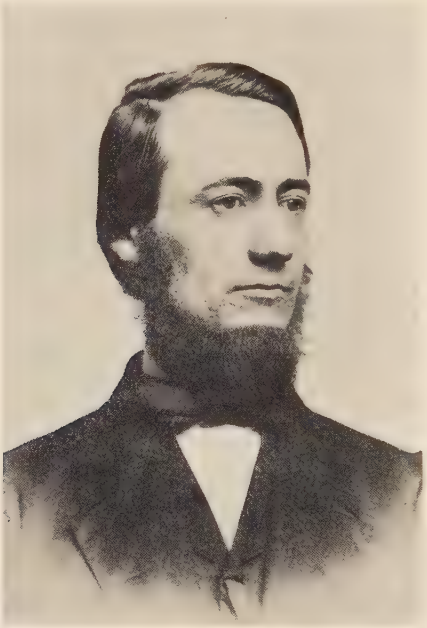
of mechanics and astronomy, our sole dependence was on the notes that we took of lectures and on such observation as we could give from our seats in the lecture room to illustrative experiments performed by the professor. Moreover, the overworked professor taught, not one subject, but a group of subjects and as a rule he had no assistant of higher grade than the janitor.

The professors who instructed us were mature men, not boys; and for the most part, so far at least as we were competent to judge, they were masters of their subjects. Those under whom I studied were Greene in mathematics; Lincoln in Latin; Harkness in Greek and Latin; Chace in chemistry, physiology and geology; Dunn in literature, rhetoric and logic; Caswell in physics, solid geometry and astronomy; Gammell in history; and Sears in intellectual and moral philosophy, history and German.

Professor Harkness, who since my college days has become through his editorial work the teacher of scores of thousands of American youth, and has done more perhaps than any other American scholar to make classical studies attractive as well as disciplinary to those whom he has thus indirectly taught, has passed away full of years and honors. What changes of method professional experience and independent thought may have led him to adopt in his later teaching, I do not know; but in my day he led his students somewhat slowly, perhaps, but patiently and surely, by the systematic iteration involved in a daily "advance," "immediate review" and "back review," to the gradual mastery of the thought and the grammatical structure of the classical texts which he interpreted. One of the best proofs I can give that his instruction was profitable to me is the fact that, after I had studied Cicero's essay on Friendship under him, I voluntarily, and for pure enjoyment, spent the leisure hours of several weeks in making, for permanent preservation, the

best translation of this essay that such skill in Latin and English as I was master of enabled me to make.

Professor Lincoln was, with perhaps a single exception, the most stimulating and inspiring teacher I ever had. He carried us through Livy, Horace, Juvenal and the rest



Professor JOHN PEIRCE, 1856
(Taken about 1864)

at a rattling pace and with steady increase of appreciation and enjoyment on our part. We worked for him as for no other professor, and we worked willingly. Not a moment of the recitation period went to waste. He did very little reviewing, but gave us constantly the inspiration of working with fresh material. He not only led us to an understanding and appreciation of Latin literature, but he trained us in Latin composition also. I remember as among the pleasantest experiences of my college life the

rewarding sense of satisfaction with which I occasionally read "optime scriptum" written in his hand at the end of a piece of Latin that I had striven hard to bring to the level of his high standard of excellence. One day there was to be a baseball match between the Harvard and Brown nines which we students wished to attend, but which was to take place at the hour fixed for our Latin recitation. Accordingly we addressed to him a petition in Latin asking him to transfer to another hour the lesson which caused the conflict. He granted our request in the following letter, which I still preserve among my treasured possessions:

Domino Johanni Tetlow et Aliis.

Discipuli et commilitones carissimi: Vestras litteras recepi quibus, ut ludo sophomorico adsitis, recitationem Latinam die Mercurii hora post preces academicas prima habitam velitis. Cui vestrae voluntati libenter obsequerer, si illa hora vacuus essem. Quoniam eo tempore apud meam scholam semper occupatus sum, vos crastino die nona hora (vel Anglice) tertia post meridiem hora, conveniam.

Valete,

J. L. Lincoln.

Scribebam IX. Kal. Jul. MDCCCLXIII.

The personality of Professor Caswell made a very strong impression on me. As a teacher of science and as a performer of scientific experiments, indeed, he was not to be compared with Chace. Critical experiments often failed, and the principle they illustrated had to be taken for granted. I recall one occasion on which, in order to give ocular demonstration of the rotation of the earth on its axis, Professor Caswell had suspended a cannonball by a wire from a hook in the ceiling, that it might swing

as a pendulum from the point of support, and had drawn a chalk line on the floor to mark the line of oscillation which the cannonball would take when set swinging at the beginning of the recitation hour. At the close of the recitation hour, the plane of oscillation having remained

THEODORE M. HOBGAND
Instructor in French 1863–72
(Taken about 1869)

constant, the deflection of the line of oscillation would give ocular evidence of the intervening rotation of the earth. At the beginning of the experiment, the cannonball was held fast by a string at one extremity of the arc of vibration, and Professor Caswell, in order to prevent all possibility of jar, proceeded to burn the string instead of cutting it. We were all watching with eagerness and expectancy, when suddenly the wire by which the ball was

suspended broke, and the ball rolled ignominiously over the floor with a clatter and bang almost as loud and disconcerting as the applause of the students which followed.

Professor Caswell had a smile which expressed pure benignity. One day, ——, a classmate of mine, failed on a scholium in geometry, and, by way of explanation of his failure, said that he had read the scholium carefully but did not — here he paused and looked up apologetically. "Did not see the force of it?" suggested Caswell. "No, sir," said ——. Caswell leaned over his table and, with the most genial smile of encouragement, said, "Then we'll take it in its weakness." Even the fellow who passed the hats from hand to hand during the recitation hour, and piled them up in a corner for the owners to rush after at the close of the lesson, could not help loving the dear old man.

There were somewhat more than two hundred students in the college in the early sixties, and yet Professor Dunn carried all the work of the English department. How he did it, and kept alive, I can hardly understand. Of course we had no daily themes, and, except during the preparation of essays for the "junior exhibition" and the "commencement exercises," we had no personal conferences with the professor for suggestion and criticism. But we took down from dictation lectures on the "many qualifications which conspire to make a good writer," studied Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric* and Thomson's *Laws of Thought*, and wrote essays and original speeches at frequent intervals and received them back with unmistakable evidence that they had been attentively read by a competent critic. I find that to this day, in giving formal written expression to my thought, I frame and reconstruct with constant and almost automatic reference to the instructions I received in my college days from Professor Dunn.

So far as I can now recall, I did not study history in college until I reached senior year. Then Professor Gammell assigned us eight pages a day in Guizot's *History of Civilization*, or an equivalent amount in Hallam's *Constitutional History*, and supplemented our *memoriter*

Professor CHARLES W. PARSONS, 1848 honorary
(Taken about 1869)

recitation of what we had learned with comments on the subject matter. Those were illuminative historical works, and to understand and store in the memory their contents was a valuable mental exercise; but, before the end of the year, we came under the instruction of a different teacher, who trained us in a more fruitful method of study. This was Dr. Sears, the president of the college. We had some trouble with Professor Gammell, the details and the merits of which I have long since forgotten; but the

result was that we were instructed in history during the remainder of the year by the president. Immediately we had topics assigned us, and were sent to the library for investigation, with instructions to report on our several topics at subsequent class exercises. The contrast between the two methods was marked and significant, and the effect of the change most salutary.

Besides teaching us history during this final year of our course, Dr. Sears taught us also intellectual and moral philosophy. I will not venture to pronounce on the quality of his instruction in these subjects. I carried away from it the impression that Dr. Sears was a very high-minded and a very learned man; but the subjects themselves did not appeal to me. I probably was not ready for them.

Dr. Sears also taught us German during the first half of that final year in college. In those days — and we have not yet wholly abandoned the unnatural order of procedure — we began the difficult ancient languages in the preparatory school, and the relatively easy modern languages in college. We had studied Latin three years, and Greek two, before entering college; but we did not begin French until the sophomore year, or German until the senior year of the college course. Dr. Sears carried us safe over the German forms and constructions, and at the earliest moment possible set us to reading the German classics. I can remember reading Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* very much as at that time I read the Greek and Latin classics,— picking out the words that belonged together by inspecting their terminations, without knowing there were any fixed principles of arrangement. This and other experiences have convinced me that the progressive and painstaking work on forms and syntax that ensures accuracy in a modern foreign language is more appropriate to the school than to the college. It was in history,

rather than in philosophy or in German, that I felt most indebted to Dr. Sears as an instructor; but even as an instructor in history his influence was insignificant when compared with the influence he exerted through his noble character and gracious personality. No student who at-

Rev. William Douglas, 1839
Registrar 1864–79
(Taken about 1869)

tended Brown University during the presidency of Dr. Sears could fail to love and revere him; and no graduate of the college who was so fortunate as to have spent the final year of the college course under his personal instruction could fail to carry through life the impress of his high ideals of character and scholarship.

John Tetlow, 1864.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE OLD BROWN THEATRE,

which formerly flourished under the management of Dr. SEARS, having been thoroughly renovated by the notorious

BILL DOUGLAS,

WILL BE

REOPENED ON

Saturday, April 29th, 1865.

Each member of the Faculty having received thorough drill in private from Toby, is prepared to perform the "Grand Feat" called the

TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN,

aided by the JUNIOR CLASS, who have kindly volunteered their services.

N. B.—The Bar is on the lower floor.

R. P. DUNN, ... *Scene Shifter,*

B. SEARS, the Vocalist, . . . *Stage Manager.*

"We [illegible] assure the audience [illegible] to offer the best efforts of the most fastidious."

R. P. DUNN.

[illegible] the First Baptist Church.

The Beginnings of Baseball at Brown

THE introduction of baseball into (shall I say) the curriculum of Brown University was one of the glorious deeds of the class of 1865. College athletics were formerly confined to the annual scrimmage on the campus — the football game between the sophomores and the freshmen. The sophomores were almost always successful, but the class of 1865 as freshmen won a notable victory. It was the last class football game on the campus. When the class of 1865 became sophomores and were about to challenge the incoming class, the president gave a fatherly talk to us. He said that the faculty was determined to suppress the brutal game. He exhorted us voluntarily to break up the custom. We could do it with honor, for we had won our laurels in the game of 1861, and no one could doubt our powers. But, he continued, if we insisted upon perpetuating the custom, we would be prevented from engaging any further in the game. We therefore very reluctantly gave up our plans.

But baseball was beginning to assume a scientific character and was becoming a favorite pastime. We very gladly practised it and soon became proficient. At length our club challenged one of the city clubs (I think it was called the Providence Baseball Club), and a match game was played on the Dexter Training Ground, with a remarkable score. Thus encouraged, our club challenged

the best club in town, the Dexters, and won a great victory, and henceforth was recognized as the champion.

We used to have an eccentric professor of French. He was an exile, a member of the French National Assembly of 1848, a friend and compatriot of Victor Hugo. Coming to this country, he earned his livelihood by teaching the French language and literature. He was very excitable and nervous. It was said that his regular breakfast was a glass of beer and the Providence Journal. He especially hated Napoleon III, and used indignantly to demand of us, when we, more frequently than was really necessary, referred to that mighty potentate, "Who was Napoleon II?" Many a lesson in French we got through with ease by precipitating a discussion on French politics or public affairs, when the professor, regardless of the appointed tasks, occupied all the time in excited argument or invective.

The French recitation room was on the first floor of University Hall, on the east side. It so happened that some one of the baseball club took his position on the broad seat of the open window, instead of the iron chair, which was his regular place, and when the Frenchman's attention was fully engaged, the athlete swung around, putting his legs out through the window, and let himself down to the ground and then hastened off to practice with the club on the campus. Then another and another followed in the same manner. "Frenchie" now and then seemed to notice that there was something unusual going on, but, as far as we knew, never really discovered what it was. Perhaps he did, though, for he was so much interested in our baseball reputation that he presented our club with a beautiful silk flag.

Of course we knew that as soon as we were the champions of the state our days of glory were numbered. Very soon a challenge was received from the Harvard club,

which we well knew would be invincible in any struggle with us. But we promptly accepted it and determined to make the event as distinguished as possible.

The game was played on the Dexter Training Ground. A large attendance of friends, and especially of young ladies, lent honor and beauty to the scene. Seats were provided for the invited guests. The Harvard boys were met at the depot and escorted to the field in barouches. The American Band discoursed fine music between the innings, and a banquet closed the festivities of the day. The Harvards won, as was expected, but these courtesies, although they became quite frequent in after years, were unknown in Providence before.

Succeeding classes continued the interest in baseball, and soon Brown took a foremost place in intercollegiate sports and won many trophies, but the class of 1865 has always taken great satisfaction in the fact that it inaugurated baseball athletics at Brown University.

Warren R. Perce, 1865.

The Newer Brown

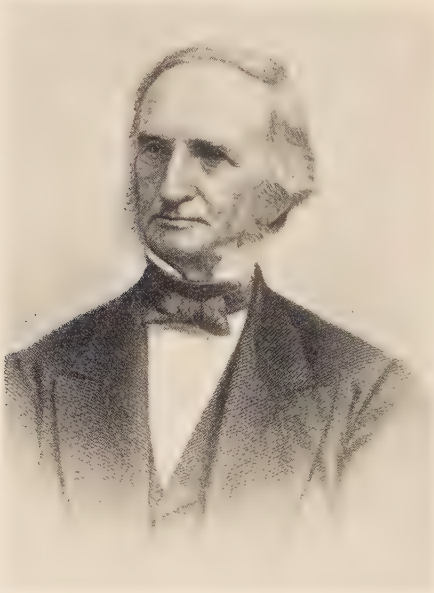
The Hollow Square

ONE morning in chapel there was passed along through the class a paper containing a diagram, assigning each of the fellows to a position in the usual procession to the recitation room. At prayers, at that time, the president always conducted the religious service, and the professors occupied chairs on the platform at the right and left. They made indeed a formidable array of the faculty of Brown University. At the conclusion of the exercises, one professor after another went out, followed by his class, the seniors, of course, leading the other classes, and so on, in regular order. Thus the several detachments, headed by the professors, repaired to the recitation rooms.

That morning the class of 1865 was to recite first in mathematics, and Professor Caswell, familiarly called "Cax," was the professor in charge. On leaving the chapel, every man at once assumed the position indicated by the diagram, and proceeded in the following order from Manning Hall to Rhode Island Hall. First came a short column of twos, then a large hollow square formed around the professor, and then a short column of twos. At the head of the procession was Judson in command. All the fellows, as they marched, kept time by short, jerky pronouncement of the usual military formula, "left,—left,—left, right, left." We all advanced with great solemnity, the tall form of our venerable professor in the midst. He showed no surprise or embarassment.

On reaching Rhode Island Hall, the body-guard separated to allow our distinguished teacher to pass out. The class obeyed the sharp command of the leader, "Close ranks, front face, right dress, eyes front."

Professor Caswell mounted the steps of the building,



Alexis Caswell, 1822
President of the University, 1868–72

removed his hat, looked gravely up and down the line as if inspecting it, and gave the command, "Forward, into your barracks, march!"

And we did.

Warren R. Perce, 1865.

The Tale of the Bonnet

THE early summer of 1863 was a time of great anxiety in the Northern States. The Confederate army was pressing its way into Pennsylvania and a draft to recruit the Union ranks was impending. A rebel privateer, the *Taconey*, appeared late in June off the New England coast, and on Sunday morning, June 28, 1863, the alarming news was spread throughout the city that this terrible vessel was steaming up the bay to Providence, without any opposition whatever. No defence of any kind was possible. The west passage of Narragansett Bay, a wide, straight waterway, the best entrance of all, the one most commonly traversed by ocean steamships and large sailing vessels, was absolutely unprotected. There was nothing to prevent this much-dreaded warship from steaming straight into Providence harbor and doing its work of destruction.

The rumor of the rapid approach of the *Taconey* reached Providence while the church bells were ringing for Sabbath morning worship, and it produced wide-spread consternation and even terror. The governor, James Y. Smith, immediately ordered the Marine Corps of Artillery to proceed down the bay to throw up fortifications for the protection of the city. It was, of course, very soon ascertained that the rumor was unfounded, yet the sense of the helplessness of the city and of the towns and villages along the shores of the bay was intensified, and the battery went to the high bluff on the west side of the west passage, called the "Bonnet," and began the construction of small earthworks.

The next morning, Monday, it was announced that the governor contemplated sending a company of infantry to support the battery. This report was eagerly spread through the college, and a suggestion was soon offered that it would be a grand idea if the governor would select our college company for this service. The company was called the "University Cadets." It was a large, strong, enthusiastic company of infantry, fairly well uniformed, finely drilled, and under the command of Captain John Tetlow.

The suggestion was promptly adopted and great enthusiasm prevailed, all the more because the term examinations were at hand and cramming had already begun. If we were *ordered* to perform this highly important and very valuable military duty, of course, no term examinations could possibly be demanded. Thus, true patriotism and our individual wishes all impelled us to cherish the hope that Co. I, R. I. Militia (that was our military designation) would be ordered to support the artillery at the Bonnet.

A committee, self-nominated, if not self-appointed, hastily interviewed the governor and returned with a very satisfactory report. Presently our order came, detailing Co. I, R. I. M., to take the field and to fortify the Bonnet. The college boys were highly elated and the enthusiasm was tremendous. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria*, etc. That was good ancient and good modern common sense. The faculty, however, thought differently and did not share at all in these high and ennobling sentiments. "But, gentlemen," expostulated one of them, "remember the examinations. You must not go. The examinations! The examinations!" To this came the calm reply, "It is our duty. We are commanded by the governor to perform this service. The city, the state, are in peril. We have no choice in this matter."

And so we went. We left our mothers and our sisters and our sweethearts, and the dear, dear members of the faculty. Why heed the parting tears and the futile appeal to remain? These only made the experience the more real and exciting. It made our self-sacrifice interesting and exquisitely delightful.

We joyfully donned the ill-fitting uniforms furnished by the state, and sailed away on the large tugboat appropriately named the *American Union*, and late in the afternoon reached South Ferry, where we disembarked. On the voyage down the west passage our little boat was passed by a large steamship, a United States transport, bringing home to Providence the 11th Rhode Island Regiment, whose term of service had expired. These many hundreds of returning soldiers lustily cheered us, the noble few, men in blue, their companions in arms, who were beginning our military service.

On arriving at the ferry, we proceeded in heavy marching order along the road and over the rough fields to the crest of the bluff. There the belching cannon roared a welcome, the old flag flapped with conscious pride as we approached, and a company of uniformed militia from the neighboring towns (which had hastily assembled the previous Sunday to hold the fort—after it was made—until the arrival of regularly detailed troops) was drawn up and received us with due military honors.

The tents were pitched in a single row parallel to the several rows of tents occupied by the artillerymen. The men of the larger fraternities messed together. The battery occupied hastily formed earthworks on the very edge of the cliff. Day after day, squads of men worked with picks and spades in throwing up a fortification, and the cannon were placed in position. Some artillery practice was engaged in. Rarely could a cannonball be fired across the passage. Occasionally one could be seen

striking into the soil of the Conanicut shore, but, for the most part, the shot fell into the water. Several times shots were fired across the bows of the New York propellers passing out to sea, for the reason, as it was stated, that they did not salute the flag. These vessels were well-known and were used mostly for freight, though carrying a very few passengers. Such as were so forcibly assailed swung round, slowed up, tooted a salute, displayed the national flag and were allowed to sail out to sea. Just why these peaceful and well-known vessels should be fired at, especially when they were headed seaward, is one of the unsettled questions of history. Besides this diversion, the sunrise gun and the sunset gun saluted the flag as it was hoisted and lowered daily within the little fort. Thus it was seen that the American flag was properly honored and cared for during those trying days.

Our men, when not serving on the digging squads, did guard duty, being divided into proper reliefs, and these were on guard for a day and a night in regular rotation, and all off duty the succeeding day. We paced back and forth for hours, very frequently in the dense sea-fogs, peering out into the darkness or mists and loudly shouting for the corporal of the guard whenever occasion required, or anything suspicious was seen toward or on the sea. On the next day after guard duty much time was spent in scouring the rifle barrels, which had become rusty by exposure to the salt air and fog.

On July 2 it was announced that a certain number of our company would be allowed to go to the city on the third and to return on the fifth. There were so many applications for the furlough, that lots were drawn in the different messes to determine who should go. The fortunate ones piled into an army wagon and thumped and bumped and clung on in every way over a nine-mile jour-

ney in the successful effort to reach the depot in time for the train, notwithstanding the departure from camp had been dangerously delayed.

Every day the tug which brought us to camp plied back and forth between Providence and South Ferry carrying supplies, but principally, if the statement of a newspaper correspondent in the neighboring village was correct, barrels of water, which, he said, were carried past one of the finest springs of water in the town. The water was brought in whiskey barrels, and, being long exposed to the heat of the sun, was thoroughly impregnated with an unpalatable and unfamiliar flavor.

The food in camp was sufficient in quantity, but of poor quality and no variety. Many eked out their supplies by suppers at a neighboring farmhouse. One of our men, who had seen better days, complained grievously about the regular camp rations. He said that he could not eat bread without butter, nor drink coffee without cream, and on disentangling a long hair (crinis humana) from the meat, on one occasion, did not care for any more food just then. Such stories of privation are scarcely believable, but my duty as a chronicler of this important epoch in history requires me to make the simple statement and let those believe it who can.

Foraging parties were soon common, although all food procured was fully paid for at prices fixed by the venders thereof. One party, led by Judson, foraged as far away as Wakefield. Stopping at a cottage where there was an unfavorable response to his appeal, he inquired of the lady of the house what was the name of the village. She replied, "Wakefield." "Indeed," said he, "perhaps you can direct us to an old friend of ours, the Vicar of Wakefield." "I don't know as I can," was the reply. "There is a new family who moved into the house yonder a few

days ago. I don't know their name. Perhaps they are the folks you are looking for."

Our days were for the most part spent in frequent drills and in various camp duties, but sometimes at night there were unexpected and exciting experiences. How the sutler's tent and supplies went down over the edge of the rocky cliff is not clearly explained in the annals of history, and opinions and theories differ. It was probably due to the force of gravitation, assisted somewhat by moving forces of human origin. But the last night we were in camp there was (almost) a very dreadful attack.

As the danger passed which had brought together these military forces to the hitherto peaceful and flower-bedecked Bonnet, and the excitement had consequently subsided, many members of the artillery company returned home and filled their places with substitutes, who were for the most part foreigners. These were disposed to be troublesome and offensive. The officer in command thought it best not to allow these substitutes the use of side-arms or guns when on guard duty, but they were armed with cord-wood sticks for clubs, which doubtless at close range would be really effective weapons in their hands. I suppose there was powder and shot enough somewhere in camp. Certainly there was enough to warm up the cannon occasionally, but I do not remember that a single rifle cartridge was seen there by the infantrymen. In any encounter with Confederate troops we should have been obliged to drive them off with sabres, bayonets, gunstocks and clubs, or, if they should choose to sneak up the bay in their dreadful ship in order to avoid such a conflict with us, the men who happened to know how to load and fire a cannon would have blazed away at them and hit them, if possible. On so slender a defence did the great city of Providence, once upon a time, depend!

Well, to go on with the terrible history of that last night in camp. There had been trouble brewing for several days. The artillerymen were much offended because the college boys were served with rations before they were, and they believed that the collegians had the most and the best. The rations were poor enough, but there was no favoritism shown, as far as we were aware. This bad feeling reached a climax at supper time the last day. Threats had been freely made and some missiles were thrown by the artillerymen at the infantrymen. Company I, R. I. M., slept on their arms all night and the guards did careful work. Neither of the prospective combatants had any ammunition, it is true, but the imagination reels at the battle scene it conjures up, and the conflict between two mighty and determined forces, one armed with cord-wood sticks and the other with empty rifles and sabre bayonets, is too dreadful to contemplate, and fortunately did not take place.

As soon as it was known that our term of service was about to end (we were in service fourteen days) those awful examinations, for which we were now wholly unprepared, loomed up portentously. Our classmates who had not enlisted were safely past that ordeal and had departed to their homes to enjoy the summer vacation. They had earned good marks for their examination work wherewith to brace up the general average. We could not help envying them.

We met and deliberated, and, in solemn convention assembled, we "resolved" that in consideration of our loyal service to the state in its time of great peril we ought to be excused from the term examinations. These resolutions were communicated to the faculty, I presume, and what did those dear professors do? Why, they just made us take those examinations at the beginning of the next term!

We used often in the last days of our campaign, when the first ardor of patriotism had slightly abated and the state of our country's finances became a more interesting subject, to discuss the question, Who would pay us for our military services, and especially how much? We let x equal the unknown quantity, but nothing in mathematics, higher or lower, enabled us to solve the problem. Some argued that as we were state troops, we ought to receive state pay, which we understood was a goodly sum, comparatively speaking. Others thought that we would receive only the compensation allowed to United States soldiers. The former argument was decidedly the more reasonable and convincing. However, when, some days later, we went out to raid the treasury, we were paid for all these services hereinbefore faithfully chronicled, each private receiving the sum of $5.63.

This explains a song of the period, which was sometimes heard upon the campus:

We all went down to West Passage
For five and sixty-three,
We all went down to West Passage
For five and sixty-three.

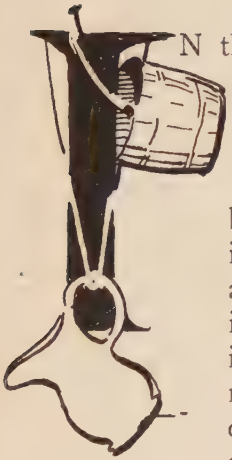
We won't pass examinations,
Oh, no! not we, not we.
We all went down to West Passage
For five and sixty-three.

The tune of this thrilling song was the one long previously dedicated to the history of the famous journey to the Seekonk.

So what promised to be a fine American eagle turned out to be only a big lark.

Warren R. Perce, 1865.

The Water Procession



IN the Academic year 1867–68 the only water supply for the dormitories in Hope College came from the old well in the rear of the building, which was then covered by the orthodox well-house with its "old oaken bucket" and rope. During that year, which is recalled as a period of unusual lawlessness among the students, the said bucket's periodical disappearances caused great inconvenience to those rooming in the old college. A new bucket and rope being missing a few days after their installation, the registrar declined to replace them, taking the stand that it was the duty of those who were responsible for their removal to return them, though investigation had failed, as usual, to implicate any of the undergraduates. As the days passed without relief, the murmurs of discontent grew into indignant protests both loud and deep, but the bucket and rope still remained conspicuous by their absence. One day a printed handbill appeared on the trees and fences of the vicinity, reading as follows: "To whom it may concern. If the bucket and rope are not replaced in the well by three o'clock P. M. on (date forgotten) the 'water procession' will form on the rear campus at that time." Much discussion and inquiry failed to throw any further light on the matter, but as the appointed time drew near and still no bucket, there was a feeling that the affair was to reach a climax in some way.

When the hour arrived no one was to be seen on the campus, but within five minutes nearly all the students had assembled, each carrying some water-holding utensil, and great was the variety: Cups, mugs, basins, bowls, pitchers, bottles, pails, tubs, jars, and other vessels not usually so prominently displayed, were all in evidence. The American Brass Band appeared and, striking up a popular tune, led the line of march down College street. In the lead were eight men, each carrying a bucket in one hand and a coil of rope in the other, and behind them four (of whom the writer was one) carrying on their heads a large round, old-fashioned, tin bath-tub. A halt was made at the ancient pump which then ornamented the centre of College street, and all the vessels were filled, the procession then taking its way down the hill, up Westminster street, and down Weybosset, the citizens stopping to smile and wonder what it was all about, for student parades were not then so common an occurrence as they have since become. Returning through Market square and North Main and Waterman streets, the head of the line had reached the old stable on Benefit street, between Waterman and College, when Professor Chace (then acting president of the university) came along, and like others halted on the curbstone to see what event was being celebrated. The writer (who marched by within a few feet of him) well remembers the sudden change which came over his austere countenance, from a smile of casual interest to a gasp of amazement, terminating in a severe frown, as he turned and strode as rapidly as his dignity allowed around the corner and up College Hill. A few minutes later he had taken a position on the steps of the library and the procession, having burst open the old wooden gates and singing, "You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry" came to a halt in front of him. As the working of his features showed that he was struggling

with varying emotions, the band was ordered to stop playing and a cry of " Hats off " (which was at once obeyed) was followed by a short interval of silence. The writer regrets his inability to recall with accuracy the remarks which our honored president *ad interim* then made to his insubordinate pupils, but his memory is clear that they were not spoken " more in sorrow then in anger " but distinctly vice versa.

He closed with an imperative command to disperse to our rooms and await the dire punishment of all concerned, which, after giving three cheers for " Prexy " and smashing all our earthenware on the stone steps of the library and leaving the place looking like a crockery store just after being visited by a cyclone, we concluded to obey, though echoes of the cry, " Bucket, bucket, who's got the bucket? " continued to be heard around the campus for some time afterwards.

The investigation which followed the next day resulted in the suspension of several of the participants and also the suspension (by the authorities) of a brand new bucket in the well by a brand new rope, the former suspension happily being temporary, and the latter equally happily being permanent. Such was the famous " water procession," which will be recalled as a pleasant memory by many gray-haired men who read these lines.

Robert B. Metcalf, 1870.

In the Days of Seventy

THE class of 1870 was always a remarkable class. It was, even in its freshman year, a very old-looking class. More than half a dozen men wore full beards, and "side-tabs" and moustaches were everywhere in evidence. We had some dozen veterans of the Civil War in our ranks, many of whom had been commissioned officers. Several limped from wounds, and one (E. Benjamin A.) had lost an eye. We had a proper sense of our own importance, and, strangely enough, the college as a whole seemed to take us collectively at our own valuation. Possibly the fact that we had more soldiers than any other class may have had something to do with determining our status. Then, too, we were always first in athletics. Class spirit ran high and we gloried in our strength. Alas that this "class spirit" which we valued so highly, and which welded together the men of "Seventy" as few classes were ever joined before, is now impossible in this confusing age of "electives."

We knew our instructors better than students know their teachers today. Twelve men made up our teaching body. Seven were professors, including the president, who was also the instructor in German. They were Sears, Chace, Lincoln, Dunn, Greene, Harkness and Diman. Clarke, Appleton and Hobigand were instructors. There was an "assistant to the professor of chemistry," and also an "assistant instructor in analytical chemistry." A librarian and a "register," who was a kind of connecting link between "Archibald" and Mr. Guild, as far as his functions

went, completed the university outfit. Compare it with the fifty-three professors and the two additional pages of instructors and other officers in our last catalogue and realize how the university has grown in forty years. There were six buildings: University, Hope, Manning, Rhode Island, the chemical laboratory, and the president's house, and,

President E. Benjamin Andrews, 1870
(Class picture)

with the, let us hope, possible exception of the president's house, there was not a bath-room in the lot. It was before the days of city water. Our water supply came from two wells, one of which was confessedly contaminated by a neighboring cesspool. The other, behind Hope College, on the back campus, was furnished with a wooden curb

and a bucket. This curb used not infrequently to furnish an example of "spontaneous combustion" and was wont to go up, or rather down, in smoke. Hope College was *the* dormitory, but the rooms upon its lowest floor had been made habitable only with the entrance of our class. There were no closets in it. (There were none in any of the old New England college buildings in those days.) Not until the summer of 1866 were any

Hope College, 1870

"sinks" (so-called) placed in the halls, *not rooms*, of Hope. Until that year the students were accustomed to empty their wash-basins from the windows of their rooms, as did those of the University of Paris in mediæval days. And so the early morning experience of Louis IX of France, Saint Louis, was not unusual to the sinners of Providence. Under such conditions it is not remarkable that typhoid fever claimed many victims. We lost a man a year for three years, and the mortality in other classes was like

ours. There has been a mighty change in the sanitary arrangements of the university in forty years.

The middle campus was our playground. The "home base" was on a line drawn from the rear door of Manning to the laboratory, and once or twice in my baseball experience the ball was knocked thence into George street. We were always sure of a "crowd of witnesses around"

THE CHAMPION NINE OF 1870

E. F. FALES, C. H. BOWKER, H. T. TAYLOR, F. B. GRANT,
J. B. F. HERRESHOFF, W. H. MUNRO, C. HITCHCOCK,
R. S. COLWELL, A. H. MATTESON.

when we practised. One exploit, "quorum pars magna fui," occasioned tumultuous applause. With one "foul strike" eight panes of glass were broken. Never did a hit meet with more general commendation. The one discordant note in the chorus of approval came from the first baseman. He roomed in the broken paned apartment! (Do you remember it? O Freshie Fales!) Of

course the stroke was a chance one. Many of our greatest successes are.

Secret societies were even more powerful then than

First Baptist Meetinghouse, 1870

now. Lines were sharply drawn between the fraternity men and the "Oudens" (a man who did not belong to any society was an οὐδὲν). The first number of the Liber Brunensis was published in the senior year of the class of

'70. The Brown Paper, a four or eight page sheet, had been the fraternity organ up to that time. The Delta U society that same year published a book of their own, the "Caduceus."

The great scholastic event of the academic year was the junior exhibition. It came about Easter time. Eight or ten juniors were selected because of scholarship or oratorical ability to "pronounce orations" from the stage of Manning Hall. Many maidens, attired in Easter hats

University Hall, 1870

and things, were wont to attend. Two programmes were usually published for these exhibitions. The official one, distributed by the ushers in the hall, was always severely formal. There was not much that was formal about the "mock programme;" sometimes it was witty and worth preserving. At other times it was vile. The undergraduates valued "junior ex" much more than commencement. "Class day" had not developed to the great function it now is.

Only a few of the rooms enjoyed the blessing of gas. We of Hope were of the elect. We formed an association which was embalmed in the Liber. The mystic letters H. C. G. L. A. may there be seen surrounding a skull and crossbones, the letters standing for Hope College Gas Light Association. Singularly enough, the one really important office in the association, that of treasurer, always went to a freshman. This may have been because the treasurer was responsible to the gas company for the bills,

Back Campus,
Looking East, 1870

and was supposed to collect them, pro rata, from his fellows. If these did not pay, then, like the Roman Curial of old, the treasurer was forced to make up the deficiency — and thereby hangs a tale.

We had an excellent lot of treasurers while I was an occupant of 23 Hope, but the years following my graduation saw a change. The freshman one year was not sufficiently alive to the dignity of his office to use his own money for satisfying the moderate demands of the gas company, so the meter was removed from the hall of the

North Division and the supply of gas cut off. Some months afterward the official who had taken out the meter, happening to pass by Hope at night, saw that the edifice was even more brilliantly illuminated than in the olden days. He was moved to make mention of the phenomenon at the office of the company the next morning. Investigation disclosed the fact that it had occurred to some not abnormally bright student that a rubber tube applied

Middle Campus, 1870

to the pipe which had been used for conveying gas *to* the meter, and then attached, as to its other end, to the pipe across the hall which conveyed gas *from* the meter, might serve all purposes of illumination quite as well (if not better) than if the gas were sent through the meter in the orthodox way. The next night saw Hope once more shrouded in darkness.

Wilfred H. Munro, 1870.

The Old College Well

THOSE who were fortunate enough to graduate from Brown in the early seventies, or before, were familiar with the two wells on the middle campus. A bar sinister was on the escutcheon of one, so all the tide of life surged around the one back of Hope College. Hither came one and all to drink and to secure pailfuls for all domestic purposes; here they lingered to get or give such gossip as might be floating in the air. Here were discussed free will and predestination, the personality of the devil and the abomination of the new doctrine of evolution. The old well was a free-to-all platform and no one could be put out as a dissenter. The old well-curb told no tales, no serfs nor slaves of Pluto could force it to divulge the conspiracies hatched beneath its shadowy protection. Its serenity was only disturbed when the water in the bucket rippled into a smile to hear some high-collared sophomore tell of the tortures preparing for his victims; or some vainglorious freshman narrate his heroic defence and escape from the torturers. All paths led to the old well; here met the contending classes after fiery contest and fought again to see which should drink first, dragging out the long rope attached to the bucket in a tug of war with many incidental fights. The teamster abandoned his team in the dusty street and the gamin ceased from the tune he was whistling outside the fence to drink with rapture of the old well's sparkling mead.

Heroic deeds made the spot famous, as when an in-

trepid freshman scrambled down the slippery stones into the dark and dangerous depths and brought up the football which the sophs had taken from his class and thrown therein. But the most thankful to the old well were the roysterers who in the still, small hours rose up out of the depths of the town and begged libations poured over

South Well, 1873, Old John in the Foreground
"A bar sinister was on the escutcheon of one"

their heated brains to remove the memories of the schooners they had floated and the Tom and Jerries they had downed. Sometimes the old well got absent-minded and lost its bucket; nobody knew whether it went up or down, and a new one without any moss on it had to be supplied. On one occasion the authorities failed to produce a new one and the students' protest at such treatment of their old friend was the famous water procession,

which invaded the town with utensils of grotesque and nameless variety in search of water, which they found and brought back in formal triumph. It is strongly suspected that the old well-curb carried matches in its pocket, for semi-occasionally it would drowse off and wake up about midnight all in flames. Then the cry of "Fire!" startled the calmness of night, the fire engines were dragged up the steep hills and pandemonium ruled in collegedom.

This happened several times, but the trick was played once too often. One bitterly cold night, when all were deep in extra comforters, came the passing of the old well with its many buckets and its much sweet water. It had drowsed off again and deep in the night awoke in flames. The firemen came and while the poor innocent students were asleep, demons poured from their windows icy water from tubs and buckets out on the fire fighters below. The water froze on the firemen's clothing, but the words came hot from their mouths, and they threatened with many an oath upon the next like occasion to take in their hose and wash the whole building out, but there was no further opportunity, for the edict went forth that the curb should rest in its ashes and the water be seen no more. The grief at parting with the old well was sincere. A cold, gray stone was placed over it, from which protruded a spook of a pump, a cold-clanging, cumbersome thing of iron, offensive to the eye and ear as well as to the taste, and shunned by all the intimates and confidantes of the dear old well.

Robert P. Brown, 1871.

The Barker Hoax

and a Visit from two Great Generals

IN 1867, Dunn, the graceful and accomplished professor of English, died, to the great loss and regret of the classes who looked forward to his courses with expectations of profit and pleasure. The advent of a young instructor from Harvard into the circle of professors who were almost exclusively Brown graduates and of mature years did not strike the undergraduates with any particular favor, and "Tute" Barker's English recitation-room became the scene of hilarious and noisy demonstrations. He was a modest, retiring young man, spending all his spare time in his room, which was in the centre division of Hope College. As he was timid and unmarried, it was thought best to indicate to him some of the lively incidents which daily happen to the man who braves the sweet troubles of housekeeping. The first day of April came on Saturday and brought life and excitement into "Tute" Barker's hermit cell. They started the arrivals early. Roasts of lamb, fine cuts of steak, vegetables in great variety, bread and cake, a new hat, haberdashery, books, a tailor to take measures for a new suit, shoes, and various other things handy for the good man of the house, but appalling to the book-worm. Each arrival brought a receipted bill and refused to be put off as he produced an order, signed by the victim, to land the goods at his room number at such a time, and to bring the bill with him. All day long they came with their valuable articles, only to be rebuffed

and pained, and after quarrels and heart-burns to go back with nothing but loss and chagrin and a profound and bitter feeling towards literary "cusses." The culmination came in the late afternoon when the Clayville stage-coach, that ancient structure which toiled up through the rugged hills of Northern Rhode Island, swept in from Waterman street with its four stave-fed horses, stopped before the centre of Hope, and demanded a passenger for that wild, barbaric region of charcoal-burners and hard cider to which no traveller willingly returns. It was too late, however; the victim had fled. The sight of this ark with leather springs suggested kidnapping, and before the rough-visaged driver could descend from his high box, the prospective passenger was seen vanishing in the dim and hazy perspective.

In the spring of '68 we had a part holiday, as General Sheridan visited Brown with General Burnside as guide. We were lined up on the front campus in front of the buildings. General Sheridan passed along shaking hands in a jovial way with every man, and along after him came General Burnside repeating the operation. Now General Burnside had been elected an honorary member of one of the leading fraternities at Brown. Mindful of his close relation to the general, an exuberant freshman reminded him of his duty to give the grip—that profoundly concealed sign—and the general meekly stopped and received prolonged instruction. After he had learned his lesson his face cleared up, and, beaming with delight at the fitness of his acquisition, he proceeded to give every man in the line the grip, with instruction if necessary. We escorted the generals down through the city, having the usual lively contests with the cabbies, as it was a rule never to allow a vehicle to cross through our line.

Robert P. Brown, 1871.

The Great American Traveller

FOR many years previous to 1870 a unique figure was accustomed to visit the colleges of the East; his name was Daniel Pratt and he called himself the Great American Traveller. He was a sort of gentleman tramp with a cant somewhere in his brain. Dressed in a high hat of uncertain vintage and a frock coat of an earlier age, he appeared somewhat like a professor of moderate means. He was eloquent of his travels and experiences at the different universities and was always received by the students with acclaim and more or less revelry and riot and, consequently, was regarded as an undesirable citizen by the college authorities. The last time he visited Brown was an event long remembered by the writer. He arrived in the late afternoon, and arrangements were quickly in progress for the address of such a famous character. The sash was taken out of the east window in middle division, second story, Hope, and, when all windows and doors of the division had been firmly secured so as to prevent interruption, Daniel stepped up on the window seat and from this rostrum addressed the crowd of students on the campus below. His eloquent harangue called forth boisterous applause and soon "Billy Dug" appeared in the offing of Sprague, headed due north for Hope. Upon his arrival abreast the orator he wigwagged the gentleman to come down on deck. Daniel, regarding him as some crank in the crowd, paid no attention, but continued with a new storm of eloquence. Then the irate registrar shouted, "Come down out of that," but Daniel looked down upon this marplot

with deserved contempt and continued unshaken. The Rev. William then tried the doors and windows without avail and hied away and we supposed all was well. As Daniel was in the midst of a flight of fancy or a fabrication of facts, a hand from behind was inserted under his coat collar and he was yanked down with unseemly force. Rushing around in front, we found a window had been forced, entrance obtained and the door unbarred. In vain we tried to hold the door and prevent this outrage to the Great American Traveller, but he was ignominiously thrown out of the building. We escorted him to the Aldrich House, his hostelry, but nothing would persuade him to return to the inhospitable jurisdiction of the reverend registrar. Upon arriving back the disappointed auditors decided that a visible expression of their feelings must go on record, so they assembled in the Sears Reading Room for an athletic event. Each man was to make an 80-foot dash down the long entry and put his foot through Douglas's door at the end. One very fat freshman requested first place, as he could not run and wanted time to disappear into the night. The writer was next behind the slow-footed leader. We all shot the chute; the door was smashed and splintered. "Fiat Justitia." The mob evaporated like the morning dew, but there was more due in the morning than we expected. The only two apprehended were the fat leader and the man next behind him. Why and how is a psychological problem never solved. The poor freshman closed up his record at Brown. Just because he couldn't run he was told to walk; the second sprinter was suspended from evening recitations and recreations for the balance of the year and at six o'clock punctually each night left the campus, reenacting daily the exodus of Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller.

Robert P. Brown, 1871.

Two Bancroft Stories

I

SCENE: Professor Bancroft's recitation-room (class of 1871). Request had often been made that applause should not be boisterous, that there should be no noise of stamping of the feet. Something had aroused the class. Stamping was indulged in quite freely. The professor was irritated. He flashed out with this rebuke in the form of a question, "Gentlemen, if you don't call that a noise, I should like to know what you would call a noise?" Every man, as though possessed by an individual demon, not only set his feet in motion, but at the same instant raised his heavy blankbook high in air and began pounding his iron desk with evident determination to demonstrate to the professor what a real noise might be. Professor Bancroft saw the point, held up both hands, smiled audibly, and begged for peace.

Richard B. Comstock, 1876.

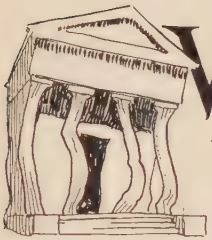
II

Another incident illustrates Professor Bancroft's good heart. Seventy-one was his starting class, and regarded

his close attention to dress and other individualities with the usual highly critical view of the undergraduate. His recitation-room was over the chemical laboratory, and as he grandly marched across, we, the unworthy members of '71, assembled back of Manning, kept time with him, shouting left,—left,—left, right, left. It was a long walk for him, and when he got us into the room he gave way to his excited passions, ragged the class and threatened expulsion for all who should take part in a repetition of the insult. As they say of vaccination, this took, and the morrow saw us prepared for battle with all details for the attack carefully arranged. Promptly at ten-thirty "Timmie," right face, marched down the long path, his every step accompanied by loud shouts of left,—left,—left, right, left. From many of the windows of Hope and University large sonorous horns kept time with his steps; apparently the whole college was in it. The effect was electric, as if every time he put his foot down he touched a button which produced a mighty roar. Prepared for a storm, we entered and settled away down in our chairs until the professor should break the ominous calm. He said, "Gentlemen!" mark you, *gentlemen!* "I was so unfortunate as to lose my temper yesterday and wish to make a complete apology for the manner and matter of my remarks to you. I see the joke, and hope for your future good wishes." We recognized his manly spirit, and pleasant relations always existed thereafter.

Robert P. Brown, 1871.

The Glorious Class of 1871



WHEN our class was safely corralled within the gates of Brown, counting some fifty specimens of diverse humanity who had come together through the mysterious ways of Providence, the foundations of University Hall trembled, the Doric pillars of Manning's Temple gently oscillated and Hope blushed deep red with suppressed excitement, for they knew that now there would be "something doing." The other two buildings, Rhode Island Hall and the chemical laboratory, were too far away to feel the shock.

We confronted a sophomore class of self-acknowledged importance. They boasted that they were the biggest class that ever entered Brown and felt somewhat bigger than even their number warranted. Some of them were bearded like the pard, some were heroes of the Civil War, some of them were well-known ball players, whom we had repeatedly beaten when we were only high-school boys. An incident in their classroom will give a fair sample of their intellectual perception. When Professor Diman called up M——, he asked him how the colonies were governed before the adoption of the constitution. This representative of the class of '70 varied his usual style of recitation by rising with great dignity and in deep, triumphant tone replying, "Why, by the 'preamble,' sir!" With such a class we felt the quality of mercy would not be strained and that our days would be big with fateful

deeds. We had not long to wait. A few days after entrance, the whole college marched to the New York boat to give the retiring President Sears a send-off to his new field in the service of the Peabody Education Fund. Going down as escort we were at the head of the procession, but coming back we brought up the rear. As we were about to enter the university grounds, these sophomores at a preconcerted signal suddenly turned and shut the great gates in our faces. We were surprised, but quickly the fighting spirit inherent in all members of our class awoke; failing to scale the gates, we grasped them in our arms and Samson-like lifted them up and reduced them to kindling wood, and after many a rough and tumble fight gained the coveted position, to be received with cheers by the assembled juniors on the chapel steps. In our times, class feeling was very strong and the juniors were the traditional defenders of the freshmen.

The long series of attempts to intimidate us culminated on the night of Professor Clarke's party. On account of our great love of mathematics, he rewarded our proficiency by the highest mark, 20, and a party at his home, to which the grace and beauty of the town were invited. Towards midnight, we marched back to college in a body. As we filed around back of Hope, the building appeared particularly dark and deserted. When the rear of the procession had rounded the corner, from the upper windows down came a shower of cannon crackers, exploding in the midst of us, followed by a deluge of water from tubs, pails, pitchers, etc. Completely wet and demoralized by these midnight phenomena, we sought refuge in the building, but the doors were held immovable by the great iron bars then in vogue and the windows were securely fastened down. Our knowledge of ancient warfare quickly came to our aid. From a house which was being built on Angell street we secured a huge beam and, man-

ned by all who could reach it, this huge, battering-ram quickly demolished the entrances of oak and iron. The man at the end of the ram was the only one who could realize the force of the blow when it failed to penetrate the door.

Hazing was not yet considered atrocious, and a little tribulation was regarded as good for the freshman soul, so when we became sophomores we had a secret council of fourteen who met in a vacant loft at the lower part of South Water street. The members of this tribunal were solemnly pledged to this department of class work.

There were no modern conveniences in the dormitories then; the ordinary equipment of a room consisted of a pitcher and bowl, a wooden pail just outside the door and a tin cup hanging outside the window. Some students were so averse to a board-bill that they cooked all their meals in their room, thus absorbing all of the odors as well as the viands. The only hot water obtainable was at the registrar's kitchen, which gave the evil-minded an opportunity to watch his fine crop of grapes and to fix upon the proper time for the annual midnight raid.

Some classes boast of what they had at Brown; we would proclaim our gratitude for a few things we didn't have. We had no president the first year and so became more closely acquainted with the widely cultured and amiable Chace, who was president *pro tempore* and should have been (in the opinion of many) *in perpetuum*. The last three years we had as president the great-hearted Caswell, who raised his hand to bless all and harm none (yet was savagely attacked by his fellow-religionists on the charge that he was a wanderer from the strict Baptist fold and favored open communion). We had no assistant or associate professors, tutors, instructors, theme readers or other attenuations of the professorial dignity. All of our instructors were Simon-pure professors of full rank, ex-

Middle Campus from Waterman Street, 1867

cept perhaps the Frenchman, Hobigand, who, though failing the title, was worthy to hold the rank.

It was our continuous and intimate association with the faculty of ten (including the president) broad-minded, highly-cultured gentlemen that made our college course seem ideal. The courses were few, but they were handled by masters. We were not surfeited with knowledge in a hundred courses, but were required to do a few things well, and the Pierian spring wandered sparkling and joyful through the vales of Academe. We had no written examination on our college courses; all were oral from start to finish and we had to be able to get up and tell what we knew at short notice. We liked this method, and what a relief it was to the professors to be free from that anti-climax, examination papers!

There was little interference with our individual life and habits. The president went to bed at a regular and seemly hour and let the world wag as it would after that. Ofttimes he might have heard the flotsam of the rear guard climbing the hill singing, "Broad is the road that leads to death," but if he heard these early morning carols, he wisely said nothing, but turned over and dreamed that he was lightly treading the narrow heavenly road with here and there a traveller. Was vice more prevalent then than now? Who can tell? It was, at least, more open and unmolested, and perhaps some of the student ways would scarcely be tolerated at the present time. We can imagine a type of latter-day presidents who might feel uncomfortable to ascertain that a faro bank was run for two years under the eaves of one of the college buildings and that the graduates of this course on the doctrine of probabilities became so proficient that they broke up a faro establishment in the city's "tenderloin." We also educated many men up to a high degree of proficiency in whist, plain poker or bluff, and Ken-

tucky loo. There was not much theatre going, as this use of time was not encouraged by the moral code of the university, so that it was more usual to enjoy the culture of select circles and to hold *conversazioni* at Peter Brucker's, Philip Brug's, Carl Young's International and Roger Williams's handy hostelry (where more than likely at some time in the evening you would come across some Tom and Jerry).

The most graceful and enjoyed event of the year was junior exhibition, which took place in April. It was religiously observed by all young and pretty maidens as the function where they should appear in their spring adornments, and this gave an audience of bewildering charms and beauty adorned to its utmost. At this exhibition the best original speeches of the junior year work were delivered by their authors, and it was a higher honor to speak at junior exhibition than was the perfunctory appointment for commencement, which was strictly according to marks. The junior exhibition speaker, however, had no halo about his head, for while he was trying to prove the greatness of his soul or his proficiency in oratory very likely the audience was reading comments about him, full of sarcasm, ridicule, and abuse scurrilous even beyond the bounds of decency; for the wicked sophomores had been busy for weeks preparing mock programmes.

These mock programmes were usually printed out of town, say in Boston, were brought down by a messenger in a late train the night before and quickly and quietly divided among a select few, who saw to it that the audience was supplied with the eagerly sought supplement to the regular programme, and thus had an inside and highly-tinted view of the character of the speakers and of many professors besides. As discovery meant expulsion, the greatest secrecy was observed. The sole object of

these sometimes witty, and often disgraceful, sheets was to give the opportunity to repay the juniors for all the abuse and indignities which the sophomores had suffered at their hands when they, the sophomores, were freshmen. Junior exhibition was last given by the class of '78. Alas! that the class of '79, affected with some grouch or other, was allowed to lift its iconoclastic hands and tear from the calendar our "annual spring opening!"

In our senior year, we had quite a little wave of Catholicism sweep over our class, as it would appear, from the teachings of Professor Diman, whose contempt for the cant and pride of sects was so great that he loved to bring out the historic claims of the Catholic Church to a continuity of authority all its own. One of our class became, and still is, a zealous Catholic priest, another joined the Paulist Fathers in New York and still another became the head of a highly ritualistic institution in the West. A well-known gentleman was asked by a man whom he met travelling who Professor Diman was. He replied, "Professor Diman is a Unitarian, who hires a pew in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, preaches mostly in orthodox Congregational pulpits, is in warm sympathy with the faith of the liberal Jews and teaches Catholicism in a Baptist college."

Robert P. Brown, 1871.

Boating at Brown

THE Seekonk river, situated a little less than two miles from the college, is about three miles in length, and for two miles is about a half-mile in width. The Blackstone pours in from the north, and the tide ebbs and flows upon the south. Its surface is usually smooth and unruffled, and it furnishes one of the finest courses for a boat race in New England. Many races have been rowed upon this course; and some by the most noted oarsmen of the country.

This course was seriously considered for the intercollegiate regatta in 1870, and representatives of Harvard and Yale, with this object in view, visited the Seekonk in April of that year.

The attention of Brown students was early attracted by such facilities for rowing, and soon after the sport was adopted by Harvard and Yale, and their first race rowed (in 1852), Brown began to contemplate the formation of a crew.

The second race between Harvard and Yale was rowed in 1855, and this event added new impetus to the movements of Brown, who then determined to enter a crew at the next race between these colleges. With this object in view Brown's first crew was formed in 1857, and the calm waters of the Seekonk made to ripple with the oars of these jolly tars.

The third intercollegiate race was rowed July 26, 1859, on Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester. In this race Brown entered her first crew for aquatic honors. The

Brown crew was made up as follows: A. B. Judson, stroke, E. Judson, E. Sears, C. H. Perry, C. D. Cady and P. S. Jastram, bow.

The crews drew position for the start as follows: Harvard first, Yale second, Brown third. Brown rowed in a

Old Boathouse
(Taken in 1872)

cumbersome lapstreak, called the Atalanta, which had been procured when the crew was formed in 1857 and used for practice in the meantime. Harvard and Yale rowed in shells whose weight was about 150 pounds less than that of the Atalanta, which was too heavy, and unfit for racing.

Harvard won the race; Yale came in second. Brown, not disheartened by the defeat, set at work with increased energy for the race of the next year.

The race of 1860 was rowed July 24, at the same place. The entries were Harvard, Yale, Brown. An account, speaking of the Brown crew, says, "they appeared on Lake Quinsigamond with the lightest, best trained crew, and the lightest boat. Friends and foes alike greeted them with prolonged cheers. All admired their splendid action, and the beauty of their craft." Brown in attempting to obviate the mistake of the previous year, went to the other extreme, and procured for this race a shell which weighed only 112 pounds. This shell proved altogether too frail, and went to pieces in the race. Brown, nevertheless, resolved to send a crew the next year, and commenced preparations, but the breaking out of the Civil War, early in 1861, caused a suspension of boating in the colleges, which was not resumed until 1864.

Interest in the sport at Brown was not revived until the spring of 1868, when her old boathouse, which then stood on the east shore of the Seekonk, was repaired, it having fallen into decay during the period of non-use. At this time two second-hand six-oar shells were obtained, and the Seekonk was again awakened by the boatman's merry laughter.

Efforts were made to send a crew to the race in 1869, but without avail. The September gale of 1869 carried away the float at the old boathouse, and a new house, early in the spring of 1870, was built on the west shore, a little above the present site of Red Bridge.

The Brown Boating Association, in the fall of 1869, changed the previous method of making up crews, and, for the first time, encouraged the formation of class crews, in hope that the interest awakened by class rivalry would develop material for a crew in 1870. Their motto was,

"On to Worcester in 1870," but whether a freshman or a university crew should be sent had not been determined. The desire was to arouse a general interest in the sport among the students, and that could not be done, except in anticipation of sending a crew to the regatta to compete with Harvard and Yale, and hence the motto.

University Boathouse, Erected 1871–72

Arrangements were made by the college for the students, during the winter of 1869, to take exercise in Hunt & Butterworth's Gymnasium on the fourth floor of Parsons block on Canal street. In this gymnasium were two sets of rowing weights of six each, and the students began to exercise on them with considerable regularity. The late Frederick A. Gower and the late Edgar H.

Luther, both members of the freshman class, were much interested in rowing, and through their efforts considerable interest in the sport was aroused in the class. Ten or twelve members were selected from whom it was hoped a freshman crew would develop. These freshmen went with a good deal of regularity to the gymnasium, and it was never difficult at about four o'clock in the afternoon to find six of their number on hand to occupy a set of the weights. After a little, it became evident who should compose the crew. The six were selected, and from this time on, at an agreed hour, they would meet daily and take their pull on the weights, which generally consisted of three thousand strokes.

Early in the spring, as soon as the weather became suitable, they purchased a six-oar shell, called "17.40½" (so called from the fact that the Ward brothers, noted oarsmen, had made that time in her in a three-mile race on Lake Quinsigamond in July, 1868, with Harvard), and went out with her, from the Narragansett Boat Club House, which stood at the foot of Orange street. She was a large, heavy boat, built for full-grown men, and totally unfit for these youths. Still, even with such an unweildy craft they could acquire the use of the oar and learn to manage a boat.

The time being fixed for the initial "spin," the crew assembled at the Narragansett's boathouse and placed 17.40½ in the water. Several members of the class, and others, were present to witness the first effort in a boat. So far as is known no member of the crew had ever been in a shell. When all were properly seated in the shell, oars were run through the outriggers and placed in the hands of the crew, and 17.40½ was pushed gently from the float. Not a member of the crew dared to move or pull on his oar for fear he would capsize the boat. When at length they acquired sufficient courage and attempted

to row, they presented a most awkward appearance and elicited many uncomplimentary remarks from the persons looking on, who facetiously asked if that was the crew that was to compete with Harvard and Yale. Immediately after this time they began to keep the boat on the Seekonk in the new boathouse, and the crew went out daily.

Soon they began to go out twice a day, often going to the Seekonk before sunrise for a pull, returning to college in

Brown Crew, 1871

time for chapel exercises, and, after college exercises for the day had closed, again going to the Seekonk for another pull,— they always rowed at least three miles at a pull, and, many times, six or more. It was necessary to make the trip from college to the Seekonk on foot, as there was no conveyance at that time. As the race for which they were preparing was to be rowed over a mile-and-a-half course, then turn, and return to the starting point, it was believed that proficiency in making the turn would be of great advantage in the race; accordingly the crew practiced a great deal in making turns. They would frequently

get under headway and while rowing at their highest speed reverse the boat. This was done by placing the port oars deep in the water — the blades so arranged as to hold water, thus forming a pivot around which the boat turned and having little tendency to throw her off,— whilst the starboard oars were plied with all the skill and energy of which the men were capable. By this practice great proficiency was acquired in turning the boat. Soon after they went on the water, it was decided to send to Worcester a freshman, but not a university, crew.

On June 6, 1870, they rowed a race with the Narragansett Boat crew, and later in the same month another with the Harvard Scientific crew, on the Seekonk. Brown lost to the Narragansetts. Early in the race with the Harvards the Brown stroke broke his oar and the Harvards won by 13 seconds. The Harvard crew spoke many words of encouragement and the Brown crew felt quite elated at the showing made by them on this occasion.

About this time their challenge was sent to the freshman crews of Harvard, Yale and Amherst. The Harvard and Amherst crews promptly accepted the challenge; Yale, while not refusing the challenge, never accepted it.

The financial problem must now be met. A new shell and a set of spoon oars must be had without delay; this would require about $500 and there was considerable additional expense to be met. The situation was made known to ex-Governor William Sprague, then United States senator from Rhode Island. Senator Sprague promptly furnished the necessary fund to purchase the outfit. The students and their friends contributed the necessary fund to maintain the crew whilst training on the lake. The new shell and oars were received about the first of July, when the crew with their coach, Mr. Charles C. Luther of the class of 1871, went to Lake Quinsigamond to train until the race, which was to be rowed on the 22d

of July. The university race between Harvard and Yale was to be rowed immediately after the freshman race.

The crowd in attendance to witness the races was said

Class of 1873 Crew

Winners from Yale, Harvard and Amherst at Worcester in 1870

(From left to right) — E. H. Luther, captain and bow; G. T. Brown, starboard stroke; F. A. Gower, stroke; A. M. Smith, port waist; A. D. McClellan, port bow; W. E. Caldwell, starboard waist.

to be the largest ever assembled at an intercollegiate regatta, and the great interest seemed to centre in the freshman race. A newspaper account the day after the

race says: "This is accounted for in part by the fact that in the freshman race there were two new entries — Brown and Amherst, their many friends being anxious to witness their skill and muscle." It was an ideal day, the lake without a ripple, and many persons were scattered on the banks of the lake, along the whole course; upon the wagon road and Regatta Point was a dense mass of humanity.

The Brown crew was made up as follows: Frederick A. Gower, stroke, George T. Brown, Alfred M. Smith, William E. Caldwell, Arthur D. McClellan, Edgar H. Luther, bow and captain.

As the time approached for the race to be called the freshman crews were ordered to appear at the starting point. A newspaper account says: "The Brown crew were the first to answer to the call, and came shooting up through the causeway, dressed in white pants, with which their brown backs presented a strong contrast, and wearing brown handkerchiefs about their heads; on the bow of their shell was a tasty brown flag, and on the stern a white flag bearing the figures '73.'" Another account says, of Brown's style of rowing: "Their backs moved forward and back and their oars rose and fell with the precision and regularity of a machine; . . . the long reach forward, the quick catch at the beginning, the steady pull through, and the neat finish at the end, followed by the rapid recovery for the next stroke . . . showed that they had learned their lesson thoroughly." A newspaper account the next day says: "It was talked among the crowd that the contest was to be between Brown and Yale; it seemed to be conceded that the others were not to make much of a show."

A few rods above the starting point, is a slight elevation of land extending a little into the lake, called Regatta Point. In drawing for positions the Amherst crew got

the inside course, nearest Regatta Point, Brown next, Yale third, and Harvard next to the further shore.

The freshman race was to be rowed at 3 o'clock, but the word "go" was not given until 5. At length the crews were in position, and while waiting there for the word "go," seconds seemed minutes, and minutes hours; everyone could hear his heart beat. Silence was at length broken by the starter's voice, "Are you ready?"

Class Crew, 1874

All sprang forward on their oars, ready to take water. A response was heard from one of the boats, "No!" Another delay ensued until the boats were again in position, when again was heard from the starter, "Are you ready?" All again sprang forward on their oars. A short pause ensued. No response being heard, the starter shouted at the top of his voice, "Go!" All bent to the oar, the boats shot forward, and the freshman race was on.

A newspaper account the next day says of the start: "At the first stroke it was observed that the Harvards labored too hard, their oars dipped too deep, while the Browns and Amhersts behaved splendidly." Another newspaper account says: "A good start was made by all the boats, yet the Brown crew made the finest one, and started up the lake pulling 48 strokes a minute, and with the most perfect uniformity." Continuing, the report says: "The Amherst crew started off well, pulling 50 strokes a minute, but it was evidently more than they could hold. The Yales were also pulling 48 and the Harvards 50."

As Regatta Point was reached the four crews were nearly abreast; Amherst however was slightly leading Brown, and, thinking it necessary to make into the lake further to prevent grounding on the point, swung partly across Brown's bow, causing a collision and compelling both crews to stop rowing. The Amherst boat scraped its whole length across the bow of the Brown boat, tearing away the rudder of the former and the prow of the latter, but causing no leak. In the meantime the Harvard and Yale crews were making good time up the lake. As soon as the Brown boat was freed from the Amherst, the Browns started anew, exerting themselves to their utmost and fairly lifting the boat out of water at every stroke. Before reaching the turn stake the Harvards were overtaken and passed. When Brown arrived at the stake she found Yale already turning but having made the fatal mistake of running too far from the stake. Brown's captain, quick to take advantage of the opportunity, pointed his boat at the gap, and shot in at full speed. With port oars projecting deep into the water, in a nearly perpendicular position, and hugging close to the stake, Brown turned inside of Yale. As Yale could show clear water at the stake, she had the right of way, and care must be taken

not to foul her, lest, by so doing, Brown should lose the race, even if she came in ahead.

Great care was observed in making the turn. Whilst Brown and Yale were turning, Harvard came up and commenced to turn. Now ensued the most exciting time of the race. The three crews exerting themselves to their utmost, the judges on the stake-boat shouting at the top of their voices to their several favorites,—some stimulating to greater efforts, others cautioning to prevent a foul,—presented a thrilling spectacle indeed. The Brown boat was managed by the captain from his position in the bow, and the rudder was controlled with his feet by means of wires extending the length of the boat. It is evident that a cool head, which Brown's captain certainly possessed, was required at this time.

When Brown had finished the turn she was a good length ahead of Yale and could show clear water. A newspaper report the next day says of this turn: "The Yale crew were the first to reach the stake, but in making their turn they left water enough for the Browns, who were close upon them, to make the finest turn ever witnessed on the lake, inside of them, almost before their opponents were aware of it."

From Regatta Point the crews could be seen at the stake, but it could not be determined which one was leading. All eyes at the point were eagerly directed towards the crews. A newspaper account says that when the crews could be distinguished, "the Brown caps appeared at least two lengths in advance of Yale, and Harvard third." Another account says of the race down the lake: "On the down course the Brown boys led easily, pulling a splendid stroke, their every motion showing that uniformity and self-possession that can only come from long-continued and efficient practice.

"As they passed Regatta Point, perfectly calm and lead-

ing by several lengths, cheer after cheer went up from their friends on the shore, cheers given only as students can give them. Responding to the shout, the brave fellows bent to their work with a new energy, and, putting on a magnificent spurt, shot over the line five or six lengths ahead of Yale, winning the race in 19.21, the fastest time ever made by a freshman crew." Yale came in in 19.45 and Harvard in 20.

The crew was at once presented with a set of flags by the committee. One account says: "The Browns, with their flags flying, rowed up past the crowd of spectators amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs and music by the band." Amherst rowed leisurely over the course and when she came in claimed a foul on Brown which was disallowed. The city of Worcester presented each member of the crew with a silver medal.

This victory created much enthusiasm in the college in boating, and when the students assembled in the fall preparations were commenced for sending a freshman and university crew to the regatta the next year. It was thought boating had come to Brown to stay. Brown since that time has entered crews as follows: Ingleside, near Springfield, July 21, 1871, both a freshman and a university crew; same place, July 24, 1872, a freshman crew; in 1873 no crew was sent, largely because of the expense; Saratoga, July 15, 1874, a freshman crew; same place, July 13 and 14, 1875, a freshman and a university crew. On account of failure to win a race, interest in the sport began to flag and has never been revived. For many years now, it has appeared to the outside world that interest in the sport, in the college, has entirely ceased to exist. Only two members of the old crew of 1870 now survive to tell the story of that race. They are William E. Caldwell, of New York city, and the writer.

George T. Brown, 1873.

Three Immortals

AT this length of time there are three men, among the members of the faculty of from thirty to thirty-five years ago, but now no longer living, whose personality still remains vivid in the minds of those who studied under them.

Certainly no one can soon forget his impressions of J. Lewis Diman, professor of history. In him one recalls a teacher who was a revelation to the young mind of the charm which historical exposition was capable of attaining in the hands of a master of the art. One recalls his use of the English language, revealing by turns the qualities of lucidity, delicacy, felicity, audacity and impressiveness. One recalls a teacher whose own prose, though indeed lacking in self-consciousness, and not put forward as "literature," nevertheless had many of the qualities of great literature—which, in brief, to quote a skilful characterization by a more recent writer (the Columbia professor of comparative literature) was, in reality, "self-possessed, subdued and graceful conversation, modulated, making its points without aggressive insistence, yet with certainty, keeping interest alive by a brilliant but natural turn and by the brief and luminous flash of truth through a perfect phrase." One recalls the fearless play of his humor—like the play of "heat lightning" on an August night—utterly without apprehensions as to what provincial or hide-bound prejudices heretofore held by the listener might thereby be placed in their true light.

To come within the orbit of such a teacher was, in itself, "a liberal education." Enlightening it surely was, in its indication of what the dictates of good taste called for, and no less in the mental perspective which it constantly afforded. Moreover, this was a teacher who, in

Professor J. Lewis Diman, 1851
(Taken about 1869)

spite of his apparent disregard of "conventions," was one of the most self-poised of men; and the student who followed sympathetically his analytical methods came, in time, to demand a "sweet reasonableness" in any author whose treatment of a subject was placed before him.

Not only a sense of form in an author's language, but a sense of proportion in an author's thought, came to be firmly fixed in the student's mind as the indispensable ideal to be looked for in any work of exposition. Lastly, and most priceless of all, the teacher's mental attitude toward truth was one which could not fail to be communicated to the pupil. To the man who had grown up, in a blind way, to regard Protestantism as the only possible religious view, and all else as unthinkable, or to the man who had unthinkingly accepted the political party of his father, the enlightening and emancipating method of this teacher of history was in the highest degree salutary. Of a certain American man of letters, whose point of view was a painfully limited one, it was once remarked, that he "was more than provincial; he was parochial." From such a "parochial" point of view, the student under Professor Diman was inevitably liberated, and his mental horizon correspondingly widened. Henceforth his mind would necessarily be far otherwise than inhospitable to new truths and new impressions. For him the desire to see "things as they are" would henceforth be his ideal, even though it should lead him "To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

But while the student's contact with Professor Diman inevitably led to breadth of view, there were not wanting impulses toward depth also. These impulses likewise were inseparably connected with a strong and vital personality,—that of the late President Robinson, who not only acted as the executive of the college, but held the chair of "moral and intellectual philosophy." It is common to think of the present time as one contrasting sharply with the period of the early seventies, in respect to mechanical inventions and their results; but the contrast is even sharper, perhaps, in the field of thought. Much that has now passed into the accepted mental "bag-

gage," so to speak, of the thinking man of today—scientific and theological alike—has been accepted only after long and patient education of the public by scientific men of the type of the late Mr. Huxley; and the acceptance of each new morsel, in this educative process, has not been

Ezekiel Gilman Robinson, 1838
President of Brown University 1872–89

unaccompanied by a wrench or a shock. But it is perhaps safe to say that those who have received their impulse towards the investigation of truth from Dr. Robinson's teachings have had few occasions to experience a mental "wrench," in their readjustment to new or un-

familiar truth. Nowhere, perhaps, is the mental attitude thus indicated more perfectly embodied than in Lessing's impressive utterance: —

"If God held all truth shut in his right hand, and in his left held nothing but the ever-restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of for ever and ever erring, and should say to me, 'Choose!' I should bow humbly to his left hand, and say, 'Father, give! pure truth is for Thee alone!'"

One recalls vividly the physical qualities which added to the impressiveness of this notable teacher; and, no less, the vigor and fearlessness of his thought; and, with a special sense of gratitude, his uniform practice of discouraging the dogmatic or "cock-sure" spirit of assertion, remembering that all true science is modest. One remembers also with equal gratitude the lofty and disinterested ethical standards implanted through his teaching; and instinctively recalls those inspiring lines of Matthew Arnold: —

> "For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
> And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,
> Shew'd me the high, white star of Truth,
> There bade me gaze, and there aspire."

There is one other figure that stands out with equal vividness after all these years. It is that of John Larkin Lincoln, professor of Latin. It is not given to every man who follows the profession of teaching to enlist the admiration and the confidence of his pupils, signally and completely. It is the distinction of a still smaller number to be able to add to these — priceless as they are — the instinctive affection of their pupils. Professor Lincoln's chair was, for a great part of the time, that of a single lan-

guage and literature, but the man was ever greater than the chair; and his teaching was as wide as that of "The Humanities," in the old-world sense of the phrase. Few students could go out from under his teaching without a wider conception of classical literature than that of a mere

Professor JOHN LARKIN LINCOLN, 1836

vehicle for the teaching of Latin or Greek grammar; and the pregnant words of James Russell Lowell will express his conception of the vital quality of all great literature: — "Only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written."

All students of his can vividly recall this prince of teachers, seated at his desk, hearing a recitation; and the keen enjoyment with which he discovered that a nice turn of expression or a delicate shade of meaning in the thought had found due appreciation by the pupil who recited. A smaller number remember with inexpressible pleasure the experiences of a few men—then "recent graduates"—who had the privilege of reading Cicero with him through one entire winter, in the days before the establishment of a "graduate department" at Brown University. All his students remember, as if it were yesterday, his hearty and unaffected interest in all that concerned the college and its students, through all the closing years of his life. Not as an "old" man, however, does he live in our memories, but rather as a man who wore with emphatic grace Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's exquisite characterization of himself, as "seventy years young." To no man more than to him was the supreme satisfaction given of enjoying

> ". . . that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The Brown University student of the early 70's would be less than human if he did not feel undying gratitude to a college which has given him such ideals and such memories; which has supplied such impulses and such inspirations.

William E. Foster, 1873.

President Wheeler's First Impressions of Brown

IN the late afternoon of September 7, 1871, I entered the city of Providence along with three almost equally verdant persons who had been my classmates at New London Academy,—an institution located, according to its catalogue, in the hills of New Hampshire, nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea and seven miles from any possible temptation. Fear of the wicked city filled our hearts, and dread of the entrance examinations set for the coming day. As we started up College Hill we had our first glimpse of Brown in the person of Professor Lincoln. He wore a gray beaver hat and was coming merrily down the hill, turning his high-lifted face this way and that to gather the prospect in. A friend who had us in charge nudged us vehemently. "See, there comes Professor Lincoln." With a quick bow for our guide and a kindly glance for his verdant convoy he swept by. We turned and watched him till he rounded the corner into Market Square. I thought him a gentleman then, and I think so still.

I remember nothing else of my first afternoon except the hill and the doorsteps—the doorsteps of those people who, as Robert Burdette noted on his first visit, were so aristocratic that they go upstairs to get down cellar. That night we spent, instead of slept, at the Central Hotel on Canal street, all four in one large westward-looking room, two in beds and two on the floor. Between thinking about

the impending examinations and keeping a close and responsible watch upon the various urban activities, including a fire alarm, which from time to time were paraded before our windows, we laid that night some considerable foundations of a liberal education. The next morning in great weariness of the flesh and much faintness of heart

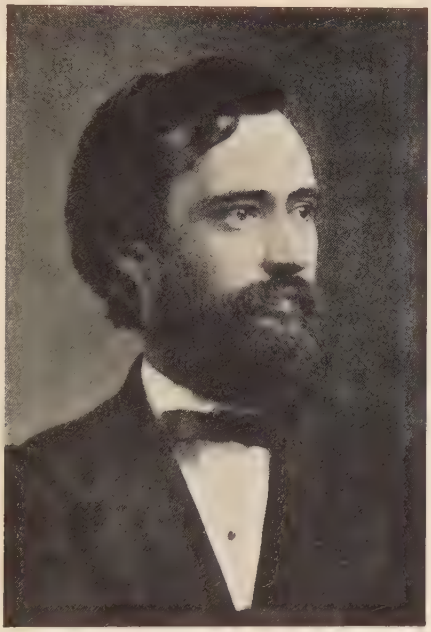
View from Crawford-Street Bridge, 1873

we began the entrance examinations. The only subjects were mathematics (arithmetic and algebra as far as quadratic equations), Greek and Latin. All were condensed into one day, and at five in the afternoon we assembled to learn our fate. There were only eight or ten candidates—but we were needed, for, even including six B. P.

men and three of the "select course," there were all told but fifty-six enrolled for the freshman class. I did not know, however, that we were in a "small college." It seemed to me a very big and a very remarkable college. I do not think I knew any were bigger, except Harvard, which I had heard was dangerously big and dangerously lax in theology and various else—aside from the entrance requirements.

I was sure no college had such remarkable professors as Brown. Harkness's grammar filled me with reverence and awe, but the first vision of the author was a shock. That such a man should smile on freshmen, and smile as if he had heard all about us and had been looking for us was unbelievable. I could only account for it in the case of myself and friends on the theory that he greatly admired New London and my teacher Mr. Willard—and forthwith my admiration for Mr. Willard grew apace. It was the last year of President Caswell's administration, and already Dr. Robinson had been elected to succeed him. It was currently expected that the new master would not be as mild as the old, and it was generally thought best to improve the shining hours—but still it seemed likely that President Caswell could not be well surpassed in genial dignity by any college president, and that in spite of the commonly reported failure of his classroom experiments in natural philosophy, he was really a remarkable scientist when it came to the principles involved. There was no doubt about Professor Lincoln. In his seat behind the desk of his Latin room, he even looked tall. Professor George I. Chace, then professor of philosophy, was an object of universal respect and admiration, but a freshman might look on him only from afar. He was, we thought, for seniors only. Seniors were invited frequently to his table, and they adored him. He had been, it was said, prominently considered for the

presidency at the time of Dr. Robinson's election, and all this made it more glorious to be a senior, and more pitiful to be a freshman, especially as it was reported that he would withdraw from the university at the close of the year and leave us forever after. Professor Diman, too,



Professor Eli Whitney Blake
(Taken about 1874)

was said to be a remarkable man. He looked it. Later on I had occasion to build on more than hearsay. It was always the custom for students to lift their hats on meeting a professor on the street or on the campus, but tradition said that Professor Diman never noticed, on the

street, any but seniors. I think this made him more attractive. All the more reason for being a senior. He was undoubtedly a very great man, and it seemed daringly wicked to call him "Jerry."

As the faculty sat before us in chapel, winged out like a coat of arms on either side of the high presidential box, there was no kindlier face than that which shone out from the first seat on the north, the cold scientific side,— the fatherly face of Professor Samuel S. Greene, whom we rejoiced to call "Betsey." It was not only on account of Greene's English Grammar that we thought him great. He was unmistakably inspired of pedagogics whatever it might be he taught. There was not much pedagogics abroad then in the land, neither had child study nor the psychological laboratory yet preëmpted all the "method" claims, but "Betsey" Greene was a teacher and devoted to teaching *per se*. It mattered little to him what the subject was — algebra, mechanics or grammar, if only he could seem to set a mind aworking. His faith in the value of pure and naked mind and in the etymology of the word education was so firm and great that it became his peculiar pleasure to *educe* the lesson of the day out of the pure mind substance of a pupil innocent of all special knowledge thereof. For illustrative apparatus in astronomy, mechanics, trigonometry there mostly sufficed him a black globe, a lead-pencil and an ink-bottle, and he was withal a lovely soul and much beloved.

Of my freshman ideas concerning the other professors I can only remember that Professor Clarke made the impression of not telling all he knew; that about the person of the professor of chemistry, whose experiments always succeeded and whose work went off with a dash and precision, there hung a certain atmosphere of clean-cut modernity; that the new professor of physics, Professor Blake, gave promise of bringing in much fresh air with him; and

that Professor Bancroft, though always overworked, was a great exponent of correct style in writing and of "pure tone" in speaking. He was, as I now know, a most faithful, helpful man. Most of us came to owe him for definitely useful instruction more than we owed any other college teacher. His teaching of English literature

View down College Street, 1873

was hopelessly embarrassed by a slavish adherence to a hopeless textbook, but his instruction for writing and speaking counted for good.

The library with its thirty-eight thousand books made a profound impression upon me. Its mysterious alcoves lined to the high ceilings with delicately matched volumes

whose solemn backs proclaimed their worth; the boxes of cards on the window-seats which, written in the noble caligraphy of the librarian, presented an array of titled opportunities for learning such as my eye had never seen; the loving care of Dr. Guild as he patted the backs of the books on the shelves and constrained them to euphuistic order; the story of the rare editions and wonderful collections which the librarian was glad to tell, even to freshmen — all these combined to make the library in my eyes by far the most dignified and worshipful department of the college. The orderliness of the books in their clever arrangement by size and binding played no small part in the impression, but I remember some years later a rising doubt, when on finding a shelf of interspersed volumes in Arabic, Shan, Cherokee and Persian, I asked the assistant what particular classification that shelf represented, and received the answer: "That shelf, Mr. Wheeler, represents a body of languages with which the librarian is *totally* unacquainted." Still every old graduate of Brown remembers with deepest thankfulness the good cheer and welcome with which this devoted friend of the university made us all feel at home in the library. In this regard he was the great forerunner of the modern type of the librarian.

My earliest impressions regarding the government of the college associate themselves, firstly, with a staid address of counsel delivered to the freshmen by Professor Clarke on the opening day of the year; secondly, with a printed copy of the rules delivered to us at that time in which we were forbidden to use burning fluid in our rooms or to attend the theatre; thirdly, with the perception that the president was an officer who read scriptures and prayed in the morning, and dispelled bonfires and mobs at night; and lastly, with the recognition that the faithful and excellent registrar, the Rev. William Douglas, who

preached weekly at the state's prison, and kept account of the student's marks and tuition and room bills, thus performing, as some witty student discovered, the dual task of an ancient disciple who both preached and sat at the receipt of customs,— that this much-tried worthy was as-

Professor J. Lewis Diman, 1851
(Taken about 1880)

sociated with the two hard-worked janitors of Hope College and University Hall in the odious and mostly unprofitable task of repressing minor evil-doings and detecting evil-doing minors. The registrar and his family lived with us in University Hall, much I fear to their discomfort

and irritation of spirit, but the only thing about the arrangement which tended to give us the "home feeling" was the established privilege of going to the registrar's kitchen on Saturday evening for a pitcher of hot water to tone the weekly bath of preparation. On other occasions our sole reliance was the old well at the southeast corner of University Hall with its two buckets suspended over a wheel, or the iron pump back of Hope College. I never heard either suspected of germs. I suppose it was before the day of germs. A dead cat was found once in the lower well, but was removed without apparent injury to the water. We lived a comfortable and self-contained life. We were very small, but did not know it. We played baseball on the campus directly behind University Hall with the first base hard by the northeast door and the home plate a few feet north of the path joining Manning Hall and the chemical laboratory. Here we played football, too, in monster mob games with half the college participating. Everybody knew everybody else, and the cream-cakes and candy of "Old John" the appleman had made him common friend, if not common creditor, of us all. Entire classes almost unbroken by electives passed year after year through the same courses, taught by the same men with the same questions, the same jokes, the same reviews and back-reviews, so that our life was founded in common experiences and provided with common pabulum for thought and allusion.

It was indeed a cozy college and small, but for us it became great, because in the compactness of its life all its resources were available to use with a minimum of waste.

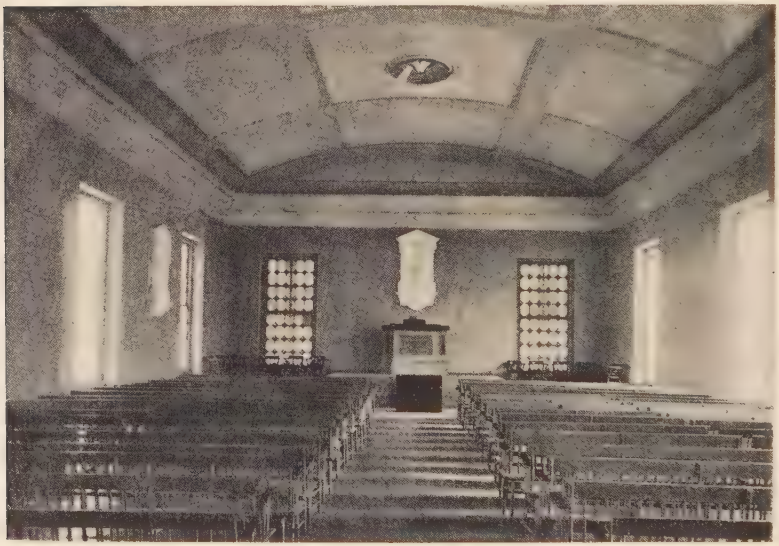
Benjamin Ide Wheeler, 1875.

When Dr. Robinson Came to Brown

R. ROBINSON entered upon his active duties as president of Brown University in September, 1872, and hence had his first experiences with the class of '76. At the time of his assumption of the high office, Dr. Robinson held decided ideas as to the discipline of the students. The class of '76 was imbued with the revolutionary spirit of 1776, and many were the clashes between the vigorous and strenuous president and his active subjects.

Soon after the opening of the term, Dr. Robinson assembled the class and delivered a lecture on the necessity of obedience to the rules of the college. At the close he asked all those who intended to obey the rules of the college to rise. In looking over the class he found that there were two who had not arisen. He immediately turned around with his rapid movement and asked them: "Do you intend to obey the rules of the college or not? Upon your decision rests the question whether you shall stay in college or not." One of the two, perhaps a little bolder than the other, suggested he did not really know what the rules of the college were. Dr. Robinson said: "It makes no difference what they are, they are the rules of the college and they shall be obeyed." This member of the class

then suggested that he had been told that one of the rules was that every member of the college should attend church twice each Sunday and he thought this was a too strict requirement. Dr. Robinson immediately said: "Is that a rule of the college?" Receiving no definite answer he said: "It doesn't make any difference whether it is the rule of the college or not, one attendance at church on Sunday is enough."



The Old Chapel, 1874

Another incident of the clash of the president of the college with the class of '76 was when Dr. Robinson having in our freshman year suspended one of the members for bringing a cane upon the campus at an inopportune

time, so that it led to a class contest, the class thought that the member was improperly suspended, and appointed a committee to visit Dr. Robinson in relation to the matter. This committee was selected with great care and consisted of five members of the class. They went to Dr. Robinson's office, which was in the president's house (at the top of the hill) and when one of the members knocked at the door, he was told in a gruff voice to "Come in." The committee entered the room and found Dr. Robinson busily writing. They waited a few minutes and getting no greeting they all sat down. Immediately they had done this Dr. Robinson threw down his pen and in a loud voice said: "You may stand, gentlemen." The men rose as though they had been shocked by a galvanic battery, the knees of each member becoming as stiff as ramrods. The next question of Dr. Robinson was: "Why do you come?" One of the members feebly suggesting the purpose that brought them there, he turned upon the member making the suggestion and said: "I have no doubt you ought to be dismissed from college too, and unless you gentlemen retire at once I shall see that you are all suspended." Hence nothing came of the determined attitude of the class to relieve the member from unjust suspension.

Richard B. Comstock, 1876.

View from the roof of University Hall

President Robinson on the Rush Line

IN the early days of President Robinson's administration, there were many impromptu rushes between the lower classes. The president vigorously disapproved of these, and either he or the registrar, "Billy Dug," usually appeared on the scene before the rush culminated. It is safe to say that the distant appearance of the president was heralded by the cry, "Here's Zeke," and this by the immediate and total disappearance of all participants. When the registrar, however, appeared as the queller, the combatants withdrew slowly and sullenly, firing as they went many a gun of ridicule and objurgation, since the registrar was not held in quite as much awe.

The president always bore down upon the mob with gigantic strides and a threatening and imposing front. His silk hat was usually well back upon his head and his frock coat was unbuttoned, while its long tails floated behind him. His high patrician features were mantled with more than the paternal severity of a "Roman father" as he thundered from afar, "Disperse, young men, disperse."

On one occasion, '76 and '77 were struggling in the rear of Hope when the dread cry of "Zeke" arose. In less time than it can be told, every boy but one had disappeared in the then cavernous depths of Hope. That unfortunate one, the writer, in his haste bumped into the college pump, and was thrown backward upon the ground. As he picked himself up he saw no living being save the

president, who stood over him and who in stentorian tones shouted, "Disperse, young man, disperse."

One evening, somewhat late, after a baseball victory over Harvard, several of the boys went down street to a "little supper." The floors above the restaurant were used for a hotel. One of the boys felt very well, indeed, and when in this condition his favorite pastime was to attempt to sing "Lauriger." On this occasion he was doing unusually well, both as to volume of sound and distinctness of utterance, when the proprietor came up and said: "I really must ask you not to sing so loudly. You are disturbing the guests who are sleeping above."

Our friend, in perfect seriousness and with the preternatural gravity which often accompanies his condition, replied, "How in blazes can I disturb them when I am singing in a language they don't understand?"

William C. Joslin, 1876.

President Robinson and the Valedictorian of Seventy-seven

The following story was told me by "Possum" Knight, '77:

President Robinson, though somewhat stern and impatient of opposition, yet understood and appreciated frankness.

The class of '77 were assembled for metaphysics. Thomas, the class valedictorian, "brawling Tommy," as the boys sometimes called him on account of his hearty exuberant manner, was called upon for a passage in the preceding lecture.

He recited it smoothly, word for word, as dictated.

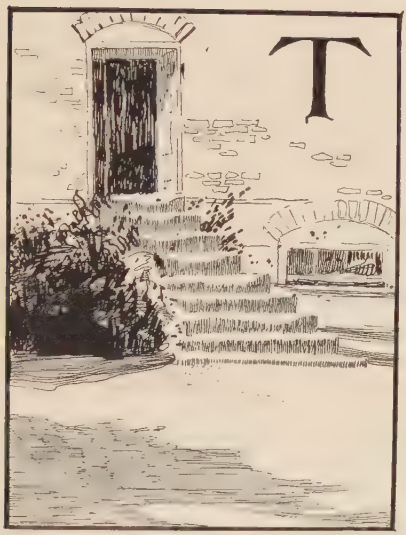
"Humph! humph!" ejaculated the president, "said like a parrot, but what does it mean?"

"Well, sir," replied Tommy, calmly, "I read it over three or four times and couldn't see any sense in it, so I just learned it by heart."

"Ah, well!" said President Robinson, "I must have failed to make myself intelligible. Let me explain."

Walter Lee Munro, 1879.

The College Buildings in Other Days



THE college could boast of but five buildings when I first entered upon my term of service at Brown in 1877 — University Hall, Hope College, Manning Hall, Rhode Island Hall and the chemical laboratory. Under the above heading I have attempted to record several incidents and facts regarding these buildings many of which, I believe, have not appeared in print before.

University Hall is 150 feet by 46; with a lateral extension of 10 by 30 feet in the centre; and originally a hall, 12 feet wide, ran the full length of the structure. During its early history the first floor, south end, was used for domestic purposes by the steward and his family. The middle and north end were used for recitation-rooms at one time. Professor Lincoln occupied the northwest corner and Professor Jewett the northeast corner. The west central room was used for the chapel exercises and public gatherings, while that on the east side served for a dining-room, or, as it was called,

"Commons Hall." The room was furnished with four long tables; one of the tables was called the "Graham table," the food for this table being cheaper and prepared especially for the accommodation of students of limited means.

Mr. Lemuel H. Elliot, registrar and steward from 1825 to 1864, sat at the head table and assumed parental authority, wielding the carving knife with a marked degree of satisfaction. In the latter part of 1907 I had a long interview with a clear-brained old man, Mr. McHale, who had served as errand boy for Mr. Elliot some sixty years before. He was a boy-of-all-work, not only saving the steward many steps, but also assisting Mrs. Elliot in getting ready the large brick oven where her famous Brown pies were cooked. This oven was most capacious, occupying the southwest corner of University Hall, and would hold over fifty pies at one time. The oven was first filled with wood, and, after that was consumed, the hot embers and ashes were carefully brushed out and the pies placed upon the hot bricks. These pies were indeed wonderfully good, and many old graduates refer to them in a tender strain.

In "commons" the dining tables were composed of boards stretched across wooden horses. The seniors were distributed among the different tables and assisted in maintaining order. The breakfast usually consisted of hot brownbread, crackers and milk, the steward slicing the bread at the side table and McHale acting as waiter. The tables were bountifully spread, considering the low price paid by the students, one dollar per week. When anything occurred out of the ordinary, Mr. Elliot would repeatedly rap on the table with the handle of the carving knife.

At this period (1877) University Hall looked more like a well-battered relic than an institution of refinement and culture. The constant passing of students, in and out,

for nearly a century and a half had greatly worn away the old steps in the middle, rendering their use in the winter season somewhat hazardous. The low ceilings and poor ventilation, combined with suffocating gases from the ancient furnace and lack of sufficient heat in the

Anthony McCabe

recitation rooms, would often cause the class to "cut." The classroom furniture consisted of large iron chairs screwed to the floor, each one having the right arm large enough to hold a blank-book and inkwell for examination purposes, and once each quarter of a century they would receive a coat of paint. They were all adorned with em-

blems of every description carved out of the thick paint with pocket knives. In those days the temperature of the lecture-room in winter very frequently went below sixty degrees and the iron chairs were a source of much discomfort and chilliness. The thoughtful student soon learned to carry his heaviest overcoat into the lecture-room and with it carefully pad these dreaded ice-cold chairs which seemed never to get warm. In Rhode Island Hall today these indestructible chairs are still to be found. As it is impossible to wear them out they will very likely be still in service when Brown celebrates her bi-centennial.

A long, narrow and very high walnut table instead of a desk stood on a low platform. When the professor was seated at the table very little of him could be seen except his feet and legs. One day the students determined to perpetrate a joke on a professor who was of a very nervous and retiring temperament. After they had taken their seats and the recitation had begun they all fastened their eyes upon his feet, and as a consequence the feet and legs showed positive signs of unrest. He covered his ankles and knees and made unsuccessful efforts to get the conspicuous feet out of sight but to no purpose. Before the hour was half over the learned professor could endure the nervous strain no longer and abruptly dismissed the class. Upon assembling the following day the students found a curtain carefully fastened with brass-headed tacks all around the legs of the table.

The dilapidated condition of the students' rooms in University Hall rendered them uninviting, the repeated and crude repairs made by the college authorities inducing a total disregard of the ancient structure on the part of the students, while the carpenter's bill for repairs one year amounted to $960. In each student's room was a large closet, one half used for coal and the other half for a clothes-press, and in nearly every instance there was a

sign-board and a fish-horn tucked away in a corner. The most prominent thing in the room was the properly named "lazy cord." One end was attached to the latch on the door, and then the crimson cord was carried on pulleys

FRONT CAMPUS, LOOKING NORTH, 1908

along the ceiling to the centre of the room and another end was suspended over the desk and a third over the bed, another by the window and also still another near the wash-stand. The purpose of all this paraphernalia was to avoid getting up when a rap was heard on the door. The

furniture consisted of a bedroom set, generally of pine or ash and occasionally of walnut. Many of the rooms had three and four carpets — as the old one became worn a new one would be nailed down above the old, thus avoiding labor which the students regarded as useless.

Many of the floors of the ancient structure were worn and slanted. The ceilings were cracked and the plaster had fallen away in many places, and, in the absence of whitening for an indeterminate period, became very dark, giving a gloomy appearance to the room. The old windows that served so many years became so rickety and loose that nails had to be driven in to keep them from rattling in the strong winds. The doors were made of soft pine, with frames and panels of thin material. Very often a student returning from recitation in a hurry would use his foot to enter the room. The repeated changing of locks for generations and the repairing of holes with new wood greatly disfigured the doors and gave them the appearance of being ready for consignment to the junk heap. The original locks looked like large blocks of iron nailed on the inside of the door. The brass keys were about six inches long and very clumsy. This unsatisfactory condition continued until about 1880, when Yale locks were furnished for each door. The load of brass and iron in the shape of keys, which the servant had previously carried about while at work, was laid aside and he received what seemed to him a new dispensation.

Each room possessed its own stove, and the students, during the season when fires were needed, emptied all their ashes upon the hall floors. Each floor carried its own load of ashes and as spring advanced the deposit became enormously large. It must have been through the aid of divine Providence that this ancient structure never caught fire from this source. Later, galvanized iron barrels were placed upon each floor, chained to a corner in

the hall, to prevent the students from rolling them down the stairs when filled with ashes.

University Hall did not have any water supply until about 1880, nor Hope College until 1885. Each student was supposed to provide water for himself at the old pump

University and Slater Halls, 1908

at the east of Hope College. When the pipes were laid for bringing in Pawtuxet water they terminated at the northeast corner of University Hall with a single outside faucet for the entire university. For some years the student body depended upon this source for supply.

In 1879 some of the students clubbed together for the

purpose of securing their food at a minimum cost. To this end one of their number was appointed to purchase the food and a Mrs. Niles was employed to do the cooking. The enterprise proved a success and many of the students of limited means were benefited by it. At first the south end of the basement of University Hall was fitted up for a dining-room and kitchen, and Mrs. Niles soon became an expert in making johnny-cakes, which were greatly appreciated by the students, Mrs. Niles continued to cook for the students until 1883, when she was obliged to move on account of the renovating of the building. However, no time was lost in securing new quarters at the old parsonage on Angell street, where she remained until the time of the building of the new parsonage.

If a student boarded in University Hall, he entered the basement from the south end through a well-cultivated garden in which there was an old-fashioned well, while near the door of the basement stood a cherry tree. Just beyond this garden stood a small brick building known among the students as "Sprague Hall," which cost more for repairs proportionally than any other building on the campus. It is difficult to understand why such a place was allowed to exist, for it was abhorred by all, and many attempts were made by the students to blow it up. Finally, in 1878, it was demolished and a room in the north end of University Hall was fitted up to serve the purpose for which it was built. Slater Hall now stands on the site once occupied by this undesirable edifice.

An old graduate with whom I was recently conversing referred to the following incident that happened at the close of chapel exercises, then held in University Hall. During the absence of President Wayland, that morning Dr. Caswell presided. At the close of the prayer and just as he was about to pronounce the "Amen" there was a

terrific explosion. The crashing and splintering of wood, together with the great reverberation through the halls caused by the explosion, at first gave the impression that the whole interior of the ancient structure was being violently torn asunder. An examination showed that a bomb

South End of Middle Campus, 1908
Rhode Island Hall in the Centre

of large proportions had been carefully placed against the chapel door and so timed that as Dr. Caswell closed his prayer the bomb accentuated the "Amen" in so violent a manner as to rupture the door and tear it completely off its hinges, filling the entire building with the smoke and

fumes of burning gunpowder. As Dr. Caswell departed, a sympathetic student gently laid his hand on the professor's arm, deprecating such action on the part of anyone who could so far forget himself as wantonly to destroy property and bring desecration upon a religious service. That student was the one who placed the bomb. His connection with the episode remained unsuspected.

The living rooms occupied by Mr. Douglas, the registrar and steward, at the south end of University Hall were nine in number, ten if we count an undesirable bedroom, and were of good size. The main hall of the first floor of the dormitory, which ran lengthwise of the building, abruptly ended at his front door, from which a commanding outlook could be had the length and breadth of this hybrid of dormitory, lecture-rooms, servants' quarters and dwelling-house, where learned professors, students, young children, male servants and housemaids all met in a most democratic fashion. Upon passing through his front door one entered a wide hall, of the same width as the hall above referred to. Upon the west side were his library and parlor; upon the opposite side his sitting-room and bedroom. The stairs were upon this side beginning near the entrance. The basement stairs, upon the opposite side, led below to the dining-rooms, one for the use of his own family and the other for the servants. Also in the basement were the kitchen and laundry.

The University Hall of this period was a place of many odors and noises. During the early years of Mr. Douglas's services as registrar he was much annoyed by some of the students permitting their cooking vegetables to burn to a cinder while absent at their recitations. In those days many of the young men boarded themselves, doing their own cooking; thus often the building would be filled with the odor of scorched turnips and cabbage, which certainly seemed out of place in a building devoted to culture.

The walls of University Hall must have been constructed of durable material in order to have withstood the many shocks and concussions to which they were subjected at midnight. The students returning from their fraternity meetings would keep up a continuous noise, jumping and

East View of Hope College, 1908

pounding on the doors with their canes, and shouting at the top of their voices. These thunderous concussions would reverberate through the long passages and soon everyone was wide awake, for sleep was impossible. One of the most effective noise makers was a large cannon-ball

that weighed about sixteen pounds. When it was set rolling along the halls and came bounding down the stairs in the early morning, some idea can be formed of the annoyance to those who occupied sleeping rooms in the building. No wonder the upper hall was called "Pandemonium." The cannon-ball was captured by President Caswell, and is now in the possession of Professor Clarke.

On one occasion a large cylinder stove was left in the hall outside the door on the fourth floor, where several students found it when returning to their rooms after midnight. Securing a rope and fastening one end around the stove, they descended the stairs dragging down the stove till the last fragment was left at the door of the Sears Reading Room. By this time everybody in the building was up to see what had happened, for the awful crashing and din caused by the stove and its mad descent down the stairs in the stillness of the night were most terrifying. Fully equal to this was the explosion of gunpowder in the hall and the rolling of dumbbells, boulders and iron barrels on the hall floors, which greatly disturbed those who were trying to sleep. These iron barrels were placed at each end of the hall and chained to the wall and were used as ash bins. Very often the locks would be broken and the contents scattered about the halls. The stair treads were made of solid oak timber and hollowed by more than a century of constant use, lopsided, rickety and difficult of ascent. They certainly presented a sorry aspect when strewn with cinders and ashes.

But odor and noise were not the only annoyances for the residents of University Hall. In 1879 occurred the "Deluge." It was the custom to wash the windows of the building twice each year, in April and September, and for this purpose two large puncheons of water were placed in the hallway. On this particular occasion of which we are to speak the work began on the fourth floor in the

south end of the building, and the puncheons of water were placed near the head of the stairs. Soon after these preparations were completed the servants were called down stairs for a short time, and this gave an opportunity for mischief which was quickly improved by one of the students, whose room was near the head of the stairs. He noiselessly opened his door and seizing the puncheons toppled them over with their contents down the stairs, and then stepping quickly back into his room resumed his studies as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile the water poured down the stairs and came through the cracks of the ceiling in great quantities. Everyone was surprised at the sudden appearance of the flood, except the registrar, who at once understood the cause of the trouble. The water came over the side of the staircase and fell just outside of the door of the registrar's office in such a volume that for a time no one could get out of the apartment. As soon as an opportunity came for the professors to leave their rooms, the servants were summoned to the office, and a thorough investigation began. One of the officers was instructed to proceed to the fourth floor and take the names of all the students found there. On arriving in the hall there was nothing to be seen out of the way. The usual rap was given at the door of the guilty one, the "lazy cord" responded, and the officer entered, but found the student at his desk apparently deeply interested in his work. After the usual morning greeting, the officer said that he was authorized to call and take the names of all the students on that floor at the time of the deluge, and ascertain if possible the one responsible for the daring act. The student said that he had heard something going on out in the hall, but as commotions were common he had thought nothing more about it, being very much absorbed in translating several passages in Latin. The investigation resulted in finding out nothing,

and the students were never brought to account for the deluge of 1879.

THE OLD LIBRARY IN MANNING HALL

The arrangement of the rooms in University Hall differed considerably from the present day. In general

there were fourteen rooms on each floor, seven on the east and seven on the west side. Of the seven, six were dormitory rooms, three on either side of the large central recitation-room.

The renovation of University Hall began in April of 1883, when the work of altering the interior was undertaken and completed for the fall term, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. All of the old woodwork was removed and new put in its place, while the brick exterior remained untouched. The old timber was of red oak and each end was laid in cement of a very hard and superior quality, so hard that it would resist a cold chisel.

From the old timbers were made canes, picture-frames, pen-holders and rulers, also round buttons were hollowed out large enough to hold a picture of the building and a poem printed on a brown card, with an acorn suspended by a brown ribbon. The canes were sold for one dollar each at the college and mailed to any alumnus in the country for two dollars. Some of the picture-frames were handsomely carved and even sold for fifty dollars each. On class days for several years these souvenirs were for sale on the campus and hundreds were sold to alumni all over the country.

The final restoration of University Hall was undertaken as late as 1905. In the summer of 1835 the old brick walls of University Hall had been covered with plaster and painted a dark-green color. In more recent years the friends of Brown longed to see it restored to its historic harmony of coloring. Finally through the generosity of Mr. Marsden J. Perry, the work of restoration began in the summer of 1905, and was completed in time for the opening of the college in September of the same year.

No work of recent years has added so much of beauty and charm to the external appearance of this colonial

building as the restoration of the old brickwork, giving the rich coloring which is only possessed by structures of ancient lineage. May the hand of vandals never again

The Old Meeting-house

cover up these beautiful lines by cheap stucco! This beloved building, the only reminder of the early struggles of the university, has now come to its own, and crowns old College Hill, the noblest pile of all the buildings there.

Hope College

Hope College, erected in 1822, and hence not so old by half a century as University Hall, was in its early days in many respects inferior to the latter. In the point of sanitary conditions, it was very poor. It had no cellar until 1885, and no drainage except a small pipe leading from the south division. All the waste water from the inside had to be carried and deposited in a large iron bowl in the south division. Very often during the winter season the water would freeze in the pipes, resulting in the throwing of the water from the windows, leaving unsightly traces upon the snow, and causing complaints to be made to the president. The city water had not been conducted into any portion of Hope previous to 1885. In all the forty-eight rooms occupied by nearly one hundred students every drop of water used was brought in pitchers from the good old well just in the rear of the building, by no means a pleasant task upon a cold winter morning for those occupying the upper floors.

Previous to 1879, it was customary for the students, each of whom operated a coal stove, to deposit their ashes upon the bare floor in a corner of the several halls, making altogether some twelve different places of deposit in the building. There was, as has been said, no cellar beneath the building where the ashes could be carried, and each room possessed but two narrow closets, one for clothing and the other for a coal bin. The frequent protests of the students at these unpleasant conditions finally resulted in steps being taken to improve the appearance of the halls. Large iron ash-cans chained to the wall were placed in each hallway. Frequently when in a hurry the student would throw a hod well heaped with ashes bodily into the receptacle, leaving a portion of the ashes in the can and the remainder scattered about the hall. Thus

did many of the students try in every conceivable way to annoy the college authorities and render their labor more difficult.

The subject of coal supply brings to mind an incident which happened in the early eighties. Three students (A, B and C) engaged room 18, Hope College, and early in the autumn put in a supply of coal for the winter. Two of the young men (A and B) failed in their first examination and left college, giving up their plans for a higher education. This action entailed upon their comrade the entire expense of the room, which he was unable to meet, thereby compelling him to give up the room as well as to secure a purchaser for the coal. By this time nearly all the students had provided for their supply. It was well into the winter before the young man could dispose of the coal. In the meantime the students in the adjoining room were having a comfortable and cosy time in their well-heated apartment. These students were close friends of the young man in room 18, who was a daily caller in this room. His welcome was always most cordial, and he enjoyed to the utmost the well-heated quarters during those early days of winter, and often remarked how bright and cheerful the roaring fire appeared. Now the coal closets of the two rooms adjoined, being separated only by a light partition. The students deprecated the fact that so much good coal on the other side of the partition was not serving its purpose, and decided to put it to a better use. Promptly, therefore, they acted by cutting a small opening through the partition and a most bountiful supply of coal was at their disposal. One bitterly cold evening in particular, Mr. C called and remarked to his friends, "This is a delightful fire for such a cold night." "Yes," replied one of them and at the same time requested his roommate to heap the fire still higher as their old friend had just come in and enjoyed the roaring blaze.

This was done so freely that the unsuspecting owner of the coal asked them if they were not somewhat extravagant in the use of the coal, also remarking, "Well, this is certainly delightful," as he stretched his arms towards the red hot stove. Thus day after day he unwittingly enjoyed the heat from his own coal. Finally, after long delay, he found a customer, and hastened to his former room only to find an empty coal bin. It did not appease his wrath when he realized that all the comforts he had enjoyed at the room of his dear friends during the cold winter nights were paid for by himself.

It was at Hope College that the disturbing element located itself and carried on hazing to a high degree. On one occasion a crowd of sophomores gathered in the north division to haze a freshman, when he fired into the air two shots from a revolver for the purpose of intimidating the hazers. It had the desired effect; all fled from the room. The sophomore nearest to the revolver thought he had been shot, and his classmates took him to a street lamp and hunted him over for bullet holes. The freshman is now a biologist of national fame.

Another interesting case of hazing took place in room 20, first floor, middle division, east side. About eighteen masked students called on a freshman and requested him to mount a table and make a speech. It was not long before a crowd gathered about the door of the room and attracted the attention of the officers of the college. The registrar and a servant appeared at the door and upon being refused admittance ordered the door forced open. With the aid of an axe this was accomplished. While the entrance was being forced, the lights were suddenly extinguished and all the hazers escaped through the windows, taking the glass and sash with them. The freshman was left standing on the table. The registrar requested him to come down, telling him that he would

furnish him with a bed for the remaining part of the night. The most remarkable feature of this incident is that all escaped identification.

It was a well-known fact that no outsider could enter and leave the building without receiving some attention at the hands of the students that was often not agreeable. One of the victims who suffered most was the expressman. As soon as he entered the building the students would hasten from their rooms and loosen all the straps that were attached to the wagon. Only for the imperturbable good nature of the honest man he would soon have declined to enter the building at all and left the young men to go to the company's office for their parcels.

At the period when stoves were in use in Hope College, it was common for students to shave themselves, taking advantage of the stoves to heat the water. When in a hurry they would seize the most convenient vessel at hand. The old pump did not escape, but frequently had to give up the iron dipper that hung by its side. This state of affairs did not meet the approval of the students in general, for the students in University Hall also had to draw from the old pump. Finally there appeared one morning a very large iron dipper with the inscription cut upon the inside, "Presented to Brown University by Charles M. Sheldon," one of the young men then rooming in Hope College. A few days later the dipper disappeared and another one with the same inscription, but much smaller, was promptly put in its place, which latter gift also lasted but a short while. For many years the old pump remained under these conditions, until the class of 1904 presented the college with a new pump and the old one was removed to the Brown Union, where it will continue to recall memories of many interesting incidents connected with its long service.

Hope College was thoroughly and extensively renovated

during the summer vacation of 1884, the alterations resulting in a great improvement over the previous unpleasant conditions.

Manning Hall

Manning Hall was erected in 1837 and named in honor of Brown's first president, James Manning. It was built of rough, uncut flat stones gathered from the neighboring hillside. These were laid in plaster, which was also applied to the exterior walls. In a recent conversation with an old contractor, J. H. Pierce, I learned that in 1861 he removed this original coat of plaster, and picking out the loose stones in the walls applied "a dash coat of lime and sand," there being no Portland cement in the market at that period. It is not generally known that the lofty and gracefully turned Doric columns at the front are entirely constructed of brick around a hollow central core. The circular walls of these pillars are eight or nine inches thick. Mr. Pierce also at the same date executed the fluting upon these columns of an exceptionally hard plaster.

The only method of heating Manning Hall employed for the first fifteen years was by means of stoves. There was no cellar beneath the structure until the early fifties. With the exception of repainting, the exterior covering of the walls has remained the same to the present time. Mr. Pierce ran counter to the mischievous prank-playing of the students in these repairs as well as in other work about the campus. His men had much difficulty in keeping his heavy forty-foot ladder in position, as whenever they were absent even for an hour the great ladder would be lowered to the ground.

This noble Greek temple has been subject to many changes. The first in importance came in 1886, when

the three ancient furnaces, which in cold weather often failed to raise the temperature above fifty degrees, were removed and steam heat was introduced. The walls of the chapel at this time were of a dark and smoky hue, which imparted a decidedly gloomy and sombre appearance. In the centre of the platform stood an old fashioned pulpit with a green top and a rest for the Bible. This pulpit, which was fenced in and entered by small double doors swinging in, was long ago removed to give place to a modern desk.

In front of the pulpit, but on the same floor as the seats, stood the cabinet organ. It was a Mason & Hamlin organ and of small size for so large a hall. The students, however, were justly proud of the instrument as it had remarkable volume and a fine tone. Contrary to the custom nowadays, the organ was so placed that the organist faced the audience. The singing at the morning exercises was led by this organ up to 1889, when a much larger one was obtained. The seating arrangement was much the same in Manning Hall as it is now in the present chapel, although, of course, on a much smaller scale, there being only accommodation for about two hundred and fifty students. Each settee was numbered on the back, and they were placed in four rows. The freshmen and sophomores occupied the two outside rows and the juniors and seniors the two centre rows. On both the left and right of the pulpit seats were arranged for members of the faculty. At this time the professors as well as the students were required to attend morning prayers, and each professor walked out at the head of his class.

President Robinson was the first to enter. It was interesting to see him rise to speak, for no one could help admiring the dignity and venerable appearance of this man with snow white hair, as he rose slowly, and then straightened himself up, thrusting one hand into his

pocket. The alumni will also recall the great regularity with which he did everything. One student often set his clock by the rising of the shades in the president's study, which he could plainly see from his room in University Hall. At the first sound of the bell President Robinson would open the door of his home and slowly descend the steps, and he would be in the pulpit before the bell stopped ringing, which was in three minutes. In five minutes from the first stroke of the bell the chapel doors were closed. No matter if a student had run all the way up College Hill and was on the last step when the door was closing, he dared not enter. A most disgraceful hissing and very unpleasant disturbance arose one morning, when the professor of rhetoric entered the chapel immediately after the door was shut. On several occasions students who were late in rising would don a pair of slippers and a long dressing-gown, and in this scant attire rush into the chapel while the door was closing at their heels.

After the renovating of University Hall in 1883, the president's lecture-room was removed from this structure to the old library-room on the lower floor in Manning Hall. This change was greatly appreciated by the students, the new room being a vast improvement over the old lecture-room, which was small, inconvenient and low-studded. The new room was supplied with sixty slender pine tables, seventeen inches square, having a shallow drawer, three by twelve inches, designed for the students' stationery. At the close of the lecture the students in their haste to leave would often push the tables and chairs rapidly aside, thereby causing such a commotion that the noise could be heard over the entire campus.

A contractor of those days, the Mr. Pierce previously referred to, still living at an advanced age, clearly recalls an incident that Mr. Elliot, the college steward, related

in the forties. A well-known lecturer was to speak in the chapel. The steward with the assistance of the servants collected all the chairs and benches, placing them in order the evening previous. Securely locking the door he retired for the night. Being somewhat wakeful he arose soon after midnight, thinking he would inspect the lecture-room. What was his amazement to find the chapel empty of all chairs and benches, and absolute stillness prevailing. He at once awakened the servants and began a thorough search for the missing chairs. Finally, towards morning, they were discovered in a swamp near Thayer street. Upon returning the chairs to the chapel, Mr. Elliot remained upon guard in the room until the usual exercises of the day began. At the close of the steward's long service at Brown, a well-known educator called upon him and speaking of this incident stated that he was one of the boys that took an active part in this affair. The educator later became president of a college.

Rhode Island Hall

Rhode Island Hall, erected in 1840, was one of the prominent buildings in the seventies. Among the familiar faces to be seen there were those of Professors Jenks, Parsons, Greene, Blake and John Peirce. At almost any time of the day or night, one of these men could be found at work in his particular department.

Professor Blake occupied a private room in Rhode Island Hall, where he conducted a great part of his experiments and researches in physics. Here he was wont to meet those students particularly interested in the scientific work of his department. He would devote hours at a time to this work with the students, who came to look upon their teacher with a great deal of affection. There

was not a man upon the entire teaching force of the college who devoted his time more assiduously to the development of his particular department than Professor Blake. His aim was not simply to teach the class physics, but to improve, if possible, every scientific instrument employed to impart that knowledge. He was by no means satisfied with the best, as it then existed, but was constantly seeking to add improvements or else to design entirely independent apparatus. This very arduous labor was carried on in Rhode Island Hall from early in the morning until far in the night. There in his laboratory he could be found at almost any hour, outside of his classroom work, designing new apparatus and improving instruments of precision for teaching purposes, as well as for physical investigation. He possessed preëminent mechanical ability as well as inventive genius to a high degree. It has been profoundly regretted by his intimate associates that his routine work of the classroom so occupied his time as to preclude that development of the spirit of invention which he markedly showed in at least two directions, certain important discoveries in photography, also in the improvement of the telephone.

The walls of the museum at this period were almost entirely covered by portraits done in oil of many well-known benefactors of the college and of the older professors, as well as of men and women who have become eminent in other spheres of usefulness. This well-known collection of portraits was being constantly added to by gift, so that the walls became greatly crowded and the paintings were seen at much disadvantage. It was thought best not to divide the collection and distribute it among the different buildings, since that would detract much from its interest and value. This difficulty was solved by the erection of Sayles Memorial Hall, and this extremely valuable collection was soon transferred to the new location.

Professor Jenks came to Brown University in 1874 as director of the museum of natural history. Entering upon his work with much energy and enthusiasm, he soon gathered a multitude of objects, both curious and instructive. He used the southwest corner of the basement as a dissecting-room, and the walls were well covered with all kinds of serpents, lizards, toads and strange reptiles. One of the most difficult specimens to prepare was a large sea turtle caught in Buzzards Bay in 1881. It weighed about one hundred pounds, but its weight was not to be compared to the strength of the odor which arose while the professor was preparing it for final exhibition. After it had received the proper treatment it was kept in alcohol for more than a year, and then taken to the attic. This attic was so low-studded that an ordinary man could not stand erect, and there were no windows and no means of ventilation except by opening the scuttle. The greatest wonder was how the professor could work for hours in this confined place with the utmost indifference to the foul atmosphere. Only a naturalist can understand and fully appreciate the disagreeableness of the task. He continued at his labors, disregarding the dampness of his room in the basement, which finally caused him to lose the control of his feet, and for several months he was unable to walk.

Professor Jenks could be seen at the museum at any season of the year except while he was abroad collecting specimens for it. Often when visitors entered the room and became interested in some object, suddenly there would arise a loud voice from across the room, and looking around they would see a venerable old man with a long beard as white as snow, having on his head a small cap ornamented with blue trimming. In a pleasant and interesting manner he would explain all about the specimen, where it existed and how it was secured for the mu-

seum. When Professor Jenks was a boy of sixteen he began to keep a diary and became most methodical and diligent in the entering of every detail of a life filled with boundless activities and daily research. This labor continued without interruption during the remainder of his long life and ended only a few weeks previous to his death in September, 1894, at an advanced age. The manuscript of this diary is most voluminous, comprising over half a million words. It was divided into two general divisions—the larger portion his "Biography," and the smaller entitled "The Journeys." During the summer of 1894 he engaged me to make six typewritten copies of the manuscript. The typewritten copy was never to be printed, and was to be adorned throughout with beautiful illustrations gathered at intervals during his long life from widely separated places. Each volume consisted of one hundred leaves. As rapidly as a volume was completed I carried the sheets to Professor Jenks for any additions or corrections he might desire. I very clearly recall the great pleasure and elation he manifested upon the completion of each volume. His death occurred before the entire task was finished. When I called upon him at his room on College street only a few hours before his death, his mind being still active and clear, he remarked, as if foreseeing what was very soon to occur, "If I should be called suddenly to my heavenly home, my son will carry out my plan." He then made out his check and paid me for my services, this act being his last business transaction. Soon after he passed away. His wish as to the final completion of the work was sacredly regarded and fulfilled by his son, Elisha T. Jenks. Upon completion the "Biography" comprised nine volumes and "The Journeys" six volumes, a total of fifteen hundred typewritten pages.

Anthony McCabe.

The Cæsar Augustus Statue
Given to the University by M. B. I. Goddard, 1854

Brilliant Seventy-eight

THE second division of '78 was as formidable an aggregation as ever broke a college law or stampeded a classroom. It resolved with singleness of heart that it could and would do something, in its feeble way, to broaden the minds of the professors; that instead of the second division seeking to stand well in the esteem of the professors, it should be that the peace of mind and the pleasantness of a professor's well-being should depend upon his good standing with the second division, and that all the jokes and pleasantries must be supplied by the second division! It was resolved that all jokes emanating from a professor should be received with unsmiling solemnity. Two or three of the timid and flunky type broke the compact and laughed at a professorial pleasantry, but they were duly impressed that should they do so again it would mean an interruption of their good health.

"Tim" was slow to recognize the changed order, and could not comprehend the berserker spirit; his best joke had been received with a groan, and his enlightenment began when one of the leading spirits arose to recite, and parodied one of the professor's most elaborated and polished periods on the glory of the Elizabethan age; the division broke into prolonged and hilarious approval! "There," exclaimed Tim, "you have spoiled that, and I will have to change it!" But such truculence could not go unpunished! The professor had it in for him and thought his time had come when he placed upon the

blackboard a sentence from his essay as follows: "Outstripping Egyptian Cleopatra in the prodigality of her display, Queen Catherine strewed her foot-mat with pearls." The sentence proved a puzzler to the division; various criticisms were offered, but none touched the fault. When at last none seemed likely to detect the blunder, the professor exclaimed, "Why, I am surprised that not one of you does not see that it is a comparison of indelicate suggestion; the word 'outstripping' used with reference to two ladies." "Oh-oh-oh-ah-ah" groaned the division, whereupon the author of the sentence innocently remarked, "Professor, I suppose the writer went upon the theory that 'to the pure all things are pure!'" The professor opened his mouth to reply, but the second division had broken into pandemonium!

As everyone knows, the class of '78 was the most brilliant and victorious that ever stirred the classic shades of old Brown. "Zeke" was at the zenith of his white fame and imperial rule. "Grif," the sweet songster from the old Granite State, had withdrawn his luminous splendor from '77 to add one more inimitable glint to the peerless glory of '78. He had been visited in the "witching hour of night" by some friends, who burst his door open and deluged him in bed with successive pails of cold pump-water. "Griff" had laid his excelsior mattress on the tar-walk in the rear of Hope College to dry. Just at the quiet-colored edge of eve, "Possum," he of the "seal-skin poll," carelessly spilled a can of Standard oil on the dried mattress, when "Ikie," the "moon-faced darling of us all," dropped a lighted match thereon. Presto! Flame, leaping to the very stars! Up went the windows in the rear of old Hope! Out went such a cry of "Fire! Fire!" multitudinous and unanimous, plural and vociferous, as shattered the placidly flowing Seekonk a mile away. Prex stood just under the window of one whose voice

boomed in stately thunder, calling on all the pagan divinities and otherwise to witness such an excellent fire! His remarks were eloquent, of timbre unexcelled and of surpassing carrying quality!

The next morning, a shame-faced and trembling company met Prex in the office; some stood pale and awed before the terrible aspect of Jovian wrath.

Prex. "Mr. L., what had you to do with that disgraceful disturbance last night?"

L. "I stuck my head out of the window and yelled, sir."

Prex. "Yelled, did you?"

L. "Yes, sir; lustily!" (There was a sign of the marble wrath of Jove breaking into a grim smile.)

Prex. "Didn't you know, sir, that you were breaking the laws of the college besides disturbing the whole neighborhood for miles around?"

L. "No, sir; I just stuck my head out and yelled to exercise my voice!"

Prex. "Don't let this occur again, gentlemen; and, Mr. L., the next time you feel like exercising your voice, I would advise you to go to the Seekonk, sir! You are excused."

Charles H. Pendleton, 1878.

John Carter Brown Library

Marrying Before Graduation

OUR excellent and beloved Dr. Clarke may recall an incident in the mathematical-room when he put a problem something like this before the freshmen of '78: "How many inches must be worn from a new grindstone before it is half worn out?" No freshman seemed to apprehend what was required to bring the answer. One remarked, "The first wear is the best." All laughed and the professor said, "If your mathematics proves as good as your wit, you will get on." After class the freshman had the grace to apologize to the professor and to tell him that he knew of no rule to work that problem by. He was indulgently forgiven.

In Manning Hall one morning when '78 assembled to listen to junior orations, Professor T. Whiting Bancroft — of pleasant memory — listened in dumbfounded astonishment to the oration of one who is now a successful physician in the old Bay state, while with the utmost solemnity the junior recited one whole chapter of Professor Bancroft's classroom lectures on "Cardinal Wolsey." A visitor would not have thought he was attending a chapel exercise if he had witnessed the scene that followed the junior's bow. It was some minutes before the professor had the floor. The junior seemed not to have produced much solemnity excepting in the professor.

I was older than most of the boys, and decided in June, '75, to marry. Dire things were prophesied if I did, and the registrar, Mr. Douglas, was questioned in the matter of college laws. No law to prevent being found, I

launched my matrimonial bark upon the beckoning sea. I was preaching at Oaklawn and took up my residence there. Alexander also married before the autumn term. When he appeared as a sophomore, he thought that the authorities had played a joke on him in enacting a law at the June meeting after my marriage, that any undergraduate who should marry would thereby sever his connection with the college. Alexander had a bad half day. When he later found that the registrar had neglected to post the law until the autumn opening, he laughed at the *ex post facto* legislation, and went on with his studies. He thought the joke was on the faculty. Alexander and I both graduated with an A. B. in 1878.

William P. Bartlett, 1878.

College Servants, 1881

Devolution of the Bonfire

IN one important particular bonfires present a direct antithesis to poets, for bonfires are always *made*. We have, of course, all heard suggestions of spontaneous combustion, but they invariably emanated from the brains of students, and these generally not the most studious of the class. These theories never received the sanction of the college authorities.

It is a far call from the bonfire of old, which, whatever its *raison d'être*, was not without a certain rude, barbaric dignity, as well as a spice of danger to its originators, to the emasculated, specially permitted fire of today. The latter, indeed, is only a travesty on the original, and gives delight to none.

As it was our privilege to see the bonfire at the height of its glory, when proved participation spelled expulsion, it is now our pleasure to trace its gradual devolution, and to show how, at one time, the students, at another, the authorities, have been found arrayed upon the side of law and order, and the conservation of property.

In the olden time bonfires were sporadic and broke out when some special occasion imperatively demanded them, or when some hilarious spirits could no longer resist the ebullitions of the rude primeval instinct within them. They were characterized by a wanton destruction of property in the shape of fences, gates, building materials from houses in the course of erection, in fact anything combustible within reach. They were accompanied by a

veritable pandemonium of yells and were participated in by the entire student-body in residence. The college authorities, too, took an active part, though it must be confessed that their efforts were generally obstructive. More than once the old volunteer fire department turned out with their hand-tubs and dragged them up College Hill, intent on extinguishing a supposed residential fire. While they hustled about scattering the bonfire upon one side, the boys built it up upon the other. So sharp did the conflict become on some occasions that it is a miracle that the dormitories escaped a wetting-down at the hands of the fire-laddies.

Building operations were looked upon with favor by the boys, who saw in them not merely a fertile source of materials for bonfires, but also a sure supply of firewood for the stoves with which each room was formerly warmed. Who of us has not returned from supper carrying a bundle of laths or a window-frame destined for his bodily comfort? We well remember the occasion when, some of these materials proving refractory, their adopted owners returned to the building and borrowed a saw from the carpenter's kit for their more ready demolition. Pocket money was scarce, it was necessary to be warm in order to study, and "Necessity knows no law."

It was reserved for our class, the class of '79, to evince the first signs of law-abiding respect for property, and, sad to relate, our efforts were not appreciated and the president unconsciously took his stand upon the side of disorder.

Early in January, '76, it was decided that it was incumbent upon us to have a bonfire and the function was arranged precisely upon the lines of the faculty-conducted bonfires of today. Thus early in their career did the class of '79 show the stamp of progress. A committee was appointed to purchase tar-barrels and arrange for

their transfer to the college campus, exactly as is now done. Billy Ely, to whom fell the honor (?) of attending to the business, bought the materials and engaged a trusty expressman. It was arranged that Malcom, another of the committee, should meet the teamster at a certain time and place. George's devotion to his studies led him to overlook the appointment and a different expressman had to be employed at the eleventh hour. This proved William's undoing, as will be seen anon.

The fire came off according to schedule and was participated in by the president and Billy Dug as well as the whole student-body.

The next morning, bright and early, the president hied him to the old depot, sought out the expressman and, for a consideration, induced him to call at the office on the hill and point out the guilty purveyor of inflammables. So Billy Ely got into trouble and was awarded a vacation not down in the catalogue on his contumaciously refusing to reveal the names of all those concerned with him. He was also reproached somewhat acrimoniously with having purloined the tar-barrels from a contractor on Aborn street. The president was exceeding the speed limit just then and had to slow down when William proposed a visit to Chambers & Calder's store to settle the question.

A day or two later the president announced in chapel that "unless those who were concerned with Mr. Ely came to him voluntarily he would be obliged to summon them, in which case Mr. Ely's sentence might be changed to expulsion." Actuated by the conscientious regard for the good of others which ever characterized our class, Malcom and Eddy decided to go to the office. It so happened that their fathers were known and held in respect by the president. Hence the young men were graciously received and asked to take a seat and inquiry was made

as to the object of their visit. Confession under such circumstances became a painful duty. Unfortunately the story leaked out and they had to endure the gibes of their fellows. Still "the confessors" had the *mens conscia recti* to sustain them.

In the fall of '76 bonfires for the first time became epidemic and it was all due to the president's initiative. The class of '80, then freshmen, were always meek and lowly, and fires, but for the president's instigation, would have fallen into innocuous desuetude.

The term was several weeks old when President Robinson announced in chapel that "there would be no bonfires that year and any man found making one would be expelled." This language seemed too bold and arrogant to some of his hearers and it was decided to give the freshmen one week to take up the gauntlet, failing which the sophomoric dignity would so far unbend as to permit of its being lifted.

The freshmen proved unreliable. It was, therefore, resolved by the committee that there should be one fire a week until further notice. Even in this instance, though spurred on to wrong-doing by the president, the class showed its regard for the rights of property as well as a budding perception of the necessity of safeguarding the community by removing dangerous collections of inflammable material. For well-nigh a century there had been accumulating in the attic of Hope College a mass of decrepit and worn-out furniture, packing boxes and papers, which was a menace to the building. It was decided to utilize these. On the plea of footballs upon the roof the key of the attic was kept throughout the fall in the room of one of the committee. Without ostentation the selected material was removed to the room of the committeman, anointed with kerosene and conveyed to the campus quite near the rear door of the middle division so as not

to disturb too seriously Wayland Douglas, the assistant registrar, and the rest of the denizens of University Hall. The match was then applied. Thus was combined a minimum of labor with a maximum of safety.

The fires came off very auspiciously. After one or two weeks the president inaugurated the salutary custom of having two of the "slaves" on watch each night, thus securing them good rest on the alternate days. Anthony McCabe, or Antonius Maccabeus the "Last of the Maccabees," as Robert Burbank called him, and Graham kept one watch. This was a very convenient arrangement. We recall one beautiful moonlight night when certain hilarious spirits arrived on the campus at about 1 A. M. and decided to have athletic sports. The three-legged race was about to be started when Anthony and Graham appeared. They were at once pounced upon and posted upon opposite sides of the course as umpires. Wayland Douglas arrived a few moments later and was hailed with acclamations as referee. He was posted conveniently and the sports went on.

This, however, is a digression. To return to the epidemic. Each week produced its fire, and the committee noted, with satisfaction, the steadily diminishing pile of rubbish in the attic. Each week, too, the kerosene spot on the carpet of the committeeman waxed broader and stronger, and an unbroken trail extended from his door to the campus. "Tute" Davis at that time roomed in the middle division, and no earthly power could, under ordinary conditions, have prevented detection, as eyes and olfactories were assaulted each time he trod that trail. Fortunately for us, the professor's attention was at that time firmly concentrated on his approaching nuptials to the exclusion of all lesser interests. So, with an eye single unto matrimony, he went his way, oblivious of all about him, and the committee labored on in peace.

In due time the climax came. It had by this time become prudent to locate the pyre almost upon the doorsteps, and at once retire within the hall after applying the match. Though laboring for the common good, the committee did not court publicity. There came a Friday night when an old "sink," a legless lounge and certain packing-boxes filled with papers were condemned as too inflammable for the attic. The kerosene inunction was particularly enthusiastic and wasteful. Everything was conveyed to the concrete walk about eight feet from the door, and the match applied. For greater privacy it was deemed wise to bar the backdoor of each division. The building was in darkness, but no sooner did the flames ascend than every window had its head or heads, and from each emanated a mighty voice. Stillman roomed in University Hall but he was the possessor of a brace of horse-pistols with appropriate ammunition and it was his pleasure to hunt up someone who would borrow and agree to use them. This lent an additional spice. Wayland Douglas and the slaves soon appeared, and Kennedy, the policeman, with them. They were greeted with a perfect fusillade of coal and other movables. Slop-buckets rained their contents down upon them and the horse-pistols barked incessantly. The flames mounted triumphantly. Ye Gods! that *was* a fire.

The committee had accomplished its self-appointed task. It had demonstrated that "prohibition does not prohibit" and that bonfires do not necessarily involve the destruction of valuable property. The members rested from their labors and turned their attention to a series of cane-rushes which were just then inaugurated.

Their efforts were not unrewarded, for, before the rushes were through with, they had been fittingly recognized and given a special vacation to be enjoyed away from the college campus. The story of these happenings is told

elsewhere by my friend Marsh, who would appear to have a guilty knowledge of the matters of which he writes.

Furthermore, the president had learned a lesson, and the devolution of the bonfire had made mighty progress. Sporadic fires, according to the old regime, have occasionally occurred, but they have been perfunctory and not accompanied by the old-time zest. Gradually, even these have died out.

It is not known that the corporation have ever specifically voted a bonfire; but it is an established fact that when the occasion seems to them to call for it, the president and dean hold a confab, select the date and spot for the conflagration, appoint a committee of quiet and trusty students, furnish them with materials, notify the undergraduates to be ready to assemble, and the farce is enacted. It takes a shirt-tail parade to make it go.

O Bonfire! thy glory hath departed. Thou art become but an echo and a memory of the past.

Walter Lee Munro, 1879.

College Servants, 1890

Dimanesque

THE following anecdotes of Professor Diman are too good to be lost.

The class of '80 were seated in the south room in Rhode Island Hall. Professor Diman, as his custom was, sat behind the desk, revolving a pencil in his hand, tapping alternately with either end, while his gaze was attentively fixed upon the farther end of Magee street.

Mr. X, being called upon for the "substance of the preceding lecture," rose to his feet with his head inclined forward, in what was then his customary round-shouldered attitude, and proceeded very glibly for one or two minutes, when he suddenly came to a dead halt.

Professor Diman continued calmly twiddling the pencil with his far-away Magee-street look.

The silence became oppressive until the professor, without changing his position or his point of view, blandly remarked, "Will one of the gentlemen on either side of Mr. X kindly turn that page for him?"

At the faculty meeting a few days later, Professor Diman inquired whether any of the gentlemen had had any particular experiences with Mr. X of the class of '80.

No one volunteering anything, he was called upon for an explanation, when he related the preceding incident, adding in conclusion, "When I passed from the room at the close of the hour, Mr. X was without, cursing prodigiously.

Professor Diman was always courteous and dignified, but occasionally incurred the criticism of the students for adhering to the old-time constitutional right of a college professor to pass an undergraduate without recognition, even though he was himself saluted with proper respect.

One spring morning in '76 the usual group of students had gathered about the rear steps of Manning Hall, awaiting the chapel bell, when Professor Diman was seen entering the path which then led diagonally from the corner of Brown street, across what is now the middle campus, to Manning Hall.

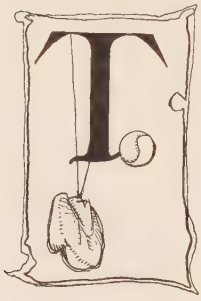
One of the seniors called attention to him by saying, "There comes Jerry, large as life; wouldn't recognize you if his fortune depended on it." "Bet you fifty cents," said one of his classmates, "that he will touch his hat to me."

The bet was at once taken and the senior started toward the professor. When they met he raised his hat in an embarassed way and, clumsily turning out in the wrong direction, almost collided with the unconscious professor, who, with an annoyed look, turned to the opposite side only to find the student once more plumping against him.

The look of annoyance gave way to one of amusement and, smilingly raising his hat, "Jerry" passed him by and repaired to the chapel, while the senior, now free from embarassment, returned to collect his half-dollar.

Walter Lee Munro, 1879.

Seventy-nine's Page of History



HE class of 1879 was few in numbers, graduating only 47 men, but it possessed a notable class spirit. President Faunce remarked, at the great gathering of Brown alumni at Boston in March, 1908, that nowadays the subject of bonfires was left to the students, and a committee had the matter in charge and were held responsible for results. It was so in the days (or rather nights) of '79, and none of the faculty was ever heard to complain that the class committee did not perform their duties faithfully and industriously. True, the personnel of the committee was not then known to the faculty, but this was due to the modesty which distinguished the class. They loved to perform good deeds without publicity, conscious that virtue was its own reward. So in the matter of cane rushes. They did not seek glory, neither did they shrink if it was thrust upon them; but in either case, whatever their hands found to do, they did it with their might.

In their sophomore year they were confronted with a class of freshmen which greatly outnumbered them. The rivalry between the classes was intense. The great annual freshman-sophomore contest, that of football, which was nothing but a prolonged rush, or series of rushes, was won by '79, but '80 won the baseball game. A cane rush between the freshmen and sophomores was then an established institution, and one Saturday evening, late in

the fall of 1876, the class of '80 appeared with a cane on the back campus, stripped for the fray. As but few of the sophomores were on hand that evening, no attempt was made to deprive the youngsters of their precious stick, and after parading the campus for a time they departed unmolested, with derisive yells and groans for the sophomores, and triumphant cheers for themselves. They had the cane sawed into small transverse sections, and appeared Monday morning, at chapel, wearing these as pins, in token of their bloodless victory. This sight acted upon the sophomores like the traditional red rag upon the inflamed bull. After leaving chapel and on the way to recitations, a freshie adorned with one of the obnoxious pins was seized by a sophomore; reinforcements rallied to the aid of each, and soon practically the entire strength of both classes was enlisted, and the melée became general. By all the gods of misrule, that was a battle royal! Clothing was ripped, torn, demolished. Books and other implements of learning strewed the scene of combat, and blood was shed freely by either side in defense of their sacred honors. The struggling mass moved between the buildings to the back (now middle) campus and across it, presenting to the eyes of the justly exasperated faculty their young men, who should have been in their several recitation-rooms listening to words of wisdom and displaying their own learning or ignorance, in a squirming pile of perhaps the size of a haystack, oblivious to everything except the capture or retention of those symbolic pins. Some members of the faculty, supported by the registrar, William Douglas, known to the student body then as "Billy Dug," moved rapidly to the field of carnage. The faculty militant entered the fray with zest and energy. Freshmen and sophomores were pulled from the heap by the legs, arms or head. Many fled, awed by the sight of the powers that were, till finally only

two were left, the sophomore who opened hostilities, and under him the freshman who invited them, breathless and pinless.

Of course, such a breach of college decorum as this could not be overlooked by President Robinson, and five of the sophomores were suspended, one of whom was almost immediately reinstated, the reason for the latter action not being stated and never being clearly understood by the students. None of the freshmen were punished, but the four suspended sophomores were banished from the college grounds for three weeks. One resided in the city. The other three retired to a well and not favorably known resort on Angell street, yclept the " Beanery," the ostensible *raison d'être* of which was the satisfaction of the undergraduate appetite, but, not being of much use in that respect, the real purposes and objects of its proprietor can only be conjectured. They did not pass the period of their exile in sinful luxury. By a combination of their resources they were able to lease a room in the aforesaid boarding house (and that not the bridal chamber), having among its appointments one bed and a stove, and were permitted to furnish firewood or do without heat, as they chose. The days they whiled away with cards and textbooks and other light reading, and in the evenings they prowled around the new library building, which was then in course of erection, gathering up unconsidered trifles among the debris suitable for fuel, and toiling painfully down the hill with them. Owing to the limited sleeping accommodations, a rule was adopted that the last one in at night must sleep on the floor, which tended to promote early hours. Needless to say, the suspended four considered themselves no more nor less guilty than the other participants, and their spirits were light, for were they not suffering martyrdom in a holy cause?

In the meantime the unsuspended portion of the class of '79 held an indignation meeting, the general sentiment of which was that they were as guilty as those who had been selected for punishment, and a committee was appointed to call upon the president. The committee ac cordingly called and informed the president that the desire of the class was that the suspended members be reinstated, or the class be suspended as a body. To this the president responded grimly that any who felt guilty might go, but in that case they might take one last, fond farewell of college life at Brown, as they would not be allowed to return. Another meeting was held to listen to the report of the committee, which was considered most unsatisfactory, and it was unanimously decided not to accept the president's proposition. The committee was instructed to return to the president and inform him that unless the suspended men were reinstated the remainder of the class would suspend themselves; in other words, would bolt. To this the president replied that in that case those already suspended, as well as the bolters, would be expelled. This last threat overawed the class, and after some more meeting and resolving they gradually subsided.

A college disturbance of this sort, accompanied by such serious disagreement between students and president, is of rare occurrence at Brown, and, I believe, has been unknown since that time. It would, perhaps, hardly be worth recalling at this late day if it were not for the notoriety which the affair attained at the time, and for the fact that the sophomore class, or some member or members of it, wrote and caused to be printed and circulated a pamphlet setting forth their side of the case, entitled, "A Page of History, Being a True and Unvarnished Statement of Facts Which We Commend to the Careful Attention of All." The disturbances in the first place,

and then the phamphlet, were widely commented upon in Eastern papers, either editorially or in their news columns, the New York *Tribune* in particular publishing an editorial of about a column in length on the pamphlet entitled, "Student and President," and the vociferations of the sophomores were even wafted across the Atlantic and occasioned editorial comment in the London *News*. It is needless to say that these editorials were carefully transmitted to the president. The pamphlet purported to be a judicial statement of facts with impartial comment thereon, but in reality it was a partisan document, narrating the occurrences from the sophomoric standpoint, and bearing down heavily upon the president, who was charged with favoritism, intimidation, tyranny and a careless handling of the truth. The pamphlet was issued anonymously, and the author or authors have never to this day come forward to claim the credit of their performance. It was a crude and jejune composition, but still of some interest as a typical sophomoric production, and as showing the sophomoric literary style and reasoning processes. As such it reflected little credit upon the lamented Professor Bancroft, the well-known professor of rhetoric at the time, but probably the sophomores had not then had the benefit of his instruction for a sufficient period to enable them to grasp the principles of a lucid, polished, logical and convincing narrative and argumentative style. It was evidently written while the author was smarting under a burning sense of injustice, and is, perhaps, about the sort of document which the Russian Nihilists are writing nowadays anent the Czar and his government, if one of the latter could be translated into sophomoric English. It closed with an appeal to the "corporation and board of trustees" to investigate the president's conduct, and intimated that "if the dignitaries to whom these last words are addressed should think best

to remove the president to other fields of labor, we can assure them that none of the students will pine away through grief for the absent one, and that their mourning for the departed will in no wise interfere with their studies."

Strange to say, the "dignitaries" remained unmoved by this appeal, and, if they investigated, such fact was not made public. Certainly the president was not removed. If he quailed at this onslaught, no outward signs of it were visible, any more than when he was confronted with the threatened class bolt. For a man exposed to obloquy as being guilty of the various kinds of malfeasance mentioned in the pamphlet, he preserved a singularly calm and unruffled exterior. Either he was so hardened as to be impervious to shame and remorse, or else he was actually so benighted as to imagine that he was justified in the measures he took to preserve the peace and discipline of the student-body under his jurisdiction. But if he really was deluded to that extent, it was not the fault of the sophomores. No one can say that they failed to call his attention to the enormity of his conduct.

Looking back now at these occurrences, through the perspective of more than thirty years, it occurs to the writer that possibly something might be said in behalf of the president and his disciplinary measures which he never troubled himself to say. For he made no defence, or even answer, to the indictment of the sophomores.

Edward S. Marsh, 1879.

Reminiscences by President Faunce

THE greatest excitements in college life—as often outside of college—are usually over the smallest issues. The greatest crime of which a student could be guilty in my undergraduate days was the wholly fictitious crime of building a bonfire on the campus; and the supreme demonstration of the power and majesty of the administration was to succeed in putting out the aforesaid bonfire. To prepare that bonfire undiscovered in the darkness required more ingenuity and statesmanship than any course in the curriculum, and to squelch it demanded all the resources of Douglas, the steward, and all the agility of the swift-footed President Robinson.

Curiously enough, our awful reverence for Dr. Robinson was not lessened by his frequent sprinting across the campus in the evening to catch unwary offenders. There was something majestic, even Olympian, in the long stride and flying silvery hair, when seen in the moonlight, and in his tight grasp on a sophomore's coat collar there was the relentless vigor of sixty years of Calvinism. I recall especially one evening, when freshmen and sophomores were struggling over a cane in front of Hope College on a January night. It was a silent battle, save for the crackling and grinding of the crust of the snow. Suddenly there was a warning sound from a window. Then we caught sight of a silk hat and the long coat-tails moving through the shadow of Manning Hall. The dim figure dashed out into the moonlight and gripped our col-

lars. "Call at my office tomorrow morning!" Burdette—since then a devoted missionary in Assam—was suspended. Goodspeed—later a distinguished professor in the University of Chicago—was cross-examined and barely cleared. A dozen others were rusticated for two weeks. Would that all crimes were equally harmless, and all penalties as pleasant to remember!

The most serious midnight occurrence I recollect was the blowing up of S—— Hall by the explosion of a bomb. To the initiated, no description of the architecture and appearance of that venerable structure is needed; and to the uninitiated, no description would be held credible. Suffice it to say that the ancient relic was wrecked and all good men approved the deed. Vandalism is always to be rebuked; but in that case it was vandalism to preserve and righteousness to destroy.

My college chum for two years was Richmond, the famous left-handed pitcher. It had been rumored that he could pitch a curved ball so that if it were sent between upright posts it would go to the right of the first post, to the left of the second, and again to the right of the third. No one believed that possible until Richmond gave a demonstration, on what is now Lincoln Field, and all doubt vanished. Many a night after a game I rubbed the champion's mighty biceps with witch hazel and prepared him for victory another day. In living at 12 Hope College it was his part to bring up the water from the old pump and mine to tend and mend the fire in the stove. Our coal was kept in one closet and our clothes in the other. Frequently the coal and the clothes got into the same bin. After rattling down the stove in the morning I carefully carried out the red-hot coals and placed them on the floor in the corner of the hall. Dangerous? Not at all; Hope College never had burned down and we believed it never could.

Professor Greene we loved, and, if we did not master astronomy in his classroom, we learned to appreciate the broad views and delightful whimsicality of a man who

President William H. P. Faunce, 1880

taught all subjects equally well, and occupied, as Oliver Wendell Holmes used to say, "not a chair but a whole settee." Professor Diman knocked the halos off the

saints, and challenged conventional opinion; but with such wealth of knowledge, such easy mastery of facts, and such urbane and lofty manner as to leave us all in constant admiration. For sheer enjoyment, however, nothing that came to me in college was equal to the classroom of Professor John L. Lincoln. Perched on a lofty chair behind a big desk in dingy 23 University Hall, he made the old Romans walk and talk and joke before us. I worked with him for nearly four years, with ever-increasing delight. I learned more English from him than from any English teacher I ever had. How he beamed and glowed over a happy translation! With what contagious gladness he expounded some *callida junctura* in Tacitus! How he radiated his own joy in the Ars Poetica! How he exploded over some venerable joke in Terence, as if it were the latest cartoon in Punch! The Latin a dead language? No one ever said that who sat under "Johnny Link" in 23 University Hall.

The only 'varsity organization (as we should say today) that I had part in was the glee club. Pretty poor music it seems, as I glance over the old scores now. But it pleased our indulgent audiences, it strengthened our abdominal breathing, and it carried the name and fame of the college from Woonsocket to New Bedford. To hear W. F. Thomas sing his Karen songs—or rather *see* him—until the veins stood out like whipcord on brow and neck was worth the price of admission. "Art" Howe's rich voice was famous, though it did finally quaver and break when in the last chapel service he sang the solo in Alma Mater. And when G. F. Weston struck his manly pose and sang, "There Was a Miller Good and True Beside the River Dee," a swift and vociferous encore was sure to follow. May the men in that old crowd keep on singing through all the darkening and brightening years!

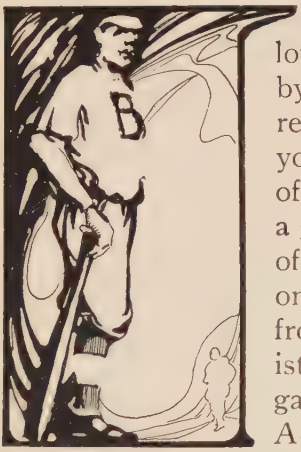
William H. P. Faunce, 1880.

The Romance Department Under Gates

IN the old days, when modern languages were just being introduced into New England colleges, there was a French instructor at Brown by the name of Gates, whose life was not a happy one. His understanding of English was equal to the students' understanding of French, and the misunderstandings of both were plentiful. Usually the students did their only studying during the calling of the roll in the classroom. As the roll was called, each man was supposed to respond "Ici." This response was easily corrupted into "easy," and as the word was shouted from all parts of the room, the indignation of the instructor became boundless. Finally he threatened a hundred demerits to any man who made the "easy" response. Charles Seaver Scott, valedictorian of '77, and a man faultlessly correct in demeanor, was in the class one morning wholly absorbed in learning his lesson during the calling of the roll. Finally Instructor Gates called out "Scott," and the response quickly came, "Easy!" "I gif you one hundred demerits, Mr. Scott," thundered the instructor. "What for?' cried the astonished Scott. "I will see you after class," responded Mr. Gates. Mutual explanations followed, and the removal of the demerits proved as "easy" as their acquirement. Such was the Romance department in "other days at Brown."

William H. P. Faunce, 1880.

Beating Harvard and Yale in Seventy-nine



BEFORE and even in my time the lower campus was unexplored save by drivers of dump-carts. I cannot remember that I ever stepped beyond the middle campus till Burdette of '80, in our senior year, established a ground for pitching quoits just east of Chemistry Hall. We played ball on the middle campus, batting south from a point midway between Chemistry Hall and the chapel. Our games were played either on the old Adelaide avenue grounds or on the Messer street grounds.

Even such advantages were good when compared with the provisions made for gymnasium work. I don't know how to describe our gymnasium. It was a vagabond gymnasium to start with, claiming the same sheltering roof (it was always located next the roof) only till rent was due, then gathering its belongings into a moving wagon and "moving on." The gymnasium was ownerless — the students had bought a good part of the apparatus ; the corporation were supposed to be the power that controlled, and it bore the name of the man who cared for it. We had to work to keep warm and we had good ventilation—a surplus, in fact. Still for a couple of

Brown and Amherst Baseball Teams on the Brown Ball-Field, 1880

years the winter's gymnasium work was followed in the spring by such creditable victories on the ball-field as to warrant a *propter hoc* conclusion.

The secret of our success, though, in '78 and '79 was that we had good clubs in the city with which to play practice games. General Dennis organized the Rhode Islands on the old Adelaide avenue ground in '75 or '76, and with his club the university played many games. And in case of accident to any of his players he filled his nine from our nine. So for several years the university men had good training. Later the League Club was organized on the Messer-street ground and with that famous team we played.

In the years '76 to '78 some unusually good players came in from the Friends' School and from other places, so that in '78 our university nine made a very good showing in the college games and in '79 we won the championship.

That year we had an infield that was equal to any infield that any college had had for ten years. It rivaled Harvard's famous infield of Wright, Latham, Leeds and Thayer. We had then Meader, Hovey, Dilts and Ladd. Later, Meader went into right-field and White played 1st. The outfield was Rose, Green and Waterman. There was one play that Meader used to make, i. e., to go far for a ground ball and field it to the pitcher, covering first; that he made more times in a few college games than I saw it made in a hundred professional games.

It was this nine with Winslow and myself catching and pitching that repaid Harvard for the many defeats we had suffered at her hands. In our first game with Harvard, I think the first game of the season, we beat them so badly that for the next game they secured Ernst and Tyng—a battery that had played Harvard games for six or seven years, and Wright, their ancient first baseman

We were too much for them, however, in every way. We batted harder and stole bases on Tyng in a way that surprised him. We won the game and then the cry was "If we can only get a game from Yale." Yale had already won a game from us, 2–0. We lost the game on a

University Baseball Team, 1879
Intercollegiate Champions

single wild throw by myself. This final game with Yale that gave possession of the championship was the most exciting game I ever saw. When Yale went to bat in the ninth inning, the score stood 3–2 against them. By the time two men were out they had the bases full. The

game literally turned on one ball pitched, for the next batter waited till he had two strikes and eight balls. The grandstand was as still as death. Numbers of fellows had gone behind the grandstand unable to watch the game. When the last ball was struck at and caught by the catcher—well—I can't tell you my feelings. I remember having Professor Lincoln shake my hand, and wondering if the other fellows found it as uncomfortable to be hoisted up on shoulders as I did.

J. Lee Richmond, 1880.

The Class of 1881 — Twenty-five Years after

Campus Events in the Eighties

THE front campus with the exception of Slater Hall, the Carrie Tower, the memorial gate and the class fence is the same as it was a generation ago. Previous to 1880 the natural scenery of the middle campus, consisting of two rows of great elm trees on the west side, corresponding to those on the east side, made the view from Waterman to George streets much more beautiful than it is at the present time. At the completion of Sayles Memorial Hall, in the spring of 1880, it was discovered that the basement was too low for the campus, and that a portion of the north end of the campus would have to be removed, beginning on a line with Waterman street, taking off about five feet and ending with the grade of George street, necessitating the addition of several granite steps to Hope College and Manning Hall and twelve freestone steps to University Hall. This work resulted in the removal of about twenty-four of the large elms from the middle campus. The destruction of these noble and stately trees was very much deplored, and has greatly diminished the beauty of the middle campus.

It will be remembered by many that Lincoln Field at this time was nothing more than a swamp, partly covered by water, inhabited by a numerous colony of musical bull-frogs. This swamp, which was about ten feet below the grade of Thayer street, was bordered with a tropical growth of shrubbery and tall grass. In the spring of 1880 Professor Greene undertook to improve matters. With

a force of men and teams he removed the unnecessary trees and filled up the swamp. His enthusiasm for this work was contagious, and the college community began to feel that a ball-field near the college was a necessity. To this work he devoted much of his time and money, and frequently after dismissing his class he would be seen with his coat laid aside, joining in the work side by side with the laborers. As a result of his self-sacrificing effort a ball-field was provided that was appreciated by the students and their friends for many years.

At that time athletics did not receive as much financial support as now. Previous to the days of Lincoln Field the baseball contests took place in the Elmwood district, upon the Adelaide avenue grounds. Professor Greene's interest in college sports was such that whenever possible he was present at these games, always riding in the same horse-car with the ball players, and regularly when the collector came to collect the fares he would quickly take from his pocket a very much worn pocketbook and pay for the entire party. Contrary to general belief, football in those days was played with a considerable degree of science and skill, although the entire class to a man was engaged in the same game. Whole classes were pitted against one another, being delegated to the advance line, the middle line and the rear line, sixty to seventy-five men upon each side, extending the entire width of Dexter Training Ground, where the class contests were usually held. It was a sight long to be remembered when one hundred and fifty men were engaged in a great football contest, each one earnestly struggling for the honor of his class.

The Sayles Hall Lockup

There was given in Sayles Hall in 1886 an interesting

stereopticon lecture, and a large audience was in attendance, many of the best families in the city being represented. Not at all disconcerted by the character of the audience or the extent of the consequence of the mischief, some of the students decided to fasten the doors of the building and hold the people prisoners. Taking advantage of that part of the lecture when the room was darkened, the students closed the large entrance doors. The next thing to do was to fasten them, and this was effectively accomplished by passing an iron chain (which had been secured from the old pump at Hope College) two or three times through the bronze rings in the doors, and securing it by means of a large padlock. The students then assembled in a body to watch the result of their work.

When the audience attempted to leave the building they soon found that they were locked in, and as there was no other exit a great commotion arose. The only escape possible was down through the basement, and as this was a narrow and obscure passage, not being designed for an exit, very few took advantage of it. Although many schemes for escape were proposed the greater part of the audience good-naturedly decided to wait until the doors were opened.

In the meantime there was much noise upon the outside. The servant in charge, as soon as he found out what the trouble was, became very much upset because a mischief so serious had been carried out while he was absent, and quickly went to inform the steward, who at once hastened to the scene of the disturbance. Upon his arrival he was greeted with rousing cheers by the students. The steward decided that the only means of opening the doors was to cut away the chains, and as soon as a saw could be obtained he set to work with a will, while each stroke was loudly cheered by the mischief-makers.

At last the saw severed the chain, and as the doors swung open the students sent up a deafening shout and cheered lustily at the audience as they poured out of the building after their half-hour of imprisonment.

In honor of this episode the following poem appeared in the Brunonian of May 1, 1886:

The picture trembled on the screen;
The speaker bowed and closed the scene;
The audience rose and turned to go.
But, see! What is it moves them so?
With locks in chains securely sealed
The oaken doors refused to yield.

The worthy steward looked around,
And soon an iron bar he found.
With this he twisted up the chain;
He strove and pulled with might and main,
While by him stood a henchman strong,
Whose words of wisdom cheered him on.

Upon the campus round the door,
The boys were howling more and more,
"Now give three cheers for Mother Brown,
It looks as though she'd caged the town.
Rouse the echoes all you will,
We've got the run of College Hill."

Within, the people talked and laughed
And wondered who the wretch so daft
Had dared to put them in this plight,
And keep them out so late at night,
Said one incisive, ancient dame,
"Boys will be boys; they're all the same."

The wistful maiden turned her face
So full of winsomeness and grace
Upon the fellow by her side,
Who looked in turn and then replied
In blessings on the fastened door
That gave him fifteen minutes more.

Without was laughter long and loud
Among the interested crowd,
Who bade the steward twist his lever
"Forever—never—Never—forever."
But now with other means in play,
He quickly sawed the chains away.

The victor opened wide the door,
And raised aloft the saw he bore.
That was the "Open sesame"
Which made a way for liberty.
"'Twas greeted with a wild delight,
That made a bedlam of the night."

The Hope College Cow

A student had in his possession an old worn-out lounge, stuffed with excelsior, which he decided could serve no better purpose than that of creating a little excitement. Accordingly he saturated it with kerosene oil, which was obtained at Bradley's little store on Benevolent street. While the student was in the act of applying the match, he heard footsteps coming hurriedly toward him, and, thinking that it was one of the faculty, he started to run, but in his haste stumbled over a cow which belonged to Governor Taft and was lying on the grass. Believing that his identity was discovered

and the bonfire a failure, he was greatly incensed against the cow, and lost no time in informing his fellow-students of his misfortune. Some time later groups of students gathered to discuss the matter, for the presence of a cow on the campus gave the college too much the appearance of a dairy to suit the refined tastes of many of the students. They had felt for some time that they had a real grievance, and the incident narrated proved the veritable last straw. Accordingly a large delegation of students from each class assembled in the evening with a view to reforming matters. A rope was secured, and, throwing it around the cow, which was then feeding near the laboratory, they formed a procession and proceeded to the middle division of Hope College. On arriving at the door the rope was adjusted around the cow in such a way as to allow fifteen or more students to climb the stairs, pulling on the rope, while the remainder pushed behind, and by this process the cow was successfully landed on the third floor. The animal was then forced to the open window, with her head protruding; one end of the rope was fastened about her horns and the other thrown out of the window where ready hands grasped it to hold it taut until the boys had all escaped from the division. The large entrance doors were then closed, the rope passed through the handles and most securely knotted. The rope achieved two results, in that the cow was fastened to the open window, and at the same time the doors were firmly closed against any hasty entrance upon the part of the authorities.

President Robinson was among the first to discover the cow's head at the window. He hastened to University Hall to inform the registrar, but found only one man on duty. The president ordered the cow removed at once, but this was somewhat of a difficult undertaking, as she energetically resented all assistance. The only safe way

out of the difficulty would be to lower her down by the aid of block and tackle, but that would take more time than the president would allow. The students were uncommonly quiet and some even offered to help. After exercising a great deal of patience, the cow was

Van Wickle Gates

brought to the upper landing, but every effort failed to induce her to take one step down the stairs. The students were standing in a line all around the hall waiting to see what was going to happen next. The president stood west of the stairs, much interested in the proceedings, but, notwithstanding his impatience, the dignity

of his position would not allow him to participate in the removal of the cow. He finally suggested that the cow be pushed down the stairs, which plan was adopted with the result that the cow fell all in a heap at the bottom. Much to the surprise of those present she was able to rise and walk to the next landing, but after the next descent she was not so fortunate. Willing hands then conveyed her across the campus to the barn, where she received proper care, but all efforts to restore her failed. In a few days her condition was such that it was decided to put a merciful end to her suffering.

This demonstration on the part of the students resulted in the attainment of their aims, although it unhappily put an end to the cow's existence. The pasturing of cows on the campus was now abolished, though previously it had been encouraged by the board of fellows, who in corresponding with a candidate for the presidency of the college had always mentioned the fact that in addition to his salary he would have the privilege of pasturing a cow on the grounds.

Bonfires

The burning of carriages was common in those days. One of the most notable incidents in this connection took place in the late autumn. The students interested in this particular pastime called at a blacksmith shop on Pine street, and purchased a worn-out express wagon for the sum of twenty-four dollars, including the material for a railing around the body of the wagon large enough to admit a number of tar barrels, boxes filled with inflammable material, and fire rockets. At the favorable time this wagon and its contents were brought on the middle campus. The most exciting moment was at the time of ap-

plying the match, when the student would cry "Fire!" at the top of his voice, and "Heads out!" at the same time running for the nearest fence, usually to Waterman or

FRONT CAMPUS, 1908
Before the President's House was removed

George street. Here he would hang with one foot on the fence watching for the slaves to appear with pails of water, and, by remaining in this position he could drop on either side of the fence as the case required, just as a

frog sitting on a log in a mill-pond will, at the sight of danger, drop in the water out of sight.

The burning of wagons for amusement reached its climax at Brown when the old "one-horse shay" that was kept stored in the college barn on Prospect street was burned on the middle campus near the old pump. For many years this ancient relic had served Presidents Wayland, Sears, Caswell and Robinson. When the place of its storage became known to the students, the temptation to secure it for a bonfire was too great to resist. At the celebration of one of the ball games, the barn was entered, and the old shay, that for so many years had served its generation, was soon on its way to the place of cremation, where every detail was carried out in perfect order. At the sound of a signal, the windows in the dormitories were quickly opened, while all the fish-horns available were brought into action. The students who occupied rooms on the east side joined those occupying the windows in the hallways, so the students responsible for the rooms from whence the trouble came could say that they were absent from their rooms, when called before the president. The slaves were awakened from their slumbers by the cry of "Fire." To leave their warm quarters and go out into a temperature near the zero mark was certainly a severe hardship. When they appeared with pails of water, they were greeted with deafening shouts and blasts on the horns. The students tried to impede the work as much as possible, hurling all sorts of missiles, even live coals, from the windows. Their efforts were successful and all efforts to save the old historical chaise failed. It will be remembered by the participants that, while the excitement was at its height, the president and registrar had entered the buildings from the west, and noiselessly made their way up the hallway, taking the names of many of the students who were in the window-seats absorbed in

blowing their horns. When discovered every one rushed to his room. All that remained of the "one-horse shay" disappeared forever.

From 1877 to 1881 was probably the greatest time in the history of the college for cane-rushes, bonfires, blow-

MIDDLE CAMPUS
Showing University Hall Restored, 1906

ing of fish-horns and explosions of gunpowder. Spring and fall were the principal times for this sport. When material was scarce, the students would take a mattress from a bed or an old lounge, saturate it with oil, and watch for a good opportunity to light it at a short distance from the buildings. They would then return to their

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Had dared to put them in this plight,
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college bell and pass the other end through a window into a vacant room in Slater Hall, where it was to receive the proper attention. To reach the bell required strategy. One of the students gained access to the room of the bell-ringer and secured the key to the door leading to the bell-tower. After reaching the bell he quickly severed the rope and attached the new line to the bell while the free end was carried to the vacant room in Slater Hall.

The preparation for ringing the bell was not all of the scheme. While this was in progress, a decrepit express wagon, filled with tar barrels and inflammable material, was brought on to the campus and left in front of Sayles

University Grammar School
Present Site of the Administration Building

Hall. The wheels were carefully fastened with telegraph wire, so as to hinder its removal by the authorities.

After attaching the line to the bell, the work of block-

ing every avenue leading to the belfry was carefully accomplished. This was done by filling the keyhole of the door leading to the attic with filings from the machine shop and fastening the door of the janitor's room with a rope. The pump was also put out of order so that no water could be obtained to quench the flames.

Finally the hour of midnight came; all was calm and serene. The students took their respective places, and each one pledged himself to carry out his part of the programme at any cost. After a brief review by the leaders of the movement the signal was given, and almost instantly the flames leaped from the doomed wagon. The vibrating sound of the bell in the stillness of the night, the cry of "Fire," and the tooting of fish-horns from the windows soon brought people from far and near. It was interesting to see the different costumes in which they came. Some hurried from their club-rooms in evening dress, while the fair sex wore shawls loosely thrown over their heads. By this time the excitement was fast increasing. The man manipulating the line in the vacant room was doing good work with the bell. At first the strokes were long and regular, but gradually they became fast and irregular. There were two servants on duty at the college, and at the cry of "Fire" they rushed from their beds to the door, only to find it fastened. A hasty examination brought the true situation to light, and a window served as an exit. The usual methods of extinguishing bonfires were adopted, but since it was found impossible to remove the wire from the wheels, the two men at once turned their attention to the bell.

On arriving at the attic door they found that the president had preceded them. Standing at the end of the hall were two students, one now a prominent lawyer in New York, looking out of the window at the excitement, now at its height, and not heeding the approach of the presi-

dent behind them. One shouted, "Here comes Zeke!" believing he saw the president approaching through the campus. Just at that moment indeed the president was close by, and grasping the young man by the collar said

Sayles Memorial Hall, 1908
Rogers Hall (Chemical Laboratory) at the Left

with the utmost sternness, "Go to your room!" The president then attempted to unlock the belfry door, but was unable to do so, as the key-hole was filled solid with iron filings. He therefore ordered the two men on duty

to force open the door. Before this could be accomplished there had been a delay of more than one hour, thus giving the student in the dark and deserted-looking room in Slater Hall ample opportunity for the exercise of his physical powers in pulling at the improvised bell rope. Never did a student work harder. The surpassing joy of remaining uncaught was a most thrilling reward. The ancient laurel-wreaths of Greece could not bestow a recompense so glorious. As soon as the tower door was opened, the president quickly grasped the old bell rope that hung just within. But the effort was in vain. The bell still continued its defiant and clarion ring. There was a still further delay in procuring lanterns, and a slow, groping ascent up the steep and narrow stairs, and only when the bell itself was reached did they discover the small line, the source of all this disturbance. One stroke of the knife brought reward to those conducting the investigation, also incidentally warning the student at the other end that it was time to retire. In his haste to escape detection, he ran into the nearest room, which one minute later the president entered. Had Dr. Robinson looked under the bed he would have found the object of his search.

As soon as the bell stopped ringing, all the heads in the windows were withdrawn, it being considered perilous to continue further the disturbance in a scheme so successfully carried out. Those in authority spent two hours of desperate but vain effort to locate the originators.

The Paintings of '82

The class of 1882 became famous as painters, not especially artistic, but they won a reputation city-wide. Their most famous painting in oil was executed in the

course of a single night. They were both rapid and energetic, and the thoroughness of their task was upon the lips of all those fortunate enough to witness upon the

A Front Campus Vista, 1908

following morning their completed labors. The morning opened up bright and beautiful, and as the sun arose the numerals of the class emerged most distinctly, with the

various college structures admirably serving the purpose of both background and framing. These pictures, though patterned after a common original, all differed in the scale of measurement. The canvases included all the college buildings, not even omitting the president's house. Those placed upon the front doors of the chapel were sufficiently huge to cover the entire entrance. The most daring and difficult of all was the placing of this decoration upon the tower of Sayles Hall. How the boys accomplished this feat still remains a mystery, for the removal of the figures required the erection of a staging, the use of many yards of rags, college bedding and several gallons of turpentine, and the enlistment into service of the whole janitorial force.

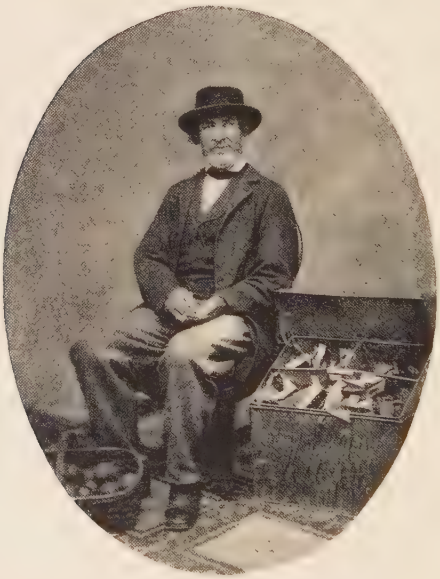
"Uncle John" Reeves

Hundreds of old graduates will remember John Reeves, or "Uncle John," with his basket of tempting pastry and candy. He began business on the college campus in or about 1860. His wares were so tempting and his manner so genial that he rapidly built up a trade which soon warranted him in sending for his family from across the sea. Although so far advanced in years that he had indeed a patriarchal appearance, yet he never failed in rain or shine to be on hand at the south end of the chapel steps before the morning service and at the rear of the chapel at the close of the first period of recitations. He also attended all the ball games and public gatherings, so that he became a well-known figure to thousands who did not attend college.

For many years "Uncle John" worked in this capacity, and his punctuality and kindly manner gained for him a

large patronage. The students who most frequently purchased of him were those who were fond of a morning nap and were thus obliged to forego a regular breakfast. When at last he became too feeble to hold his position longer, he was removed, through the kindness of friends, to the Home for Aged Men, where his latter years were passed in peace and comfort.

Anthony McCabe.



"Uncle John" Reeves

President Robinson's Terse Philosophy

TO many the classroom sayings of Dr. E. G. Robinson were perhaps the most valuable part of his "Autobiography." Here are some uttered in the year 1882–1883 which do not appear in that memorial volume. Some of them are quoted to show Dr. Robinson's masterful command of figurative language in the exposition of abstract principles; some his felicity in loading a single virile word with meaning, and some the vital and essential truths that animated his teaching.

"Man is the tangential point between the world of matter and the world of spirit."

"Man is a pole bean." (With reference to all things fulfilling the laws of its being. By virtue of his nature man will climb.)

"I am free to act myself out."

"We know more of Christianity than the Apostles."

"Today a man does more thinking while he is stropping his razor than he did a few centuries ago in several weeks."

"Form power to judge; better reach a wrong conclusion than none."

"Every man must run the moral gauntlet for himself."

"In memory put on the stamp of your own coinage."

"You come in here with your heads rolling around like a new-born baby's. I'll steady your heads for you." (At the beginning of the course in psychology.)

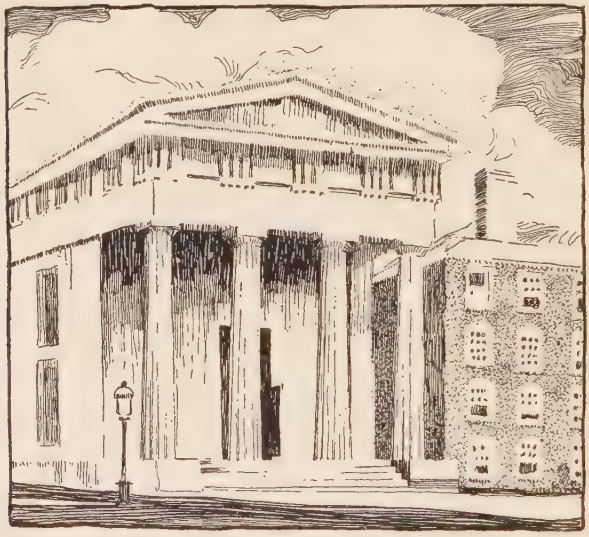
"Some men's minds turn over on this subject like the edge of an old case-knife cutting lignum-vitæ."

"You can't squirm out of moral law."

"To be vicious is to carry a penalty in your own bosom."

"Some say a man can grow his conscience just as he can grow his onions."

"You have brained conscience with one blow when you have decided that you are governed by necessity."



"The conscience of a dog lies in his epidermis."

"I will reverence any man's reverence anywhere."

"Religion is not a matter of song and parades; you might as well sit on the steps of a church and play on a jewsharp."

"Some people think of Heaven as a place to loaf and sing."

"If a man comes to you whining out that he wants to be happy, take your foot to him and give him a boost — 'Go to work, you lazy dog.'"

"Aristotle dictated theology for a thousand years."

"Locke went to seed in Hume."

"The brain sometimes seems like a load of hay; the least thing will capsize it."

Dr. Robinson's moral feelings were intense, often volcanic. No one could forget the wiry vigor with which he used to throw out his right arm from his tense body. And the upper extremities did not always suffice. At an Anti-Mormon meeting in Providence he described a conversation he had had with a Mormon on one of his Western trips. He expressed the loathing which the memory of the man's conception of womanhood aroused in him by a violent kick, which brought down the house.

An amusing mistake occurred one day in Dr. Robinson's class in ethics. He was somewhat forgetful when absorbed in his teaching and so found it best to interject any announcement he had to make whenever it came to his mind. The day before there had been disorder in a recitation of the junior class which had been helped on by some of the seniors who came to the door and even into the lecture-room. This the doctor wished to reprove. So when it came to his mind in the middle of the hour, he said suddenly, "Gentlemen, if someone from outside should come into this room to make a disturbance, wouldn't I take him by the nape of the neck and hustle him out?" B——, who was a little sleepy that morning, mistook the question for one in the ordinary course of teaching (Dr. Robinson's method was largely catechetical) and answered innocently "No, sir." At that the doctor's wrath blazed out and he answered impetuously, "Yes, I would, too; you or any other man;" following up this assertion by vigorous language on the occurrence of the preceding day in which some before him were concerned. In a minute or two the doctor saw that B——

had misunderstood him, and a very kindly explanation came at the close of the hour.

In the intensity of his moral indignation, Dr. Robinson seemed violent or unduly stern sometimes, but the best

FRONT CAMPUS FROM WATERMAN STREET. 1908
Robinson Gate in the Foreground

men of 1883 recognized his worth and power, and he became a strong influence in their lives. By appointment on one occasion, he met those who wished advice on the choice of a calling in life. In a helpful talk he passed in

review the various professions, strongly presenting the claims of the Christian ministry.

The depth of his interest in the students was most strongly revealed to me at one of the weekly religious meetings. "You come to me," he said, "for infraction of the rules, and I have to speak sternly to you. Then you go away and say, 'the doctor is pretty hard.' But I want to tell you that my heart yearns over every one of you." This he said with an earnestness of manner and a tremor in his voice which showed that he was deeply moved.

An incident of Professor Lincoln may perhaps add a little to the delightful portraiture of him that we have in the memorial volume. I was standing one day beside him while he was watching a close game of baseball between Brown and Yale. He manifested his interest by his usual lively movements, and when Yale made a costly error, clapped his hands, then abruptly stopped clapping, and, in his inimitable boyish way, said, "Oh, I forgot; that is *contra urbanitatem*."

One word in justice to the boys of those days. Junior burial was an established institution, attended with lots of fun and frolic. It was the mock burial of one of the professors after a funeral procession through the streets of Providence. There were transparencies and an oration at the expense of the professor buried, and the mock chaplain, often one of the fastest fellows in college, was not wanting. It came to be felt that the practice was unkind to the professors and irreverent. In the class of 1882 there was a strong vote against it; in 1883, after a full and free discussion, there was a decided vote not to observe the custom — and so sanity and kindliness won the day and established a precedent for future classes.

Isaac B. Burgess, 1883.

Classroom Memories

PROFESSOR LINCOLN often talked to his class in Latin. That is, he used short Latin sentences and phrases which the class could readily understand. This seemed very wonderful to freshmen who had never thought of Latin as something that could be spoken. For example, when the applause was becoming a little too strenuous he would shake his head with a deprecating gesture and cry, "Non pedibus." One day a student who had poorly prepared his lesson was struggling along with the translation, trying, perhaps, to make a bluff of the recitation. Presently he came to a word which he said he did not know and the professor cried, "Unum, duo, tres, quatuor annos Latine studuisti et illud verbum non comprendisti."

President Robinson in his lectures after a careful discussion of some abstract point would often begin a new paragraph with the phrase "Thus it is evident," or "Thus we clearly see." One day a student was worrying along in his recitation with much effort on the part of the president to get something from him. Finally in despair President Robinson said, "Well, go on," and the student began, "Thus we clearly see." The president joined in the laugh that followed.

Henry P. Manning, 1883.

The late Professor T. Whiting Bancroft, affectionately called "Timmy," was a great believer in a sort of sliding scale for the literary abilities of his pupils,

as they advanced under his guidance in their rhetorical and literary career. One freshman student, in fulfilling his composition duties, handed in a certain essay which was duly corrected by the professor, who gave him a mark of *ninety*. In his sophomore year it became the

Professor T. Whiting Bancroft, 1859
(Taken about 1884)

duty of this self-same student to present another composition, but, as the time pressed, he was compelled to erase the pencil corrections of his freshman year and deliver the identical paper again. The paper was returned with *some* of the previous corrections noted again and with a mark of ninety-*six*.

President Robinson, commonly called "Zeke," enjoyed a rather fine sense of humor. The subject of moral philosophy seems a little dull for boys who have not started for Heaven by way of the ministry. Accordingly, one bitter winter day, the seniors considered that a vacation from the usual lecture would be desirable, and carefully opened the windows of the recitation-room of Manning Hall. Unfortunately this fact must have attracted the eagle eye of the doctor, for at the lecture hour he sauntered over in his heavy coat and warm skull-cap, and seated himself in his usual chair in the icy hall. Without uttering a word, or giving a hint as to the unusual temperature, he proceeded mildly and with all the gravity of a Roman senator to discuss with the class for one full, torturing hour the beauties of moral philosophy. It is safe to say that this class did not try again the experiment of the open window.

William M. P. Bowen, 1884.

It is sometimes said that a joke can be carried too far. So the professor discovered one day when a plan that had been carefully laid was carried into effect. It had been the custom for the professor from time immemorial, as often as the passage in Homer referring to the "well-greaved Achæans" was reached, to ask, "Well, Mr. Blank, what were they grieved about?" and, when informed that the word "well-greaved" referred to armor for the legs, to laugh heartily at his own joke; the class, of course, would laugh too. This day the familiar passage came, and the familiar question came also and then came the familiar hearty laugh on the part of the professor, but each student was as solemn and quiet as if at a funeral; only the professor's chuckling voice broke the silence. He soon ceased and, blushing and nervous, proceeded

impatiently with the lesson. Soon the passage occurred again and from force of habit the same question and the same laughter on the part of the professor, but a solemn stillness on the part of the students prevailed, and although only twenty minutes of the hour had gone by the class was dismissed with an extra long passage of Homer for translation for the next day.

Robert H. Ferguson, 1884.

Back in the early eighties a brilliant graduate of Brown University, the valedictorian of his class, was called to teach the senior class in logic. The class soon discovered the instructor's weak points and made his life a perpetual torment. Whenever he attempted to write an outline of the day's work upon the board his hand and head were made targets for all sorts of missiles in the form of torpedoes and lighted firecrackers. All exercises which were written upon the board by the students were distorted in such a way as to give opportunity to the class to bring down the "George Washington stamp" or to introduce some other form of disturbance. Students were never absent; their names were always responded to by specially delegated friends. There were no failures in recitation; those who were not prepared found no difficulty in securing the services of the more fortunate. It was not an uncommon thing to open exercises with fireworks, and often the room was filled with smoke to suffocation.

Some of the instructors in elocution had similar experiences. Declamations were then given in the old chapel, Manning Hall. It was the custom of the instructor to ask ten or a dozen of the class to speak on a given afternoon, while the remainder of the class were allowed to constitute the audience. While declamations were

being delivered, the audience lost no opportunity in annoying both the instructor and the speaker, and the young orator who passed successfully through the ordeal certainly received a rare preparation for his life's work. Frequently the entire audience would rush up the narrow stairways to the gallery, leaving the speaker and instructor to themselves, then at a signal from some of the leaders the whole class would return to their places below.

Professor JOHN W. P. JENKS, 1838
(Taken about 1884)

In another department one of the professors was obliged to submit to a musical introduction to his lecture, and often those in the adjoining rooms could hear "Old Hundred," and other solemn hymns, rendered with a de-

gree of earnestness which would do credit to a country prayer-meeting.

We cannot help loving the well-behaved boy, nor admiring the student who gives us no trouble in the classroom; still, is the good behavior of the modern student an indication of real advance in quality of true education, or is it an expression of the very deficiences which we deplore in the student of today?

Otis E. Randall, 1884.

President Robinson in the psychology class was explaining how we acquire knowledge; that, once possessed of an idea, it would always remain somewhere in the mind, though for a time forgotten. Putting it in another form he said to a student, "Mr. B., do you know that your head is a graveyard?"

Physical life is much the same in men and in animals. Impressing this fact he said, "Mr. B., you were just like any other little animal when you were born."

A student was standing up trying to recite, but could not find anything to say; he was standing first on one foot and then on the other. At length President Robinson remarked, "Mr. B., you remind me of a certain two-legged animal in a barnyard, which stands part of the time on one leg and part of the time on the other."

R. K. Wickett, 1890.

Professor Alonzo Williams frequently referred in the classroom to the war and to his experiences as a soldier. There was a vein of humor running through his lectures and sometimes he gave free rein to his tendency to be

humorous. On one occasion he was giving a lecture to the class of 1890 upon the "Maid of Orleans." Said he, "Young gentlemen, enthusiasm is a great thing. It was enthusiasm that led the Maid of Orleans to leave her flock upon the green hills of her native district and travel alone and unprotected down through France and place herself at the head of the French army, beaten, dispirited

Professor Alonzo Williams, 1870

and overawed, and lead it to glorious victory. And, young gentlemen, it was enthusiasm that led the men of the North to leave their farms, shops and offices and go to the front to fight for the preservation of the Union. So great was their enthusiasm that I have seen them go off in transports."

James A. Williams, 1890.

The Bogus Elective Card

THE time for the class of Eighty-four to declare its wishes in regard to elective studies had come. Each man was required to choose a certain number of hours from the scheme placed before him. Now, it so happened that one of the professors was far from popular with the students, and still the subject he was supposed to teach was a very important branch. A considerable number elected this study because they felt that it was almost necessary to know something of the subject, even if they did consider the instructor inefficient.

Perhaps this designation coming from those who never were, in college or out, so very brilliant, would seem like an unjustifiable stricture, but when we remember that the man in question was not reëlected to his chair, and that the maturer judgments of the students still affirm the same thing, it will not seem like "a snap judgment." But be that as it may, someone filled out a card including the name of a student who had his full time otherwise employed, and with the superior teachers. Of course, this bogus card got to the professor in charge of the department.

From the very first day to the close of the term the poor professor had to read his lecture. In roll-call he was equally tied to his notes, and he never tried to know anyone of us on the street. We will call one of the students "Timberlake," because there was no such name on the roll, and this we will assume was the name on the bogus

card. The name was regularly called morning by morning, and was regularly answered to.

After a time the professor desired to test the attainments of Mr. Timberlake in the subject in hand, but no one responded to the call. After repeated ineffectual attempts to extract a recitation from the imaginary student, he broke out one morning with, "Perhaps—the gentleman—who answered for—Mr. Timberlake at roll-call—will be good enough to recite for him." The answer to this sally was a loud laugh from all parts of the room.

In anticipation of a repetition of the effort to land the Mr. Timberlake, another man of the class, not the real Mr. Timberlake, crammed the review lesson to perfection and came into the classroom "loaded to the muzzle," as one might say. According to expectation, another effort was made to secure results, and to the utter surprise of the professor, the call to recite was answered with unusual alacrity, and the pseudo student made "a cold rush," covered himself with glory and saved all the rest of the class from danger so far as that part of the work was concerned. At the close of this brilliant display, Mr. Professor complimented him on the accuracy of his remarks and added that he wished to see him at his desk as soon as the class adjourned.

But even this possibility had been foreseen and provided for. In just a few moments there was a knock. One of the students opened the door, bowed politely to what was supposed to be the caller and announced that Mr. Timberlake was wanted. The temporary member of the class rose in a dignified manner and departed; not, however, till he had signalled back exultantly from the safe side of the door.

Of course, this put a stop to the further investigation of the case for that day, but when the next recitation occurred the result of prolonged midnight cogitation ap-

peared also, for instead of the usual roll-call at the opening of the exercise, the lecture began at once. After the regular work was covered, the professor announced that he would call the roll, and as each man was called he

Slater Hall from the Southeast

would please take his hat and depart. As the middle of the alphabet was approached a man answered to his name, was seen to make a start for the door, and, as the professor's eyes glanced at the list to learn which name came

next, dropped into a handy seat. When at last Mr. Timberlake was called this man got up and genuinely departed. Thus it happened at the end of the call all seats were empty, and Mr. Timberlake had slipped through his fingers again.

The next day a card was handed to the registrar to be conveyed to the elusive mortal. It got to the genuine, of course, and just at the right moment, just as the class broke up, the real Timberlake walked in as dignified and sober as the worthy president could be on occasion. He proceeded directly to the desk and said at once, "Mr. Professor, I believe you wish to see me at this time."

"What name, please?"

"Timberlake, sir."

"Timberlake; oh yes; I wanted to know, sir, why you have not been present more regularly at the recitations in this department, and what you mean by your recent conduct?"

"Well, sir, I didn't elect this subject, and don't care to take it under the present administration."

"But, sir, I have your card electing this subject, and your conduct has been reprehensible."

"As to that, Mr. Professor, I don't know, and I don't care. I do not care to take this subject, and have no interest in the results."

As he said that, Mr. Timberlake turned on his heel and walked off, leaving the learned professor to cogitate on the number of possible combinations of twenty or thirty youth with one old man. Doubtless he remembered the occasion long after he left the precincts of Providence, but as he was not there at the opening of the new year, he did not need to combine his mental ponderosity with the intellectual agility of Eighty-five. Eighty-four gave him food for reflection for some years.

Charles R. Upton, 1884.

Confessions of a Salutatorian

THE commencement part assigned to me was the Latin salutatory. It occurred to me that I should probably never have another opportunity to address so large and intellectual an audience as that I should face at commencement, and I besought Professor Bancroft, chairman of the proper committee, that I might be allowed to speak my mighty thoughts in English. "No," he said, "the college stands for both conservatism and progress; and it has fallen to your lot to represent conservatism."

At the appointed time I presented my oration in writing to Professor Lincoln, at the close of a recitation. He ran it over with his eye, while with apprehension I saw him contract his eyebrows and purse up his lips.

"Why this is so *curt!*" was his disheartening comment. The production was not Ciceronian or Livian the least bit. I explained that as I was obliged to speak in Latin, and wished so far as possible to be understood, I had purposely made my sentences short, and had paid little attention to mere euphony. He was not satisfied, but took the unlucky salutatory away for further examination. At our next meeting, he courteously expressed the fear that he had been too short with me; nevertheless, he was not satisfied. The Latin was correct; but the style did not befit the occasion and subject. He handed me a former salutatory more after his taste to serve me as a

model. The sentences were magnificent rolling periods half a page long. I, of course, endeavored to modify my jerky production in the direction of euphony, amplitude and elaborateness of diction, and between us the piece was at length done. Then there was more trouble for

Looking North on Prospect Street

me. Professor Lincoln had recently adopted the Roman pronunciation, and desired me to use it in delivering my oration. I had very little time in which to master the art of saying (videre) *we-day-reh* instead of *vye-dee-ry*, and I doubt if it was any particular pronunciation which I used

on commencement day. But this requirement, that I should speak not only in Latin, but with a pronunciation strange to me and unintelligible to the audience, destroyed my last hope of impressing upon that great gathering the burning thoughts which I had so laboriously forced into Latin. I was not happy when my turn came to mount the commencement platform. I had first to address a few remarks to President Robinson; his expression was severe, inflexible. I was sure he neither understood my flattering endorsement of him, nor cared to understand. As I addressed the alumni, a large chunk of my speech dropped out of my memory; but here I found consolation in the situation—no one knew that I had omitted anything, for no one understood me at all, except Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, who smiled several times when I delivered a joke. On his account I regretted that lost chunk. The rest of the audience regarded me, though not with understanding so far as I saw, yet with a certain awe as if listening to the herald of strange and unsettling doctrines. It was the time-honored privilege of the salutatorian to excite applause and laughter by addressing the "*pulcherrimae puellae*" of Providence, who had made our sojourn in the city so delightful. "*Pulcherrimae puellae*" were about the only words which everybody was expected to understand. I took advantage of the new pronounciation to address the girls as "Dool-kiss-i-mye poo-el-lye" (Dulcissimae puellae), but my poor joke fell flat.

There was a Latin salutatory the following year by Frank Day. He was the last of the Latin salutatorians, a proud distinction; but mine is still prouder, for I firmly believe it was I who gave the death-blow to the institution, and even such surgical skill as his could avail to keep it alive no more than a year.

Frank M. Bronson, 1884.

How Eighty-four Worried a Professor

I SHALL never forget the cruel treatment meted out by our class to a certain member of the faculty, now passed away," a graduate of the class of 1884 lately told me. " He was a kind old soul, but his bump of executive ability was not highly developed. He knew his subject, but he did not know how to keep the class in check. Boy fashion, we rode over him. It looks foolish now, but we thought it was funny then. The first day we met him in classroom there was such a scuffling of feet that it sounded like pandemonium.

" He was great on dictation, and after he had dictated a sentence or two there was sure to be somebody who had to ask him to repeat. Usually the mischief-maker would select some simple word that was likely to appear several times in a paragraph, as for instance ' and ' or ' the.'

" ' Professor,' he would say, ' will you please repeat from "and"'?

" So the professor would repeat from ' and,' and whichever ' and ' he chose it was certain to be the wrong one. ' Excuse me,' the wicked student would say, ' but I meant the "and" just ahead of that one.'

" There was apt to be trouble when the recitations were in progress. Some malefactor would listen for a moment or two to Mr. Smith reciting, then up would go his hand and he would say:

" ' Professor, what does Mr. Smith mean when he says so and so?'

" Of course, that required a long course of explanation and very likely some retaliation on Mr. Smith's part.

" At last it got so bad the president came in. He said the pandemonium would have to stop. For a day or two there was an improvement, then the old tumult was renewed. Again the president appeared and this time he declared that if the professor was obliged to report the name of any unruly student, that student would be ex-

Marston Field House
Andrews Field

pelled. This kept us quiet for a day or so, but as we were a new class to the professor he hardly knew us by name and the result was that we were soon in as much of an uproar as ever. Then for a third time the president came in and this time he told us that he would not submit a member of the faculty to the insults of so unmanly a lot of young barbarians, or words to that effect. I believe that was the end of the professor's connection with the college."

Henry Robinson Palmer, 1890.

"Something Doing" in the Eighties

IN the eighties there was generally "something doing" about the Brown campus. In those days the college rooms were heated by stoves, one in each room, and in the closet was a supply of coal, laboriously carried up from one to three flights of stairs on the backs of the coal handlers. In the late autumn, when the campus was covered with fallen leaves, it was no uncommon occurrence for fires to start in the leaves in various places on the front campus adjoining Hope College. What could be the cause? Not freshmen with matches, not cigar stubs thrown carelessly away, not crossed electric wires. The department of applied domestic science, the so-called "slaves," exclusively men in those days, were at a loss to account for the phenomenon. However, they ran hither and yon to the burning spots with water, brooms, shovels and other fire-fighting apparatus and extinguished the flames. Who shall say that the classics of Greece and Rome are without influence in these pragmatical days? Why learn of Cæsar's sieges with fire pouring down on the hide-covered *vineae* or of Archimedes and his burning glass at Syracuse and have those classic gems flit before the mind like the "words, words" of Hamlet's reading? Let us be practical; practical or nothing. At Dotheboys Hall when a lad had learned to spell "w-i-n-d-e-r" he was sent out to wash a "winder" so that he might not forget what a window was. A shovel-

ful of hot coals thrown from the upper windows of Hope would rid the campus of the withered relics of summer. To think was to act and the shower of hot coals sown broadcast, like the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, sprang up, calling forth not only a crop of tiny blazes but a bucket and broom brigade as well. The diversion was heightened by the long-continued inability of the "slaves" to guess the origin of the flames. Finally the experiment was interrupted by those "suspenders for college breaches," the faculty.

Later the interest in the subjects of heat and light took the form of burning mattresses on the concrete near the pump at the east side of Hope. Many a piece of old excelsior bedding, many a gallon of Standard oil upraised the torch of knowledge to the admiring gaze of an enthusiastic gallery in the windows of the old dormitory. "Heads out, heads out!" A mattress on fire near the pump! Enter the *servi* with brooms and buckets. Tremendous applause and cries of "Good for you, Antone!" "Ah, there, Jordan!" "Another bucket, Dan!" "Ki yi, Graham!" The zeal on the part of the student-body was not confined to cheering, horn-blowing and chaffing. No firemen were more active and from every window within range there issued mugfuls, dipperfuls, pailfuls of H_2O. What if the concrete should ignite, the iron pump catch fire or the well itself should burn? Unfortunately some of the water missed the fire and soaked the servants.

Upon one occasion a young man then preparing for the ministry, a faithful soldier of the cross who has since carried the message of his Master beyond the sea to eastern lands, was reading his Bible and planning his talk to the prayer meeting. He did not even look out of his window nor take any notice of current events so absorbed was he in his work. Suddenly there was a sharp rap on

the hall door opposite his fourth-floor room; then a peremptory knock on his own door. A furious water-soaked man sprang in "I want to look at your water pail." "It's in the closet." The servant finding it empty addressed the minister in bitter terms as no gentleman, a fit candidate for college discipline. There was no chance for explanation. Our missionary listened a minute in wonder, amazement and finally with rising indignation. The students from across the hall appeared at the door. They saw the missionary's fist palpitating close beneath the servant's nose and they heard in the most direct and unequivocal English that the servant who came up there again and insulted a man who did not even then know what the trouble was about would go down much quicker than he came up (three steps at a time). The men across the hall had thrown the water which had inflamed the servant instead of extinguishing the fire.

Somebody has said, speaking of phrenology, "You can't tell any more what is inside a man's head by the bumps outside than you can tell what is inside a bureau drawer by feeling of the knobs." Certainly an empty water pail did not prove a man guilty. The blameless parson received the blast of wrath and the amused culprits escaped behind his burning indignation. How many such a picture hangs in the dim background of the old college man's memory. Today he may be poor and obscure if perchance his life has been tossed on stormy seas. He may clutch at the baubles of fame and wear many a wreath not without its thorns, he may bask in prosperity's smile the gilded captive of conventionality and circumstance, but what memories are dearer, what friendships more fondly enshrined than those of his college days?

Arthur C. Barrows, 1885.

Anecdotes of the Faculty in Dr. Robinson's Time

DR. ROBINSON'S baccalaureate sermons attracted unusually large congregations. I have been present at all these services, except one, from 1877 up to the time of this writing. There are many who will remember his last farewell sermon to the graduating class in the First Baptist Meeting-house. The church was crowded, with all the standing room taken, and a great many people were unable to enter the edifice. The day was looked forward to with much interest by the community and friends of the college, because it was to be the last time he would speak to any class in an official capacity.

Whenever President Robinson was called upon to deliver public addresses he always commanded the most profound attention of his audiences. His sentences were delivered with such precision of thought and incisiveness of utterance as to indicate that back of all this lay a firmness of conviction and a nobility of character such as few men possessed, and which served to add weight and dignity to his speech.

Dr. T. Edwin Brown, pastor of the First Baptist Church for many years during President Robinson's administration, who lived upon terms of intimate friendship with him and well understood the great heart which he possessed, gives the following reminiscences which illustrate his true character.

" One bitterly cold Saturday night, Rev. James M. Taylor — now President Taylor of Vassar College — and myself were in Manning Hall at a meeting of the New England Conference of the College Christian Association. Dr. Robinson sat just behind us. At the close of the service he leaned forward, put a hand on each man's shoulder, and said, 'Boys, it's a cold night. I have a rousing fire in my study grate. Come over and toast your shins awhile.'

" In that study I once saw the doctor wasting his time playing with a kitten and a string.

" At the close of a baccalaureate service I said to one of the members of the class, 'That was a great appeal straight from his great brain and heart to yours.' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'and I tell you, sir, there is not a member of the class who does not love him.' 'Has anybody told him that?' 'Oh, no,' was the reply, 'not one of us would dare to tell him.' 'Then I will. He ought to know.' I told him, as we walked up the hill together. The tears in his eyes, the quiver in his voice, the pleased look that played a moment over his weary, hungry face revealed his deep pleasure in the tidings I had brought. He had a great heart, though its expression in any ordinary way had been diligently suppressed during most of his public life."

One experience of President Robinson illustrated well the virtues of advertising. There are many still living in Providence who will recollect it, for the incident was much commented upon at the time. It was all the result of a small advertisement in a somewhat obscure position in the Providence Journal.

President Robinson, it will be remembered, was a man of large frame, rather spare and with a dignified bearing. He occupied the old president's house, later used as a college refectory, at the head of College street. Very early one morning he was awakened by the barking and yelp-

ing of dogs outside. This continued with increasing vehemence, but he thought little about it at first, although the noise began finally to annoy him. While dressing he heard the door-bell ring, and received word that a man with several dogs said that he had been sent for by President Robinson, who had expressed a desire to purchase two fine dogs. The animals were in the hall awaiting his inspection. As the dogs began to make a disturbance the doctor hurried down stairs.

"Are these all right?" asked the man holding forward two of the yelping canines. "Will these do?" The president did not know what the man meant. He thoroughly disliked dogs at that particular moment, and was in no mood to welcome the two growling curs sniffing about his heels.

Straightening his form, he asked with impressive dignity, "What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, here are the dogs," answered the man; "the dogs you wanted."

"I do not care for dogs, sir. What do you mean by bringing them to my house?"

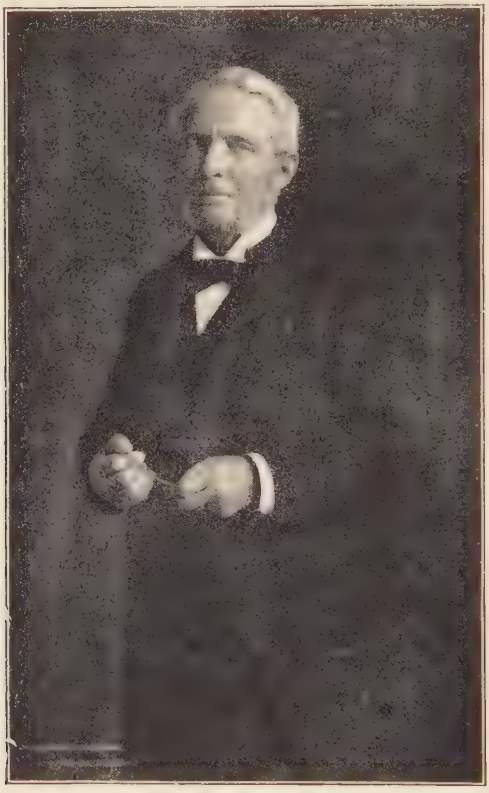
"I brought them in answer to this advertisement," said the man. "Maybe you didn't put this advertisement in the Journal this morning, asking for dogs to this address. You're president of Brown University, ain't you?" he asked with sudden suspicion.

"I am," answered Dr. Robinson, growing more dignified, every moment, as he thought of the young men under his charge, and of the mischief of which they were capable, if given the opportunity.

"Well," said the man with the dogs, "How about it? Do you want them dogs, or don't you?"

"No sir," said the president, "I do not wish to have those dogs. I did not put in the advertisement, to which my name appears signed, and I do not know who did put

it in. I would very much like to know who did and I propose to ascertain, if possible. I regret that you have been caused trouble and misunderstanding by some practical joker, and I wish you a very good day, sir."



Professor ALBERT HARKNESS, 1842

But that did not end it. Before the man had left the house, another, holding a number of dogs, was on the front porch, and so it went, all day long. More than one hundred dogs of all breeds and colors were brought there,

and before night President Robinson almost wished the Journal had never been published. I do not remember that the perpetrator of the jest was ever discovered by the irate president.

A young man who had a very high opinion of his ability came to Brown and took the entrance examination in Latin. A few days later he met Professor Lincoln on the campus and said, "Well, Professor did I pass the examination?" The abruptness of the question so surprised the professor that he involuntarily replied "Yes" and then added, "What is your name?"

"My name is A.," said the young man, "I knew I would pass, for I mastered Latin in six months."

"Well," exclaimed Professor Lincoln, "I am glad you told me, for you have not had sufficient preparation to enter college work, and I will see that your name is not on the list of the entering class."

During a recitation conducted by Professor Lincoln, a student while reciting became very much interested in something going on outside of the classroom, and in order to see to better advantage he leaned out of the window. On looking around the room again he was surprised to find every eye in the room fixed upon him, and everyone, including the professor, laughing at him.

"Well, Mr. B., what is it?" inquired Professor Lincoln.

"Oh, nothing, except Barnum's circus is passing," replied the student.

"Then, perhaps, I had better dismiss the class," said the professor; and he did.

One day while the students were entering Professor Lincoln's classroom they brought in a small dog. There were several empty chairs in the room, and the dog being well trained helped himself to one of the chairs. The professor proceeded to call the roll as usual and when he

came to the last one he remarked, "Gentlemen, there is one more puppy, and if you will conduct yourselves as orderly as this one you will have nothing to fear."

Professor Harkness was hardly of middle height, but a trifle taller than Professor Lincoln, and somewhat slower in his movements. He was always polite and pleasant in his manner. One peculiarity which characterized his everyday manner more than another was when a discussion arose between members of the class. Then he would invariably raise his hand, remove his glasses and with a genial smile remark, "Well, what does the class think about it?"

During a recitation in Greek the professor was explaining some part of the text, when a student said, "I don't agree with you, professor; I think it means so and so."

"Well," said the professor, after regarding the young man attentively a moment or two, "You may be right, I may not know Greek, but the corporation pays me to teach Greek; I have been teaching it for thirty years or more, and I supposed I knew something about the subject. Mr. B., it will be necessary for you to see the president before you can proceed in this class." The student, who had felt a growing desire to sink through the floor, humbly and noiselessly made his way to the door.

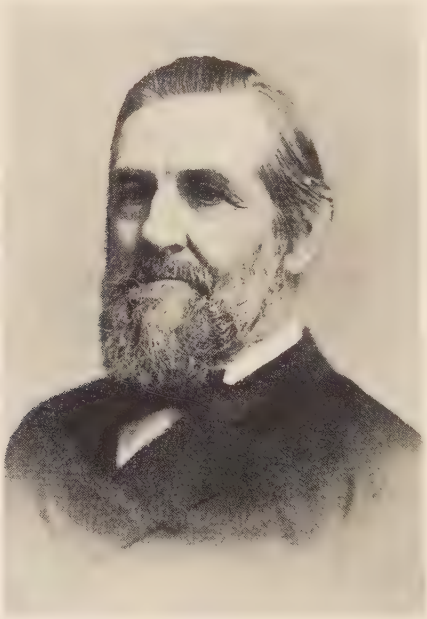
Along in the seventies it was customary at the close of the chapel exercises for each professor to march at the head of his class to the recitation-room. One day the freshmen carried out a well-laid plan for playing a joke on Professor Clarke, which they hoped would result in their securing a "cut." During the time the chapel exercises were going on a few of the freshmen, who had previously been chosen for the task, carefully filled the keyhole to the door of Professor Clarke's recitation-room, so that the lock could not be turned. Unfortunately for the success

of their scheme, those who had filled the keyhole, together with the members of the sophomore class who were in the secret of the joke and were proceeding to their recitation on the floor above, remained in the hallway to see the discomfiture of the professor. This was a mistake, for as soon as Professor Clarke approached the door and saw them standing there, he took in the situation at a glance and correctly surmising that the door could not be unlocked he did not attempt to unlock it, or even send for the steward, but without a moment's hesition raised his foot and sent the door flying open. The students then meekly followed the professor into the room, their chance for a "cut" and their well-planned joke having been frustrated by the ready intuition and prompt action of their intended victim.

Professor Bancroft walked in a very erect manner, head well up and somewhat thrown back. This carriage of his body, together with his cleanly shaved chin and flowing side-whiskers well spread out, presented a unique and well-defined aspect as his head appeared above the brow of the hill ascending College street and approaching the campus. This aspect was not misleading. It was a human landmark of College-street life. It was impossible at any distance to assign that head to any one else. Unquestionably it belonged to Bancroft, the fastidious, the neat, the precise, the carefully spoken professor of rhetoric and oratory. This bearing was entirely natural to the man; there was no affectation whatever in any one of these individualities which distinguished him.

Professor Bancroft's rehearsals in the classes in elocution and oratory were very attractive, especially to those who had only to listen. It was customary for the student to stand upon the platform and recite, while the professor sat at a distance at one end of the room. His favorite

exercise was the following quotation, which I have often heard. The student would slowly raise his arms to their full extent, then pause a moment, and slowly dropping them would at the same time repeat these words with much energy: "Living, we shall be victorious; or, dying,



Reuben Aldridge Guild, 1847. University Librarian, 1848–93
(Taken about 1887)

our death will be glorious." Often these words could be heard over the entire building.

One of the men who added much of character to the university and seemed as much of the college as University Hall itself, was the librarian, Reuben Aldridge Guild, whom I soon came to know most thoroughly and whose friendship was outspoken and unfailing. Dr. Guild had

been Brown's librarian for upwards of twenty-five years when I first came to know him, and I soon observed the lively interest he manifested in the students who were engaged in searching for books or pamphlets. He appeared only too glad to assist them, and gave one the impression that nothing pleased him better than to aid in the search. He had a very pleasing social disposition and was kindly and genial to all. He appeared uncommonly glad to greet returning graduates, and upon their taking leave he would frequently, with bared head, accompany them down the long flight of steps to the sidewalk. When the new library building was dedicated in 1878, Mr. Guild with Professor Diman and his assistant, Mr. Daniel Beckwith, all with heads uncovered, in formal solemn procession carried a superb and rare edition of the Polyglot Bible from the old library in Manning Hall to the new building, and placed it as book number one, referring to it as "The book of books, the embodiment of true wisdom and the fountain-head of real culture, civilization and moral improvement."

The very arduous work of classifying and cataloguing the 48,000 volumes in the new structure was accomplished almost entirely by Dr. Guild himself. He designed and brought to great perfection a card catalogue, by means of which he could at once turn to any book desired. At the time of the construction of the new building he devoted considerable time to examining European libraries, both for their constructive features and for their methods of cataloguing. His method was so far in advance of the time that he justly felt proud of his achievement. His services as librarian and librarian emeritus covered more than fifty years of the university's life.

Before Dr. Andrews became president and while he was serving the college as professor of history and politi-

cal economy, an incident occurred which impressed itself strongly upon my mind by reason of its being of an extraordinary character and containing a call to service very different from that which I had been accustomed to perform. One day while Professor Andrews was conducting a written examination in Manning Hall, I chanced to pass the window of the classroom as I was about my usual employment, when he opened a window and asked me to find a professor to take his class during the examination, for he was suddenly called away from the city by a telegram, and it was imperative that he should at once leave. I replied that all the instructors at that hour were engaged with their classes. He then astonished me with the request that I at once come in and occupy his chair, conducting the written examination to its conclusion. In view of the emergency I promptly acceded, although I never before had heard of one being called to conduct a college examination whose only requirements upon entering had been the knowledge of how to make an indifferent bed and to raise the dust generally. With much uncertainty I took my seat and at the same time Professor Andrews said to the class: "I am immediately called away and I have the utmost confidence in your integrity during the remainder of the examination." The stillness during the two long hours that I sat there was most oppressive. The confidence Dr. Andrews placed in the class was not forfeited. At the close of the examination each student walked up to the desk where I sat, and with a half smile quietly handed me his paper and walked out.

In 1889 at the alumni dinner one of the greatest ovations ever witnessed at the after-dinner speeches occurred when E. Benjamin Andrews was named for president of the college. All the alumni sprang to their feet, some even stood upon the tables, sending their hats high up in air, dishes fell to the floor and broke in pieces, and cheer

after cheer continued until it was with great difficulty that President Robinson was able to maintain order long enough to sing the closing hymn. At the close there was an informal gathering held in the faculty-room to arrange for a meeting of the trustees to formulate a call. It was manifest that beyond a doubt Dr. Andrews was the unanimous choice of the alumni.

This profound regard and esteem of both students and alumni were exhibited throughout all his administration and were shown to be undiminished when he returned from Nebraska to address the school-teachers' convention of New England, held in Infantry Hall years later. Then nearly the whole college was present. All the standing room was occupied long before the hour arrived. When he came on the platform all in the body of the hall arose and greeted him with tremendous and long-continued applause, so that he was compelled to beckon to the audience to be seated before he could proceed with his address. It is safe to say that in the history of the college there never was a greater demonstration given to any one alumnus. Hundreds of people were unable to enter the hall. At the close of the exercises and upon the return of the procession to the college campus, College street for its entire length was packed with enthusiastic spectators, and fireworks lighted up the beautiful arched elms, making a never-to-be-forgotton sight.

Anthony McCabe.

Bell and Bonfire

WE never knew exactly how it happened. Suddenly, at midnight, the wild clanging of the bell brought us all to the windows. Wonderment stood upon the faces of all except the conspirators. We learned from subsequent events that certain prominent individuals were involved, viz., Ezekiel G., "Stinger" Simmons, and his boon companion, Charlie Farnsworth, other unimportant individuals, and last but not least, his lordship, Delaney, the steward. Meanwhile the bell kept pealing. Nobody seemed to know how it rang. Against the dark outline of the sky could be discerned the still darker outline of the belfry on University Hall, with the bell tongue swinging back and forth as though driven by invisible demons of the nether regions. Obviously no human hand was touching the bell. Obviously, too, as Delaney discovered after rushing up to the top story, the door leading to the belfry had not been tampered with. And still the bell kept ringing. The unlighted corridors of University Hall were filled with flitting, white-clad figures, who added to the uproar by various ejaculations of mingled wonder, mirth and exultation.

What could it all mean? Even Ezekiel's tranquil mind became finally disturbed. Quoth he, "My sturdy henchman, Delaney, is derelict in his duty; forsooth, since he cannot quell this horrid tumult, it is up to me!" Hastily clothing his gaunt stature in his ordinary black raiment, our honored and yet dreaded president hastily strode

across the campus, entered the south door of University Hall, and hurried up three flights with the agility of a schoolboy. He was upon the rejoicing students before they were aware, and surprising was the rapidity with which they vanished away at his quiet yet stern admonition to betake themselves to their rooms. The bell chimed merrily all the while, but sleuth Delaney, trained to expert and intuitive investigation by many years of contact with tricky students, was hot upon the trail. Urged on by the presence of the greater mind, he finally ascended the interior of the belfry tower and was not long in discovering the cause of the midnight acclamation. A stout rope around the tongue of the bell gave him the clue. The conspirators in a room at the other end of the rope, sharply on the alert, quickly discovered that their ruse had been detected. Nothing was left to be done except to cut the rope and thereby efface the source of the noise-producing power. The ringing stopped immediately, the students dispersed to their rooms; "Prexy" returned to bed, restored to his usual lofty tranquility, and Delaney, carefully preserving the cut rope, followed suit.

"All's well that ends well" is no less true than "All's wrong that ends wrong." The latter adage became painfully evident within the next few days. Like a hound following up the trail of a guilty roost-robbing fox, Delaney speedily discovered that the rope had been purchased at the hardware store of Congdon, Carpenter & Co., on North Main street. The purchaser was easily identified, and "Stinger" Simmons was politely requested to hold a private conference in President Robinson's office. Being confronted with the unmistakable proofs of his roguery, the student frankly confessed that he was the purchaser of the rope and had taken active part in the clandestine event. He was immediately suspended from college.

His fellow-students in the class of '89 felt that Simmons was suffering a vicarious punishment, because others were equally responsible. The day after the suspension, in class meeting, they voted to withdraw from participation in morning prayers in Manning Hall, until justice was done to their suffering classmate. So the next morning, "Prexy" prayed to empty seats, so far as '89 was concerned. Frightened at their own temerity, several of the devotion-cutting class hung around in the reading-room at the north end of University Hall until prayers were over. Some of the college professors were accustomed, on the way to their classrooms, to pass between Manning Hall and University Hall. Professor Lincoln was among these, and as he passed the windows and looked in, he saw the culprits. Students in that group will never forget the impressive and indignant manner with which Professor Lincoln fixed his eye-glasses and glared through the windows at the offenders. That day he remonstrated privately with several prominent members of the class to such good result that the following morning '89 was fully represented in chapel.

Little were they aware of the fate yet before them. Instead of passing out in their usual order, they were forced to remain behind until the other classes had departed. Then, after an impressive interval, Ezekiel arose. It seemed as though he would never stop rising. He looked like a giant avenger come to vent his wrath upon several generations of erring students. Tall in his usual aspect, his height now ascended nearly to the ceiling. Throwing back his shoulders and putting both hands into his trousers pockets, he glared from beneath his bushy eyebrows, from eyes that ejected Jove's thunderbolts. Quoth he, in substance, "Your classmate was guilty of a serious offence against the peace, dignity and quietude of the campus and of the surrounding community. For his honesty in

acknowledging his offence, I give him full credit. But there were others connected with the same offence, and these are acting dishonorably by allowing one man to suffer for all. The class is acting wrongly in attempting to show, in such manner, their dislike of one man's punishment. I intend to settle this matter up at once. I wish to have a guarantee from you that hereafter you will conform to the laws and usages of this university. I command every one of you who intends to abide by lawful regulations to rise immediately." Struck with astonishment, the class remained seated in silence. "Up, up, all of you!" quoth the master. The class rose like a flock of sheep obeying the dictates of some stern but careful shepherd. Even George Warren, the recalcitrant, who had been urging, in violent whispers, the boys to remain seated, finally gave way to the overpowering mesmerism of the black-garbed giant before him, and stood up with the rest.

Partially appeased by the success of his manœuvre, "Prexy" dismissed the class, who departed sad, subdued and docile. "Stinger" Simmons was soon after reinstated in college, and the episode closed. Whether the other culprits confessed their part to the president is a matter of some doubt. This most important question, however, gave the class no concern. All they cared for was the restoration of their suspended classmate. Thus began, progressed and eventuated the most dramatic episode in the history of the class of '89.

Augustus T. Swift, 1889.

Rushes, Fires and Signs

BACK in 1886, under the administration of President Robinson, the freshmen had a number of clashes with the sophomores after a fiercely contested ball rush at the Messer-street grounds, which resulted in a tie. There existed between these classes from the beginning a state of hostility which manifested itself upon every possible occasion.

Soon after this hard-fought football contest a banner was suspended from one of the windows of Hope College upon which were pictured two bulls, one with head well elevated, indicating victory; the other fallen in defeat and lying in the dust. Upon the vanquished bull were painted in vivid red the figures "'89," while upon the victor was inscribed "'90."

This banner so publicly displayed was plainly an invitation to the livliest sort of scrap. No warm-blooded sophomore would ever permit a banner so destructive to his peace of mind long to remain unfurled. The class at once assembled and with equal promptness planned an assault. Regardless of all personal consequences of crushed hats or damaged chins they rushed to the charge with the utmost vigor and boldness. The freshmen were looking for the assault and held themselves in readiness to respond to the first alarm, and fought with great perti-

nacity to retain in position this symbol of victory. But the onslaught of the sophomores was too vigorous and well sustained to meet with defeat. No amount of opposition would prevent them securing the banner which flaunted so defiantly in their very eyes. In a few moments it was reached and torn to shreds.

The warm blood of both classes by this time was coursing through their veins and all were ready to continue the struggle with but slight provocation. A portiere rod was thrown from the window from which floated the hated banner; this became the signal for a cane rush which was fought over with equal persistence from beneath the windows of Hope down along the walks to University Hall before the rod was finally broken into many pieces.

A student who was delinquent in his studies and was just returning from an interview with the president in his office in University Hall came upon the rush just at its height. He loved nothing better than a fracas of this character and with much energy precipitated himself into the struggle. This student was very near-sighted and did not observe the approach of the president, who had come upon the scene to learn the cause of the commotion and at once proceeded to restore order. He grasped the first young man he came to, who proved to be the delinquent. By reason of his poor vision, combined with the excitement of the rush, he failed to recognize the president, and believing him to be one of the opposing forces fiercely struggled to throw his venerable opponent to the ground. The doctor, panting for breath, said, "Young man!" which brought him up with a severe mental jar, realizing the critical position in which he was placed. Quickly releasing his grasp, he permitted the president to assume his wonted dignity.

Grasping the young man by the ear (and, as the doctor

was tall and the student of lesser height, the latter was obliged to walk upon his toes), the president led the offender into his office, which they had so recently left. It is needless to add that as soon as the president was recognized both classes took to their heels; but their haste did not prevent vociferous hilarity over the unfortunate plight of the delinquent student, as he was led ignominiously away.

One night a mattress was well saturated with oil and thrown all ablaze from a window in Hope College, so endangering the venerable structure that the edict went forth that there were to be no more fires, and anyone detected in this pastime would be summarily dealt with. Notwithstanding this, a few of the bolder students combined and bought an old covered express-wagon in a nearby city and filled it with combustibles.

The police had been instructed to keep a close watch upon all entrances to the campus and to arrest anyone seen bringing in firewood. As the covered team came through the gate upon the campus long after nightfall the driver told the officer whom he met that he had a trunk to deliver. Driving over near Sayles Hall he thoroughly soaked both the wagon and its contents with a large amount of kerosene oil that he had concealed within, then unhitching his horse he applied the match and quickly led his beast out through the gate into George street. The boys had very thoughtfully driven corks into all water faucets. The fire assumed great proportions with rapidity. The "slaves" quickly gathered and formed a bucket brigade, but the water refused to flow, and amid the derisive shouts of the students the flame mounted into the branches of the large elm in front of Sayles Hall and finally burned itself out.

Souvenir-collecting is and always has been a peculiar fad of college students, and the merchants of Providence and nearby cities are well aware of this fact as far as Brown is concerned. Certain students had an avaricious eye on several of the large clocks or watches such as were used for advertising purposes and were attached to the awning supports in front of jewelry and watch repairing stores. The blizzard of 1888 presented an exceptional opportunity to accomplish what had seemed an impossibility as the owners had taken special precaution to have their property well secured and firmly fastened in view of just such pranks.

During this storm of uncommon severity everyone had vanished from sight and the streets were as devoid of life as Pompeii is to-day. The officers of the law were either concealed in protecting doorways or even better sheltered in warm places that they alone were aware of and kept in reserve. There was no danger of discovery upon a night like this. All that was needed was to force down the awning rods and easily detach the coveted prizes. Their number was limited only by the strength of the students in bearing them away. These relics were wrapped in newspapers, taken up to the college and concealed under the steward's work-bench and well covered with shavings.

Upon the return to their places of business the following morning the proprietors found these emblems of their industry missing. Upon closer inspection the bent and broken awning rods were discovered. In view of the well-known collecting habits of Brown men, suspicion was at once directed towards them. Complaint was promptly made and the search officially begun. Closets were ransacked, mattresses lifted off the beds, chimney flues peeped into and every suspected spot, possible and impossible as a hiding place for the missing signs, was

thoroughly searched, but no clocks were found. Apparently none of the searchers were sufficiently brilliant to imagine that the lost articles were concealed in the headquarters of the steward himself. After the young men had graduated and each had received his coveted degree, these mementoes of the youthful exuberance of un-

Brown Union
(Rockefeller Hall)

derclassmen were returned to their rightful owners by the purloiners.

Fred Hovey of the class of 1890 (afterwards the national champion at Newport) was in the tennis tournament at New Haven and word was telegraphed to the

students of Brown of the great contest and the victorious result. They soon assembled and started down the hill accompanied by horns and the college band, to the station to await the arrival of the midnight train from New Haven. President Andrews was rudely awakened from sleep by this commotion, which he plainly recognized as proceeding from a great and enthusiastic assemblage of students. Hastily dressing and appearing at his door, he inquired what the confusion was all about. "You had better all disperse to your rooms and prepare your lessons for to-morrow," he said. When informed of the great achievement, so creditable to the skill of the college representative, he laughed and remarked, "Well, it is glorious news," and retired into the house.

One day in the classroom a student who was well-known by the college authorities to be a mischief-maker and who made use of every opportunity to create disturbances asked President Andrews, "Now, doctor, as regards the Ego: how am I to know that it is I myself who am sitting here in this chair?" The doctor looked at him for a moment and then remarked, "Well Mr. B., *where were you* last night?" "In my own bed at home," replied Mr. B. "I am very glad to hear it," said the president.

Another time in ethics Mr. J., having asked the doctor what he thought about a certain proposition, and having tried to explain his own views in a long and intricate argument, the president replied, "Well, if I understand what you are talking about, I should say Yes—No." The applause resulting was so vociferous that the doctor as well as the student indicated his embarrassment.

Jerome B. Greene, 1890.

Brown in the Later Eighties

WHEN the class of 1890 entered Brown in the fall of 1886 it found the college an institution of modest externals. There was no clock tower or Cæsar Augustus statue on the front campus, no memorial fence or gates, no Rockefeller Hall, no Wilson Hall, no John Carter Brown Library on the middle campus, no steam-heating plant or mechanical laboratory, no gymnasium, no Marcus Aurelius statue, no Maxcy Hall, no engineering building, no Caswell Hall, no Brunonia Hall, no chapter-houses, no president's mansion on Hope street, no Ladd Observatory, no Metcalf Botanical Gardens. The college, in a word, consisted of the library, the five buildings of the old front row, the chemical laboratory and Sayles Hall. For our gymnasium exercise we had to march ten parasangs, more or less, to Aborn street.

Lincoln Field in those days, unadorned by buildings as it was, was a perpetual delight. Andrews Field is more spacious but grievously remote. In the late eighties, it was not necessary to leave one's room for the field until the exact hour for the advertised game had arrived. Then you took your window-seat cushion under your arm and walked leisurely to the grandstand, sure of a comfortable sitting. And if St. Stephen's Church was too close to centrefield, nobody within historic times had ever seen a batter bang a ball over it. There was a tradition that in the prehistoric past a Yale player had accomplished the feat, but this was a tradition as vague and uncertain as the Homeric legend.

None of the buildings or rooms of the late eighties re-

vert to mind with a greater store of gracious memories than the bare old chapel. If it is true that we prize what costs us an effort, surely we all prize Manning Hall, for it cost us effort, breath and good digestion to compass its interior on many a hurried morning.

Plain as that interior was, we cannot think of it dissociated from cheerful reminiscence. The central figure was President Robinson, tall and lean in his lofty pulpit. Over its faded green fringe he hung like an offended divinity, swaying in rhythm with his utterance, which was a strange commingling of the strong and sweet. Was ever a greater dignity or severity in mortal frame, or a livelier light in mortal eye? One frequent phrase from that diminutive boxed-in pulpit strikes soft on the ear of memory today: "Make Thy forbearance win our hearts to Thee!"

President Robinson was at the head of the college during three of the four years of 1890's life on the hill, but I do not definitely recall speaking with him. He seemed remote, a being of a different world. Bela Carlyle Clapp of '90 was called to interview him, however. It was something about cuts. "Young man," said Dr. Robinson, "You can't eat your gingerbread and have it too." Clapp's voice was second bass; nethermost and full. "I believe I've heard that before," he told the president with jovial acquiescence.

Professor Packard united extraordinary biological attainments with extraordinary indifference to discipline. It was customary for men to enter his recitations late, and leave before the hour was up. The most he ever said by way of comment was, "Some are coming, some are going." He gave oral instead of written examinations, assigning a single topic to each member of the class. This was all right if you happened to be "up" on the topic

that fell to you; otherwise it was embarrassing. One day just before examination W—— came along. The bell for the hour had rung. "What's it all about?" asked he. "I've been so busy I haven't had time to cram up on this." "Know anything about snakes?" I asked,

BICYCLE CLUB, 1887

From left to right on wheels: F. H. BROWNELL, '88; J. E. BULLEN, '90; R. L. P. MASON, '89; E. Y. WOOLLEY, '88; L. C. HEYWOOD, '90; F. H. BRIGGS, '89; G. E. WARREN, '89, in tree. Standing: J. P. WILLIAMS, '89; F. H. HOVEY, '90; G. H. CROOKER, '87, Captain; W. S. PEASE, '89; F. H. MANSFIELD, '89; E. T. ROOT, '89.

"No." "Well, here's what my notebook says. Listen." A few minutes later Professor Packard called W—— up.

"Mr. W——," he said, "you may tell us what you know about snakes." W—— made a star recitation, of course, but when the professor reached me fortune turned a chillier shoulder.

Professor Bancroft described to us one day in senior year the beauties of the English sunset. We were reading the Idylls of the King, and had come to this line:

"The glooming crimson on the marge."

"There," he exclaimed, putting down his book and taking off his glasses. "That is one of the most perfect descriptions of the English sunset in literature. 'The glooming crimson on the marge.' We don't have it in America, but I have often seen the effect in England. It's a beautiful line."

"But, Professor," spoke up a member of the class, "doesn't it say these people had just waked up? How do you account for that?"

"Where, where, where is that?' asked the professor in great agitation. "Impossible! But, well, I declare, you are right. I never noticed it before."

It was an English sunrise.

One day in Professor Bancroft's recitation Presbrey convulsed the class. He was telling about a visit paid by Wycherley to Congreve. "And Wycherley," he recited in slow, impressive tones (he, too, had a second-bass voice, and sang on the glee club), "and Wycherley told Congreve a very funny story (pause for several seconds — class expectant); which I have forgotten."

Nobody has put into this book, I think, anything about Howard Malcolm Ticknor, but he deserves his little niche along with the rest. He was our instructor in elocution, a cultured gentleman from Boston and Harvard with an unforgettable face. He had keen, restless eyes, hair that marvellously curled, and more than his fair share of effective sarcasm. It was on the first day of June that our section of the class was called to meet him. He had categorically barred all "pieces" about "heroes" whose

names end in "us," such as Horatius and Brutus; and I had chosen for this particular date, especially as I had long known it by heart, Lowell's prelude to the Vision of Sir Launfal. It was hackneyed, but it was all about June, and I thought it would go. It did, but not as I expected.

Banjo Club. 1888

Colby, '89	Simmons, '89	Hovey, '90	Heiser, '90
Colby, '91	Chapin, '91	Hazard, '89	Sawyer, '90

When I had stepped down from the little platform in 6 U. H. and gone to my seat, Instructor Ticknor sat in portentous silence at the far end of the room, chin in hand. It seemed as if he would never say anything, but at last he began, amid a profound quiet and with startling deliberation and emphasis. This was the verdict:

"Your taste in choosing that poem for today was excellent; but (and here he made a dreadful pause) your enunciation was *execrable*."

That is all I remember about Howard Malcolm Ticknor.

In those days the college was so small we knew the name of almost every undergraduate — his whole name, as, for instance, Benaiah Longley Whitman, Eli Whitney Blake, Jr., Vernon Purinton Squires. And yet, small as it was, it was sharply divided by secret society lines. A fraternity man was under suspicion among his own society brothers if he kept company with the members of another fraternity. It was felt that one's own society — we did not call them "frats" in those days — ought to be good enough for him. This exclusiveness had its disadvantages, but its advantages also. There was a strong family feeling among the members of a society; the chapter-hall was home in a sense that no place on the campus was; the upperclassmen exercised a powerful and wholesome influence on the younger men. I remember one moonlit night when Crawford, '87, walked me round and round the campus and showed me, much against my will, that because of inter-fraternity politics, I could not go on the Brunonian board that spring. As I look back, his tone and that of others of the seniors in dealing with freshmen was distinctly paternal. There was nothing incongruous in it, to us, then, though the three years that separated the two classes seem a trivial interval now.

There was a breaking-down of fraternity barriers in senior year, when some of us who for three years had belonged to rival societies began to see much of one another and to call one another by our Christian names. As I revert to those undergraduate days, senior year seems far the best, and largely because of this widened fellow-

ship. If this is an indictment of the fraternity system, let him who chooses "make the most of it." It seems to me that the fraternity system has justified itself, especially when it has exercised a disciplinary influence on underclassmen; but it ought to be elastic enough to allow for the loyal friendship of kindred souls who may chance in the exigencies of the freshman rushing season to become separated into hostile camps.

Sayles Gymnasium, Women's College

In seeking the ultimate reason for the fascination of our college days, I am inclined to think the glamour of youth had most to do with it. From eighteen to twenty-two the human animal is prone to joy, and we would have been light of heart in any circumstances; yet I doubt if undergraduates anywhere else, "on the whole and in the long run," as President Andrews used to say, were one jot or tittle happier than we of Brown.

Henry Robinson Palmer, 1890.

The Football Rush

WHEN I entered college in 1886 I found a custom prevailing for the sophomore class to challenge the incoming freshman class to a football rush and, according to this custom, the freshmen always accepted the challenge. By the traditional rules governing the contest, a member of the junior class was chosen by the freshman class to act as its second, and a member of the senior class was chosen by the sophomore class to perform a similar office. The respective seconds for the contesting classes had the right to participate in the contest if they so desired, or they might, on the field of battle, act as commanding generals to direct the contest. Prior to the contest the second was supposed to meet the class which had chosen him and give it such instructions and such counsel as seemed necessary and proper. As to the contest itself, I may say that it was a trial of strength and endurance between the two classes. Every member of each class was supposed to show up and take a part in the fight, and woe to any man who displayed the white feather. He was marked as a coward, lacking every element of bravery and chivalry. So great was the feeling against a quitter or deserter that rarely did a member of any class fail to show up on the fateful day. A description of the contest may not be amiss.

A day was selected and also a proper place, which was usually some public grounds like the Messer-street baseball park. It was always held on public grounds and

never on the campus. All members of the two contesting classes, with the seconds chosen to look out for them, would leave the campus in moving-vans with great noise

A College Vista

and counter-cheering. Upon arrival at the chosen place, the seconds would, by a flip of a coin, decide the position of each class on the field, at either end of which goal posts

had been previously erected. Choice would be made for kick-off, and with one class lined up on one side of the field and the other class lined up on the other side, the kick-off would start the fray. There was no science used and no rules governed the contest. From the time of the kick-off until the time fixed for the contest to expire, it was a free-for-all fight. The only thing sought to be accomplished was to get the ball between the goal posts for a touchdown. It could be kicked, pulled, pushed, thrown or forced through in any manner whatsoever. The only thing was to get it through. During the contest there were many "mix-ups," "scraps" and personal encounters, resulting many times in bruises, scratches and "beauty marks," such as are received in the pugilistic ring. At times almost the entire classes would be piled up on the ground in one glorious heap, struggling, fighting and sometimes, I am ashamed to say, swearing. The strenuosity of the contest would have put even President Roosevelt to blush.

The manner in which the fellows dressed was very interesting. Most of them purchased football jackets, and strapped themselves into them so tightly that it was impossible to get hold of them; some of the fellows stripped bare to the waist and greased their arms, back, chest and neck in order to elude their opponents. If any fellow was foolish enough to wear good clothes into the affray, he was obliged to gather up the remnants on the gory field of battle at the close of the fight.

The football rush between the classes of 1891 and 1892 was the last ever indulged in at Brown. Through the concurrent action of the classes of 1892 and 1893, the custom was abolished and some milder method adopted to settle class supremacy.

James A. Williams, 1890.

Hope College Twenty Years Ago

SOME time late in the eighties there roomed in Hope College on the third floor, east side as I remember it, a man whom we will call X. He was a most serious-minded fellow, purported to be studying for the ministry, and was easily within the first group of five or six religious workers within the college. At about this time amateur photography had taken a hold on people's interest, and the camera club, with rooms in the attic of the chemical laboratory, was among the most flourishing organizations of the college. Each spring the club gave an exhibition in Sayles with the projection lantern, throwing upon the screen what had been considered by competent judges the best work of the club members for the year. In addition to this, part of the evening's entertainment was devoted to the display of slides illustrative of the funny side of college life, and it was a matter of a good deal of interest to the club members to contribute as fully as possible to this particular feature of the entertainment. With this explanation I will say that one evening I visited X.'s room and explained to him that it was to be a feature of the next camera club exhibition to display the "haunts and homes" of leading members of the college community. X. very willingly consented to have his photograph taken, so with the room made immaculate and he sitting at one end of his study table (which, by the way, was in the centre of the room) reading a Testament, which was held at my suggestion in his hand in order to make a better picture, the flashlight was touched off and

the picture made. The next evening while X. was away to keep an appointment, which had been made for him with considerable care, his room was surreptitiously entered, torn up and given the appearance of a first-class poker den. One man was placed in the exact position that X. had had the evening before, holding, however, instead of the Testament, a deck of cards. Three other

THE CLASS OF 1891
(Fifteen years after)

men were placed at the table, which was covered with poker chips, bottles, cigar stubs and everything at which X. would have been most horrified. A flashlight was then taken and it required only a little manipulation to remove from the plate on which X. figured everything but X. himself, to remove from the second plate the person of the man who had sat in X.'s place, and to unite the two plates so as to make a slide which showed X. himself in his own

room smoking a cigarette, surrounded by the most unchurchly men in the college. At the exhibition at which the slide was displayed, X. and his girl occupied front seats. I believe X. has never really forgiven me for my part in the proceeding, although I am inclined to think that, after the first burst of anger was over, he saw the funny side of it and was more or less reconciled.

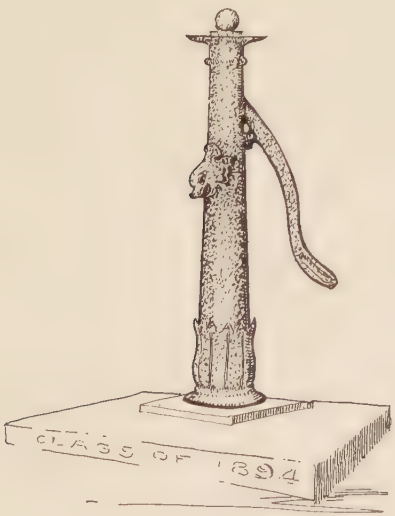
Up in the third floor of Hope College roomed one of the pillars of the college Y. M. C. A., a man who seemed to be thoroughly imbued, to the extent even of religiosity, with the importance of evangelical work. Down below on another floor roomed a man whose interests were all in the other direction. Over and over again had the third-floor man expostulated with the other because of the error of his ways, and as many times had the man of the second floor refused to him of the third any right to make him the burden of his prayers. But late one night a change of heart arrived. Our religious friend heard in the wee sma' hours his name repeated over and over again in a very uncertain and unsteady way from the ground beneath his window. Finally, as he appeared at the window, he was greeted with the solemn and pathetic cry, "Pray for me, pray for me!"

Of all the faculty, Professor ——, whom we all admired in many ways, was said to lose his head the most easily. On one occasion there sat down in the front row regularly in his classes a very well-behaved and pious youngster who was never known on any occasion to have done anything worse than chew gum in class. The back row, however, in that particular class was noted for quite other characteristics and gave Professor —— a good deal of trouble. On this occasion the professor was hard at work at the blackboard behind his desk when with tremendous force an apple too old to be of any use for ordinary purposes struck our well-behaved friend in the front

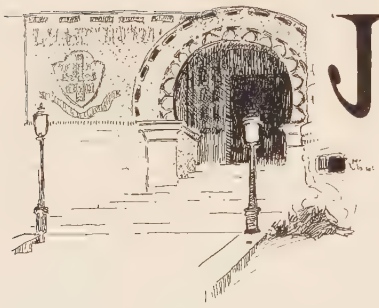
row in the small of the back. With a start the professor looked around and saw that something was wrong and that in some way our good friend in front was associated with it. Further than that his immediate analysis did not go. Yet, with words as full of vigor as he could make them, he said, "Mr. —— (the man in the front row), you may leave the room."

Talking about signs and other confiscated property, the most gruesome one of all was for many years in a third-story room of Hope College. It was nothing more or less than a marble gravestone inscribed to "Little Willie." Over a door to another room in the same historical college there was a sign taken from the corridor of the city hall, reading as follows: "Applicants for aid please apply at the door opposite."

Edwin G. Dexter, 1891.



A Conflict of Jurisdictions



JUST before the beginning of gymnasium practice, the writer sprained his ankle. Work in the gymnasium seemed out of the question, so the chairman of the excuse committee was visited, who, after hearing the statement of the case, replied, "Your reason is good and I believe your request to be excused from practice will be granted, but you will have to see Dr. ——, who is in charge and has jurisdiction over all such cases." When the case was presented to Dr. ——, his reply was somewhat as follows: "A most excellent reason, and I think that the professor who has excuses in charge will do something for you. You had better see him at once." So the matter was brought again to the attention of the chairman of the committee on excuses, who, after hearing it, said, "I have no jurisdiction in this case. It is a proper case for Dr. ——, and you should go and see him." So back to the gymnasium the writer limped and told him that the chairman of the committee on excuses had referred the matter to him for decision. Very quick and decided was his reply this time: "I say that you are to see the chairman of the committee on excuses." The next visit to the chairman of the committee on excuses brought a very quick and decided reply, right to the point: "I say, see Dr. ——." This seemed to be about the only

solution of the matter to be reached, this, when the chairman of the committee on excuses was appealed to for a decision, his reply was invariably, "See Dr. ——." And when Dr. —— was approached each time his response was, "See the chairman of the committee on excuses."

What was a poor limping student to do under such circumstances? Though the ankle was painful, his injured feelings were still more so, and the lacerated condition of the latter could have but one issue, anger or despair. At last, addressing Dr. ——, the writer said, "Dr. ——, are you good at guessing conundrums?" With a genial smile the doctor replied that he thought he was. Then this conundrum was flung at him: "Why are you and the chairman of the committee on excuses like my pocket dictionary?" The doctor had finally to give it up. Then the writer replied: "In my pocket dictionary I looked up the word donkey, and for definition it said, 'see ass.' Turning over to that word it said 'see donkey.' Now I have visited you and you say, 'see the chairman of the committee on excuses,' and when I visit him he says, 'see Dr. ——.'" In a somewhat agitated manner the now rather excited doctor shot out his reply to this: "No insults, sir! You will not be allowed to enter the gymnasium class till further notice." With a great feeling of gratitude towards his pocket dictionary the writer fared forth gladly, though limping, excused at last.

Harry Luke Thompson, 1896.

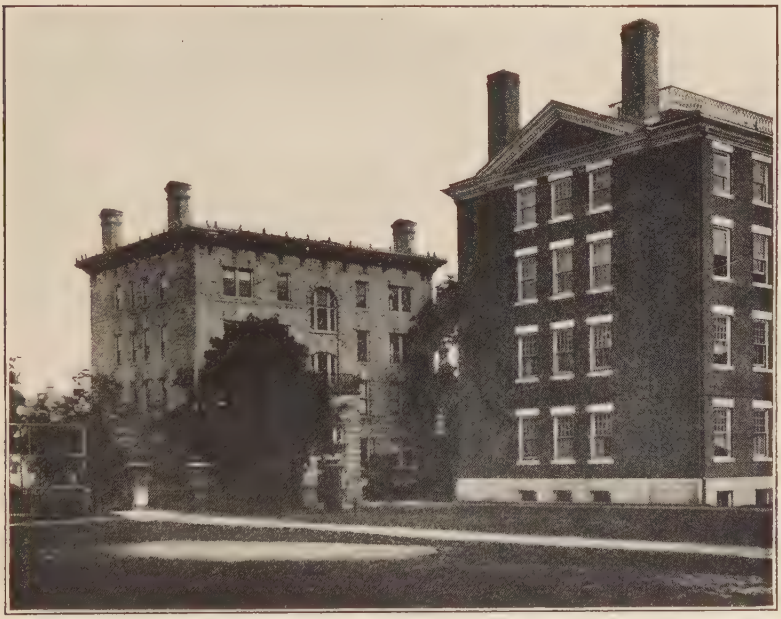
A Fight with the Firemen in 1898

COLLEGE student celebration, the like of which has not been seen here in years, transformed the arena of Lincoln Field into a battleground last night.* The warring factions were the students of Brown University and the fire department, or rather a portion of it, of the city of Providence. The bones of contention were bonfires. The students wanted bonfires, wanted them badly, and, moreover, had bonfires to burn. The firemen had no objection to the lighting of bonfires, but insisted on performing their duty and putting out the bonfires as fast as they flared up. Therefore, the casus belli. The students fought the firemen, and the firemen, bonfires and students. This was the order of things from 8:30 o'clock until 10 o'clock on Lincoln Field.

It was the wildest celebration the hill and campus had ever seen. A bonfire is in itself a little thing. But when rows of charging men are swept from their feet by a column of squirting water, when students in football duds and firemen in rubber coats struggle for a line of hose, when a crowd that has laughed long and loud at seeing others wet becomes a target for a wide-sweeping waterspout—the possibilities of a bonfire are recognized. 'Tis no common sight to see well-dressed persons lovingly embrace a line of dirty, muddy hose. It isn't vouchsafed humanity every day to see a line of men swept from a

* May 17, 1899.

fence like ten-pins before a ball by water. It is an excitement beyond the ordinary run to be soaked through and through when garbed in a dress suit. It creates enthusiasm to hear men shout and cheer. There's a tingling in the blood when the possibility of a good hard fist fight is in prospect.



Brunonia and Caswell Halls

For two hours the students built bonfires, cut lines of hose and threw themselves before streams of water with an earnestness that was not dampened. The firemen, likewise, appeared to enjoy things, especially when they played upon a bunch of collegians. There were one or two mixups when the students attempted to take a nozzle away from the firemen. The students did not show any particular advantage in this. They showed more profi-

ciency in cutting hose. The police of the Central and Third stations were sent for and Deputy Chief Egan also travelled up the hill, for it was feared at one time there would be a pitched battle between the students and the firemen.

A crowd of two or three thousand persons witnessed the performance which was considerably like a circus. It was all the more enjoyable because there was only one ring. It occupied the grandstands and the bleachers and in the beginning was an immaculately groomed and gowned party, dress suits being very much in evidence since many of the East-siders had left dinner to go to this show.

After the firemen had turned the stream on all it could reach, signs of dress were unrecognizable. The sympathies of the watchers were evenly divided between the firemen and the students until after the deluge. Then it all went to the students. What with the yelling and cheering, the bonfires and the firemen it was a never-to-be-forgotten night on Lincoln Field.

Had the celebration been planned to take the successive steps it did it would have been a failure. Since it was a creation of chance and the mood of men, it became a celebration with which future revels of victory will suffer in comparison. The first step was the ringing in of an alarm from box 91 by Steward Delaney of the college. It was soon after the parade, and a bonfire had been started and was flaming brightly on the campus in the rear of Slater Hall. The collegians were dancing around it and cheering in their ebullition of spirits when the firemen came clattering to the scene with engines and hose wagons, hose and nozzles. The bonfire was the only fire in sight, and, rightly supposing that it was this for which the alarm had been rung, they made preparations to extinguish it.

A line of hose was attached to a hydrant and the hosemen went forward with the line. They didn't go far. A hundred or more students and their sympathizers signified their disapproval of any fire extinguishing by seizing the line of hose in its middle and pulling it to the rear. They considered that they had a right to build bonfires on their own campus, and as long as it was not a menace the bonfire should be left to burn while their voices lasted.

The firemen had been called to put out a fire, so they put out the only one in sight. They didn't do it with water, however. When the students had dragged the firemen so far back that the water wouldn't reach the flames more firemen came to the aid of their companions. There was a tug of war, the firemen being outnumbered five to one. In the course of it the tuggers became crowded against the wooden fence on the George street side. The fence made more room by falling flat on the sidewalk. Water was turned on at the hydrant, but it didn't reach the nozzle. The hose had been cut in three or four places by strategic students. The hose was finally given up and the fire extinguished by the fluid in the chemical tanks.

This animated gathering had drawn a big crowd, and, like all crowds, it followed the leader.

"Brown, this way," was the rallying slogan, and the students hurried to the baseball diamond, followed by a stumbling crowd of men, women and children.

Another fire was started in the centre of the diamond; it was blazing merrily and fuel was in demand when the firemen again entered the game. Naturally they did not approve of cutting the hose nor of the attempt to block them from pursuing their legitimate vocation. They were there to put out fires, and they would put out all fires in sight.

So they came running down between the gymnasium

and the bleacher next to Maxcy Hall, with a line of hose and water spurting from the nozzle. "Here comes the hose, here comes the hose; stop!" shouted the students whose yells had drawn to them cohorts of youthful and adult rowdies and toughs. Naturally those who shouted the loudest stood back. A few of the more daring made a rush for the hose. They seized it some feet away from the two firemen who were holding the nozzle, and began pulling. With twenty men pulling against them the firemen advanced rapidly backwards. Then for the first time they assumed the offensive. They turned around and steered the stream straight upon the bodies of the students. When the water struck these they went down as though their legs had been taken from under them. They were knocked endwise and edgewise. They stood everywhere but upon their feet. The water struck them with the force of a club and as fast as they got up they went down again. Blinded and gasping some of them still clung to the hose line. Then more students made a rush for the two men and a struggle began for the possession of the nozzle. It thrashed and squirmed, spun round and banged right and left like a crazy windmill, smiting the students right and left. One of them, E. G. Hapgood, received a clip that made him hors de combat for the rest of the night.

The crowd that had congregated on the bleacher near Maxcy Hall came in for its portion of wetness and stopped laughing at the bedraggled, watersoaked students. It fled under the bleacher; it ran and scrambled in a confused mass, but couldn't escape the twisting nozzle. It received a thorough ducking. At this juncture the hose was cut and the nozzle gave up its struggles. For the time being the college had won and mighty resonant cheers sounded through the air while the bonfire burned merrily. Lumber in plenty came forth and the students sang songs. A

few of them were in rags and most of them were thoroughly wet. Their victory was but momentary. The firemen came on with another line of hose. As far as it could be seen it was guarded by policemen and firemen. " Brown, this way," yelled the students and small boys, and a sortie was made for the rear of the bleacher, where the

Sayles and Wilson Halls and the John Carter Brown Library

hose was supposed to be unprotected. The supposition was incorrect. It was guarded by another nozzle and when the leaders were a few feet from this brass pipe the water issued forth. The crowd, of course, had followed the leaders.

The front rank of the attacking party were swept from their feet and carried away as the chaff is by the whirl-

wind. The rest turned their backs and incontinently fled. It is no joke to say that their ardor was dampened. The stream of water assisted their retrograde movement. It struck some of them in the small of their back and laid them flat. It took the legs out from under others and hurled the rest to the four winds. It was a wild scuttling rush. The people of the bleachers, who were only spectators, enjoyed this and were aroused to great mirth. The stream heard the summons and came to them. They fell down with impetus and emphasis. The stream played all over the diamond, and transformed the hard ground into a quagmire.

It was obvious that the students didn't know what they wanted. So a leader got a knot together, and propounded this question: "Do we want a fire?" The answer was in the affirmative, thus: "We do want a fire! We will have a fire! Yah!" Then sundry and divers yells, cat-calls and hoots of derision, directed towards the firemen and policemen.

Another fire was built near the bleacher on the Thayer street side. The firemen couldn't reach it and the legions of the bonfire yelled grandly in unison. The crowd began to disperse, since wet clothes are not comfortable. The firemen refrained from speech, but went around to Thayer street and put two streams over the fence. These streams didn't reach the bonfire, but knocked a crowd from the top of the fence. The cheering ceased and it was decided that the fire was in danger. It was removed, while still burning, piece by piece, several feet. There was more cheering, since it was beyond the firemen. With consistent quietness these latter climbed the fence with the nozzles and the fire-builders fled to places where it was at least dry overhead. This fire was extinguished.

"To the campus," was the yell, and thither rushed the crowd. The original fire in the rear of Slater Hall was

blazing again. It blazed, and the firemen and policemen went away. The students made a faint noise. They could not shout their victory as they would, for they could but whisper. They shook hands and those that were wet danced themselves dry. There was no need of the police, though it seemed a likelihood at one time. The officers made no attempt to interfere, save but to guard the hose. When they first appeared the students hooted and hissed them, and sang, "Get out, cops," in chorus.

It was claimed that Irving Southworth received a scalp wound from a policeman's club. The bonfire revelry continued into the early morning hours.

While the bonfire incident proved to be the piece de resistance of the celebration, a parade due to the same inspiration preceded it, the aforesaid inspiration being the victory of the Brown nine at Princeton. When Brown wins a ballgame the students are prone to suffer temporary aberration of mind. The usual flight of intellect or a supper of hasheesh led about 300 of the university children to array themselves in the garments of sleep and parade down College Hill and through Westminster and Weybosset streets. Of course they yowled and blocked the street-cars and gave the populace generally to understand what a throaty affair the aftermath of a baseball victory is. In front of the Doyle monument they jumped up and down, blew horns and yelled while a placard bearing the inscription "Brown 6, Princeton only 3," was placed before the monument. Then they marched back to college.

From a contemporary account.

Recollections of a "Super"

AS I used to geologize out along the Hartford turnpike with the rest of the class, by some strange perversity of my nature my greatest interest was always aroused by the curious bits of rock—the "funny-looking" stones. They invariably proved to be worthless things, but, nevertheless, I liked them. They were odd little specimens, individualists in their way, and I used to carry them about in my pocket and exhibit them to the boys with as much pleasure as ever a real geologist experienced in displaying a real find.

The passing years have panned my college memories as a miner pans for gold. They have washed away this and that thing, until, now, looking in the pan, I find a curious assortment. There are some rocks of experience, a few—a sad few—nuggets of knowledge, and a large number of "funny-looking" stones. And, as in the other days, I like these last the best. They are curiously labelled, and I find that most of them refer to incidents and events which have nothing whatever to do with the elms, the campus, the president or the faculty.

Among them there is one marked "Suping," and it is one of my favorites. It brings up the old opera house from pit to gallery. It recalls evenings spent there in front, but, most pleasing of all, it conjures up the nights when I stood behind the charmed circle of the lights and did all that blundering stupidity could do to spoil the performance. "Suping" was an ancient pastime for the students even in my day. Why, I recollect hearing of the

chap who assisted Edwin Booth. It was an old story even then.

It seems that Booth was presenting Othello and was himself cast for Iago. The student was engaged to help in the mob. It so happened that in the play there was

Ladd Astronomical Observatory

one part which required a trifle more intelligence than is usual in a mob, which required what might be termed a super-supe. The engaging countenance of the young student attracted the attention of the tragedian, and to the gratification of the young man he was selected for the part. The character was that of a watchman. At one

stage of the play Iago and another engage in a rapier duel. It was the duty of the watchman to step forward and strike up their swords, accompanying the action with the words, "Hold your hands!" That phrase was all the student had to learn, but he learned it with every possible variation and change of emphasis. He practised it in falsetto and basso profundo. He roared it. He cooed it. He implored and he commanded, and before the fateful night arrived he could have said it in any one of a hundred ways.

The play went smoothly and majestically forward. At the proper time the fighting words were spoken. The rapiers were drawn. The combatants sprang at each other. The student stepped bravely forward, drew his sword, made a feeble pass—and gulped. Booth glared at him, and fenced desperately—literally fenced for time. Again the student waved the sword, and again—he gulped. The words he was to have spoken were as though they had never been. Under his breath, Booth hissed, "Speak, you fool." Thereupon, the young man, rising to the emergency at last, squared his shoulders, struck up the contending swords with a mighty sweep, and in ringing tones ejaculated, "Cheese it, the cop!"

I recollect a night when two '98 men were drafted to act as soldiers. I forget the play, and it does not matter. They were supposed to stand side by side at the door in the rear, shoulders up, eyes to the front. At the appointed time, at a word from their superior officer, they were to march down the stage, seize the villain, and eject him L. R. E. On the night in question they took their stand. At the cue, the officer yelled, "Seize that man!" and with swinging steps they advanced to the footlights. By some curious mischance, the hero and the villain had been rehearsing each other's parts at rehearsals, and this night, for the first time, were acting their proper rôles.

This change, however, had not been explained to the two soldiers. They had learned to associate a certain face with a villainous character, and they had been hustling that face off stage L. R. E. for three rehearsals. So when they came down that night and spotted the man they had been arresting at all times theretofore, they proceeded to nail him as usual. There was a horrified gasp from the audience, a frenzied half-yell from the prompter in the wings, and a startled whisper from the hero. All was futile.

"Theirs not to reason why—"

They grabbed that hero and started. He cursed and fought; the prompter swore and the audience shouted, but the two soldiers bent to the task and the hero went off stage L. R. E.

I think it was in my junior year that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry came to Providence for a three-nights engagement. The first production was the Merchant of Venice, and among seven or eight men who suped that evening were "Beef" Wheeler, Howard Briggs, my roommate, and myself. I have no recollection of the first two acts, except that at one time the whole crowd of supes, wrapped in black cloaks and carrying small lanterns, were sent scurrying across a dark stage before the drop-curtain. After it was all over we learned that we were supposed to have been gay roisterers pursuing a bevy of girls. We were all somewhat aggrieved at this announcement, for we felt that had we known our true characters we could have bagged at least one girl.

This escapade accomplished, we were hustled down to the dressing-rooms, and informed that our next appearance would be in the courtroom scene. The man in charge sized us up, and said that all but Briggs and I would go on as guards. We, being of small stature, were cast for "magnificoes." They clapped a white wig on my

head, adorned my face with white eyebrows, white mustache and goatee, threw a scarlet cloak about my shoulders, and there I was. When they had Briggs fixed you couldn't have told him from a justice of the supreme court. In the meantime, Wheeler and the others had been put into armor—good American tin-plate armor. They looked grand and gorgeous.

The scene was set in this wise, looking at it from the front. The duke of Venice and six magnificoes constituted the court and they were lined up on the right-hand side of the stage like a football team. The duke played centre, the left end was near the footlights and the right end was up-stage. Briggs was right end and I was right tackle. The man playing guard next to me was one of the company, and we were told that all we had to do was to get up when he got up and sit down when he sat down. We thought we could do that.

One of the entrances was on the left side of the stage and one at the rear. There was a thin guard at the former, and "Beef" Wheeler at the latter. I can see that thin guard yet. He stood beside the door, facing the audience. The visor of his helmet was up and his sharp nose and chin were silhouetted against the wall beyond. He stood motionless, staring out over the footlights, past the door which he was guarding. His spear he held upright in his left hand.

The play proceeded. Presently came the time for Shylock to make his entrance. That was the cue. The door opposite slowly opened. The old Jew stood in the entrance. Everyone on the stage and in the audience was aware of his presence, I presume, except the thin guard at the door at which he was entering. About this time, that guard conceived the idea that he was holding the spear in the wrong hand, and that he might shift it over unnoticed, provided he did it quickly. So, as Shy-

lock stepped forward, he swung the spear around. It caught Sir Henry a right smart slap in the stomach, and he looked vastly surprised. The guard looked surprised too. He took away his spear, bowed solicitously, and said, "I beg your pardon. I trust I did not hurt you." But Sir Henry did not wait to discuss the question. He

St. Stephen's Church and the Engineering Building

waved him aside, and proceeded as calmly as though he was accustomed to having men poke him in the ribs with a long stick.

"The quality of mercy is not strained—"

The rich tones swept out over the house, and no one in all that audience had thought for anything but the grand passage. That is, no one but "Beef" Wheeler. It so hap-

pened that "Beef" weighed close to 200 pounds, and he had been run into a boy's size suit of armor. It fitted him soon, very soon, and very completely, and to climax the situation they had closed down the visor of the helmet. The result was, that, to all intents and purposes, they had immersed him in a Turkish bath. It became warm inside that armor, and the longer he stood the warmer it got, and, the outfit being practically a shell, all the weather slowly percolated up inside and accumulated in the helmet, and since, as has been said, the visor was down, all the heat stayed there.

"It droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven upon the place beneath."

"How divine," thought the audience.

"Gentle dew!" snorted "Beef," "Gentle dew, nothing. It's a flood in here."

"It is twice blest. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

"Beautiful," murmured the crowd.

"Blessing! I'll bless the man who put me into this if I ever get a hold of him," growled "Beef." "Great Scott! Isn't she ever going to quit. Saw it off, old girl, saw it off. I'll give you two minutes to chop it."

"'Nuff said," grunted "Beef." "Time's up. The stuff is off."

A junk wagon on a cobblestone road might have made more noise, but it is a matter for argument. The mailed shoes clanged on the boards. The mailed fist smote against the spear. Each armored joint shrieked a protest. The visor rattled against the helmet. Miss Terry paused and glared at the guard, but that pillar of the Venetian state was gone. He was in the wings seeking a spigot and the man who had strapped him in.

Briggs and I were ashamed of our colleagues. Seated at ease upon our bench it was inconceivable to us that

any men, and, above all, college men, could hinder or harm such a performance. We were carried beyond ourselves. It was much to see Irving and Terry. It was far more to sit within ten feet of them and see every expression, every minute gesture. We followed each phase of the play closely. The compelling plea, the hard insistence of the Jew, swept our emotions in turn. We heard Portia give judgment against Antonio. The next instant, advancing across the stage, she addressed the duke.

"Most Noble Duke," said she, "Hast in the court the scales to weigh the flesh?"

And right there was where we got our bolt from the blue. The duke, in what to me was a most profound voice of inquiry, turned to the man next to me, and said, "Sir, hast thou the scales?"

Thereupon that individual, without any preliminaries whatever, wheeled to me, and said in an accusing voice, "Sir, hast thou the scales?"

"Great Heavens," I thought, "They have forgotten to provide those scales, and they are trying to stick me for it." But I was not responsible for their old scales, and did not intend to let them think I was.

"What," said I, aloud, "scales? I haven't seen any scales; Briggsey, have you got those scales?"

Poor Briggs was so surprised that he nearly fell off the seat.

"Scales?" said he, startled and flustered, "Never had any scales," and then, illuminated by a sudden tremendous idea, he added hopefully, "Perhaps they are under the bench."

And he proceeded to get down on his hands and knees and take a look.

"Get up from there," whispered the man next me in a fierce whisper. I glanced around. Portia was proceeding with her lines, and in her hands she held a pair of scales.

Briggs meekly crawled back on the bench, and I sank back too astonished to murmur, but to this day where she obtained those scales is a mystery to both of us,

Warren E. Greene, 1898.

Professor Benjamin F. Clarke, 1863
(From the Benson Portrait)

President Andrews: As Seen by the Brown Men of His Time

WHATEVER differences there may be in opinions as to this or that of the mental characteristics of President Andrews, wherever Brown men are gathered together there is always unanimous testimony concerning the phenomenal nature of his ability to remember faces and to recall names, and many are the reminiscences exemplifying this facility of recollection. That it is a cultivated power, however, and not entirely a natural gift was made known by the advice which he gave us. "Gentlemen," he was wont to say, "gentlemen, cultivate your memories; it is within the power of everyone of you to enlarge his stock of ever-ready data. When for example, a pat word or a name evades your mental fishhook, do not run helplessly to your dictionary, but rather command it to come forth from its hiding-place in the dark recesses of your own preserves and if it will not come, get down, get down, gentlemen, on the floor and roll; grovel on the ground until it comes to light." It is extremely difficult to picture our dignified "Prexy" rolling about on his study floor in search of an elusive word, but that in some way he had struggled with and gained the mastery over those will-o'-the-wisps of memory no one who knew him can ever doubt.

He remembered faces as well as names and the facility with which he learned to know his students was largely

responsible for the great influence which he exerted over them individually. That there were a few men, however, in the under classes who had never come in direct personal contact with the president might very well have been the case in a university so large as Brown and, according to a contemporary anecdote, it appears that to remain unknown might even be a laudable ambition.

Once at a local gathering, a father whose son was then a junior in the university asked to be introduced to President Andrews. After the introduction the parent remarked to Dr. Andrews that he probably knew his son very well, mentioning the son's name. To the evident surprise of the father Dr. Andrews was obliged to tell him that he had never met his son to know him. "But," remarked the president, "I want to assure you, Mr. B., that the fact of my not knowing him is pretty good evidence that he is a young man of the right stamp. If he were not, I should probably have known him long before this."

But whether the students were all known to him or not there was no doubt that he was known to all of them. A personality such as that of Dr. Andrews can never be neutral; it makes itself felt upon all within eye and ear shot. Merely to come under his glance was an experience not easily forgotten. There was something about that glance not easily analyzed but certainly it was the expression about the eyes which first attracted and held the attention. He had lost an eye in the war and surely Dr. Andrews will forgive a reference to his monocular vision, as perhaps he was unconscious of its effect upon the student-body. Whichever eye was the glass one and which the all-seeing, we could never agree upon, for both moved, and when he was apparently steadily scrutinizing Brown, he bowed to Jones. Somehow one felt that either or both of those eyes could pierce thick darkness and

walls of masonry. So what matters it which was glass, since the feeling that one of them was ever on us, preserved us from "many a blunder and foolish notion." Even in prayer—when we stole frequent glances to see if perchance both eyes might not be closed—there was that piercing regard, convincing one that the president was pleading with the Lord himself for the pardon and guidance of the particular, self-conscious sinner on whom his gaze seemed to be fixed. Only when the prayer drew to a close and the usual plea was being made for bodies politic and social, when in gradually widening circles the intercessory entreaty was being thrown about "our city, its mayor, our state, its governor, our nation, its statesmen and oft misguided legislators, our president," and finally about the world and the universe itself—then and then only did we feel assured that, in its concern for great and infinite affairs, the president's mind had departed far from the consideration of such mites as us. Then did one feel safe to give another look only to seek safety in a quick return to the reverential attitude—burying the head like the stork—for there it was, open and fixed upon your inner soul, that natural looking artificial organ or that unnaturally penetrating natural eye, which it mattered not.

Not the eye alone, however, was responsible for the control which he exerted over all those who came in contact with him, for his whole presence and bearing demanded respect and obedience. Tall and square, quick of glance, ready of comprehension, with facial expression apparently always under volitional control, he seemed ever the soldier. It was not necessary to regard the little G. A. R. button which he always wore in his lapel to know that he had seen service, for his firm, clear voice and sharply enunciated words bespoke the officer, and when he assumed command all within earshot—raw re-

cruits and old comrades alike—recognized the voice of authority and stepped into line. In emergencies his words were few but always to the point and we recall many incidents in which it was "not ours to question why."

I have been reminded of a cane-rush in which seniors and juniors united in inciting the two lower classes to

John Nicholas Brown Gates and John Carter Brown Library

battle for supremacy. The juniors backed the freshmen, the seniors egged on the sophomores, and the rival classes finally came together with an enthusiasm of spirit and a violence of impact which gave promise of a genuine, old-fashioned class battle. Hats and faces had already been smashed and there was prospect of a long, fierce and soul-satisfying scrimmage when, flapping down the tar walks,

came Bennie in his slippers. Over in his study in the president's house, since demolished, he had somehow got scent of the affair. Seizing the men, one by one, by the coat collars and snapping them out of his way, he walked into the midst of the fray and in a voice that could be heard by all said, "Gentlemen, I wish to announce that there will be no cane-rush today"—and there wasn't. Immediately and good naturedly the boys separated and went to their rooms, stopping only to give a rousing cheer for Bennie.

On another occasion in the darkness of the night, on the field of collegiate battle, flushed with excitement, with one hand on the coveted cane, a freshman struggles fiercely. Swaying now this way, now that with the surging mob, he receives suddenly a crack on the back of the head from the stick of some infuriated and cowardly soph. With anger exploding in his heart, with the determination to obtain that cane or die in the attempt, he redoubles his exertions. Suddenly a low but distinct voice pierces his ear drums. "Mr.——, please go to your room at once." A swift turn of the head and no further doubt remained as to the ownership of that voice. There stood Bennie in negligé costume, a cap pulled down to the ears. Did the freshman go to his room? Yes, and without thought for the order of his going. Man by man, called by name as were Napoleon's soldiers, the battle-stained warriors sought the privacy of their chambers, and who won the cane that night no one has ever heard, but it is the private belief of many that Bennie used it as a guide on his lonely homeward pathway.

Many were the rumors—possibly exaggerated—as to the proportion of his meagre salary which he each year refused to accept, preferring to turn it back into the general fund for college maintenance, and many stories have we heard of professors who, approaching him with tales of the crying needs of their departments, were told that

the necessary money would be forthcoming, only to find later that it had been supplied from his own pockets. How much he gave to the college secretly none will ever know and he would be the first to shrink from an accounting of these silent gifts. But a part of his charities could not remain hidden and since certain of them were known to us all there is no indelicacy in recalling them. Whether it was football, baseball or the general athletic fund which was short of money, Bennie's name headed the list of voluntary subscriptions.

Those who might have been classed among the needy students do not need to be reminded of his thoughtfulness. As winter approached certain ones were summoned to his office. Thoughts of misdeeds, disgrace and expulsion flashed across their minds, but let the uninformed look to these men for answer when it is asked why the mention of Bennie's name today is met with cheer on cheer. The words which he spoke to them were so tactful and frank as to do violence to no feelings of self-respect. "Mr.——, I fear you do not appreciate the rigors of our New England climate; I notice that you are going about without an overcoat. I wish to inform you that there are a number of ulsters which have been placed at my disposal for the use of men who are not prepared for our cold winters. You are requested to make use of one." Thus did Bennie care for his flock.

In time of trouble he was a tower of strength to those who sought his aid. College days are said to be the happiest of a man's life, but I am sure that if the truth were demanded many would have to testify that before they came to Brown and after they had graduated the stress of life was often less painful and severe than in those years when untried and inexperienced we had to fight desperately to hold our own. The maturing age is often enough trying to the healthiest boy in the healthiest of circum-

stances, but where the inherited mental or physical constitution is below par or the individual experience particularly harsh the inrush of adolescent feelings and ideas too often proves to be an overpowering downward determinant in the formation of character. To many the first year in college is especially gruelling and certainly there was many a freshman, who, had it not been for the help of E. Benjamin Andrews, must have fallen at that time from the ranks.

But it is in the sophomore year that the student needs especially the example and guidance of an older and wiser man. In junior and senior years the student could come directly under the teaching of Dr. Andrews and sit in his classroom, but I venture to say that in no year did the president exert a more powerful influence over his charges than in their sophomoric terms. In my day he was chairman of the committee of 100 whose duty it was to study and suppress so far as possible the vice of the city of Providence. It was not considered safe to approach a roulette table or to seek to ascertain by experience the difference between a "Tom Collins" and a "John Collins" as served over the bar of the Mahogany Palace, for was it not known that Bennie had suddenly appeared in this or that resort at various times and after a swift glance of recognition at such students as happened to be present had warned the proprietors sternly that swift punishment would surely overtake them if they encouraged the visits of Brown students. Such were the rumors; whether they had any basis in fact I do not know, but I believe there are many authentic instances of wayward youths who were summoned to the president's office and taken to task for riotous nocturnal adventures.

That he habitually visited the students in their rooms is a fact for which the experience of many can vouch and it was commonly believed that he planned to call at least

once each year at every room on the campus. The restraining influence arising from such visits, prospective and actual, can easily be imagined. Many a time were

Sayles Hall and Lyman Gymnasium
Marcus Aurelius Statue at the left

the cards and beer bottles hustled out of sight and youthful heads suddenly buried in books at the sound of a footstep in the corridor or at the news that Bennie had been seen entering or leaving a neighboring room.

As an adviser, guardian, censor, friend and helper he

won and held the soft spots in every student's heart and though it was known that he could be a stern and unyielding disciplinarian every man felt that in time of trouble and need he would not turn to Bennie in vain for comfort and guidance. Those he found it necessary to rebuke came away without bitterness or malice toward him and indeed he often took the sting from his reproof with a pleasantry or an offer of material assistance to the student in difficulty. A Ninety-seven man gives the following illustration of the way in which Dr. Andrews tempered his justice:

"One of my friends was accustomed to receive each term through the office an allowance of money, a part of which was applied to his college bill and the remainder turned over to him. Having been at considerable extra expense one term, he went to the president and asked that for once the whole amount might be passed over to him, promising to pay his college bill within a stipulated time. Bennie at once proceeded to rebuke him sharply for putting any other obligation before his indebtedness to the college, and peremptorily refused the request. He closed the interview, however, by saying, 'If you need a little money just now, Mr.——, I will lend you some. How much do you need?' The student told him and Bennie passed over the amount."

In work and play he was a constant inspiration. The amount of labor which he performed was marvellous and yet he seemed always to find time for his regular exercise and recreation. He taught and practised method without becoming tied down to a soul-killing routine. Late into the night his study light was seen burning and the night-prowling students climbing wearily up College Hill, long after the cable car had made its last trip, often wondered what was Bennie's bedtime. It was never safe to conclude that the study light meant that he was buried

in his books for he had a habit of taking a late stroll before retiring and many a time and oft in the stilly night as the careless student started to break forth in ribald song, he received from a comrade a punch in the ribs and a warning that Bennie was pursuing a parallel course on the opposite side of the street. At such times it was often difficult to recognize him for he had a way of discarding at night the tall hat and presidential dress, wearing instead a cap pulled down over the eyes and a short coat which changed his appearance remarkably. He was a stickler for correct dress and openly taught that it was a man's duty to set off to best advantage such charms of person as had been vouchsafed him, but he did not hesitate under cover of the dark and in moments of relaxation to go forth in such unconventional garb as to cause his students to regard with suspicion every tramp on College Hill. Apropos of this disguise a Seventy-nine graduate has this story to tell:

"It was a bleak winter's night; a veritable blizzard was on and the streets were wellnigh deserted. President Andrews, clad in an old reefer and a slouched hat, worn well down over the eyes, was taking his customary walk down College Hill, up Westminster street to the monument and back down Weybosset street. At the corner of Snow street a rough-looking character stepped out and somewhat threateningly accosted him with, 'Say, Mister, give me a dime to get a night's lodging.' The president thrust his hand in his pocket, fumbled about mechanically for a minute and then replied, 'My man, I haven't a cent.' The hobo looked him over critically until, reassured by his inspection, he said, 'Say, pard, come around the corner and have a drink with me. I've got some money.'"

However late he may have gone to bed, he was always punctual to the minute for chapel each morning, and

many students timed their hurried preparations for morning devotions by his appearance on the walk leading to the chapel doors, knowing it would be just so many minutes before the doors were closed against the late comers.

He taught method, punctuality and industry. He urged his students to make use of spare moments. The hours so frequently wasted in the cars during travel he maintained should be put to good use and he declared that a poorly lighted car or hotel chamber offered no excuse for idleness, for it was a matter of but small expense to furnish one's self with a pocket reading lamp or bull's-eye lantern whereby excellent illumination could be obtained at any time.

He encouraged systematization and I have no doubt that he would have been an enthusiastic advocate of the card catalogue system had it been in vogue in those days, for it was his custom to describe to the students his method of preserving memoranda for ready reference. "No matter what the subject on which you seek to collect knowledge or the function in which you desire facility and proficiency, the method is the same. Pocket notebooks—the *Star* variety answers the purpose excellently—can be purchased for a cent each. Suppose you wish to become a good after-dinner speaker: when you hear a good story or read some humorous anecdote you jot down a note or two in your pocket notebook and at night you file your acquisition under an appropriate heading in cheap boxes which can be arranged about your study walls. You will be surprised at the size and usefulness of the collection which you can make in a short time."

But Bennie was not all work and he somehow found leisure to attend most or all of the college games, where his eager, enthusiastic bearing and boyish cheer inspired every player to the utmost exertion in the effort to win a

victory. In the fall when the men were engaged in football practice he was frequently to be seen on the side lines. He knew every player by his first name or nickname as well as by his surname.

He believed thoroughly in the development of physical strength, and encouraged both by precept and example

E. Benjamin Andrews, 1870
President of Brown University, 1889–1898

all forms of bodily exercise. He was enthusiastic over the opening of the new Lyman Gymnasium and many an indolent student was put to shame by the sight of Bennie in gymnasium suit working away with pulley weights and dumb-bells.

It will not be amiss here to repeat one or two of his tales, for, to one who has heard him tell them, these stories

will bring to mind only the more vividly the picture of the man himself with his characteristic gestures, his dry, forceful enunciation, his sober face with its twinkling eye and barely repressed smile of humor striving to bend into relaxed curves the well-controlled lines about his strong mouth. No matter how moss-grown the tale nor how often we had heard it, from his mouth it seemed ever fresh and new-cut in the telling. His delivery was wellnigh inimitable. He had a way of pursing his lips and of swiftly protruding and retracting his tongue as the climax was approached and, however difficult it may be to analyze the zest and charm which these facial gestures added to the narrative, there is no doubt that they would have supplied sufficient action had his hands been tied behind his back. To the delight of all except the most finical of his hearers he frequently used terms which from any other mouth spoken in any other way would have sounded differently. I remember well how in one of his sermons there was an audible gasp from his congregation and a sharp catching of the breath when after describing the almost unspeakable machinations of certain political vermin he suddenly exclaimed, "I affirm that were I to offer up a prayer for the souls of these beings, I would cry—with all due reverence—O God! damn such creatures."

A member of the class of Ninety says: "One day he gave in senior class his version of the historic monkey and parrot episode. I have never heard it just the same from anyone else. As nearly as I can remember it went like this: A monkey was much annoyed at a parrot because of its incessant chatter. The monkey stood it as long as he could, and then attacked the bird, with results highly disastrous to the latter. When the fracas was over, the owner, opening the door of the room, saw the parrot on its perch, smoothing its feathers as best it

might, and heard it say to itself, most mournfully, 'O God, I talk too much!'"

The following story also was told to the members of the class of 1890 in their senior year. It was about a bootblack in Cincinnati. The boy was polishing a man's shoes in the railway station and the man asked him what time the next train went. No answer; the question was repeated. Again no answer and again the question. Finally a bystander intervened. "Don't you see the boy is deaf?" "I don't care if he is," exclaimed the first man petulantly, "he needn't be so damned stiff about it."

Here is another story, the scene laid in a faculty meeting with President Andrews presiding. Professor A. speaks, "Mr. President, I would like information in regard to Mr. I., a student in the sophomore class, who failed to pass my examination."

President. "Can any member of the faculty give Professor A. the information for which he asks?"

Professor B. "He failed to pass in my examination."

Professor C. "He failed in mine."

Professor D. "He failed in mine."

Professor E. "He failed in mine."

President (thoughtfully) "I don't really believe Mr. I. could pass a post-mortem examination."

In 1885–86 Dr. Andrews established an elective in advanced political economy. There were about twenty men who took the course. They used as a sort of textbook a collection of questions by Professor Sumner of Yale, and these questions were answered by students — or attempts were made to answer them — with discussions. One question related to "over-consumption." "That reminds me," said Dr. Andrews, after the question had been read and the usual pause had ensued, "of a colored boy who used to work for me in the army. He offered to bet that

he could eat oysters faster than I could open them. I took the bet. Then I seized the chisel and opened an oyster. He gulped it down like a flash. I stopped and looked at him while he waited for more. 'Well,' said I, 'why don't you go ahead?' It took that score of men about two seconds, while they held their breath, to connect this with the 'over-consumption' of Professor Sumner. Then with one accord they 'wooded up.'" The facilities for so doing were considerable, as those who remember the old recitation-room in Manning Hall with its wooden tables and chairs will recall.

For the upper-classmen was reserved the high privilege of listening day after day to the presidential wisdom. Dr. Andrews's course in universal history was interesting, but they who answered to the rollcall in his classes on ethics and political economy derived benefits wich are engrafted into the very fibre of their mental and moral being. There was a quiet dignity and power in the atmosphere of the classroom but none of that stiffness and formality which so often prevent frank discussion between teacher and pupil, and dull the edge of youthful interest. He had by this time become well acquainted with the habits and characteristics of his students and frequently provoked general merriment by some personal thrust — never, however, using a barb on his lance. Percy Jenks, for example, will recall the morning on which he came late to class. It was a Monday morning and President Andrews knew that Jenks frequently went home on Saturday, returning on Monday morning, by a train which was occasionally a trifle late, thus causing him to be tardy at recitation. As Jenks appeared in the doorway and looked about in some confusion at the already occupied seats, President Andrews suddenly paused in the middle of a sentence and said, "Mr. C., will you kindly bring Mr. Jenks a chair,— and, Mr. C., an *easy* chair, please."

Perhaps many will think that we ought to avoid subjects which seem to be under taboo in many Brunonian circles where men frequently falter and are silent when the reasons for Dr. Andrews's departure from Brown are broached. But if any have a right to speak it is they who, in the years immediately preceding his resignation, listened

Van Wickle Gates in Winter

daily to the very words the publication of which caused bitterness and misunderstanding in high places. It would be poor judgment to run the risk, merely from the love of dissention and controversy, of stirring up an issue now dead and yet it would be weak loyalty to Dr. Andrews, in a chapter of this sort, to pass in silence, as though

there were some shame in them, the doctrines which no amount of pressure could prevent him from teaching. It was his duty to teach and he taught what he believed in. Let the over-sensitive then pause here, for we are about to indulge in reminiscences of classroom discussions of which we can today think with delight just as we found pleasure in them in those other days even though the bug-a-boos of finance, free coinage of silver and bimetallism, were served without a poison label to our supposedly receptive minds.

Dr. Andrews had for years advocated for our monetary system certain changes, a part of which were later incorporated in the Bryan campaign platform. The subsequent defeat of Bryan showed that the majority of the American public looked upon these views as vicious and Dr. Andrews himself is said later to have announced that, having learned that he had been misinformed as to the rapid decrease in the gold supply, the chief premiss upon which he had built his argument for bimetallism had lost its force and he had become convinced of the fallacy of his previously held opinions. But while it was yet undecided what disposition might be made of these theories at the polls and men of capital were trembling lest the Bryanites might hurl the country into financial ruin, Dr. Andrews was requested to desist from public advertisement of his sympathy with the free-silver movement. It was feared that his attitude towards these political issues might work to the detriment of the college. This is not the place to question the righteousness of the demand upon Dr. Andrews, which at the very outset, by reason of the nature of the man, could result only in his resignation. The effect of his teachings upon the college treasury can only be judged by those to whom the financial welfare of the college had been entrusted; but they who, from personal experience, know the effect of his teachings

upon the student mind and character will testify with one accord that misgivings thereat were groundless and anxious emotions wasted if such played any part in the deliberations of the authorities.

After all, I suppose no one will deny that the chief function of a college president is to direct the training of the student mind and to build up immature character; and as a master workman in the construction of manhood, E. Benjamin Andrews was God's own foreman.

Striplings that we were, without voice and without influence, we could yet look beyond the doctrines to the man himself and, though young and impressionable, could postpone judgment on the questions which he propounded while we were thrilled to the soul by the personality and example of the man who dared to be honest with himself at the cost of public disapproval. True, he preached free silver, but he also preached free trade and single taxation as have college professors the world over, and he preached a host of other gospels many of which the world is not yet ready to put into practice. He was a man born before his day and generation; his voice was that of one crying in the wilderness foretelling things which may yet come to pass. His students listened with bated breath to precepts of which they recognized the ultimate truth and then voted, as did their fathers, for practical protection, a gold standard and conservative politics.

I am glad that my pen in its headlong rush to record the thronging memories of "Bennie" has neglected till the last the most important of all. To his class in ethics he expounded principles for the guidance of men on their journey through life. Live, burning questions he took up with unfaltering grasp and, holding them fearlessly in the fierce white glow of truth, reduced them to their most primitive ethical elements.

He asked no one to accept his way of thinking or of

action, but he branded upon the soul of every man the essential laws of moral conduct reduced to their last analysis.

Take for example his views of falsehood. As a physician I have times without number found myself in circumstances where it has been necessary to decide instantly whether I had the right to tell an untruth, or indeed the right to tell the truth, as when asked by a sick wife concerning the health of her husband still more grievously ill; or again, when questioned by a mother as to the cause of a son's disorders. At such times the question as propounded by Dr. Andrews, "Is a lie ever justifiable?" has obtruded itself upon my conscience and, as for many of the other questions which he gave to himself to answer, I cannot today recall either an unqualified "No" or "Yes." All who have had experience upon the witness stand have learned that there are many questions which cannot be answered by a simple negative or affirmative. But I know that in regard to the white lie as for all else in life he taught a broader doctrine than blind adherence to an arbitrary verbal formula. For the criterion of judgment he looked beyond and underneath the words to the spirit, the motive, the moral intent. He gave no such simple rule as might permit a man to become, like a calculating machine, a mere automatic truth-teller or a mechanism of lawful behavior; he commanded us to develop unselfishness and to examine our souls for the data upon which to base conduct.

In regard to intemperance as in many other matters he pointed his moral with a personal reminiscence of war-time experience. Said he: "The excuses given by the habitual drinker to mitigate the possible charge of intemperance are insufficient and so contradictory as to be almost amusing. Thus, the stoker, working in the intense heat of the ship's boiler-room, assures you with all serious-

ness that in such temperatures no man could long survive without his regular drink; on the other hand, the hack-driver, exposed to winter's cold, insists that he would die if his body were not warmed with a good stiff brandy or

The Marcus Aurelius Statue
Unveiled June 1, 1908

whiskey. Physiology teaches that alcohol taken while a man is subjected to cold merely sends the blood to the surface of the body where, though it relieves the person of some of his feeling of cold, it becomes still further cooled and thus increases the danger of freezing. I have been assured that Arctic explorers are careful not to permit

their men to be exposed to alcohol and at the same time to extreme cold. And as I look back to war days, I recall certain of the men who were accustomed to carry their flasks and in times of stress to stimulate their flagging energies with frequent tipples. When, however, the real hours of suffering came, when heartbreaking marches were ordered, or prolonged watches demanded, the tipplers fell by the wayside and sank helplessly into the trenches."

On the chapel steps, that last afternoon of our college course, as we gathered to sing our songs once more there was more of sadness than of joy in our singing; for whatever of satisfaction may have been experienced at a long task ended, and however inviting the vista of post-graduate life, who was there but felt some pain that the parting of the ways had been reached so soon and a deep regret that in the next march down College Hill we were to leave Alma Mater and her rich associations! But if the idle ones who tarried to listen to those old songs could have followed the strained, far-away look visible upon so many of the seniors' faces, they might have discerned arising through the mist of parting tears, a vision — the image of a man — treading the old walks, with squared shoulders and hands clasped behind his back, clad in a gray frock coat, wearing a light colored beaver hat over a grave face whose eye and mouth once seen could never be forgotton — a face indicative perhaps above all else of a man of sorrows, but one in which grief had molded sweetness of expression and chiselled lines of highest bravery and determination. Leaving Brown caused sadness; leaving Bennie brought pain.

Many of us saw him in the years that followed graduation, and at various alumni reunions how we made the welkin ring as he rose to address us once more. And how we tingled to our very toe-tips when, as we sought to grasp his hand, he said "Jones, Brown"— calling each by

name as of old —" I hear very good things of you; keep it up."

A Brown student, a Brown soldier, a Brown professor, a Brown president, a Brown man he was and is to the core. Other fields called him and students other than those of Brown have known and loved him. We do not begrudge them their portion of his life and services nor question the sincerity of their loyalty, but we claim him as ours by right of blood. A son of Brown, a father to Brown, as such and as a brother, too, and comrade we knew him. No celebration was complete until we had gathered about the president's house and called upon him to address us. We cheered him now as " Prexy," now as " Bennie," and again with that call whose echo still lingers and shall ever pulsate in and through the hoary walls and elms of Brown:

" Andrews — Andrews — Andrews. Rah! Rah! Rah! Brown!"

William McDonald, M. D., 1895.

EPILOGUE

THESE "Memories of Brown" are presented by many contributors in order to recall and preserve incidents, manners and personalities in the bygone life at Brown. No claim of completeness is made, since to almost every reader this book must be only a key to unlock the serried cells of closed remembrances and to touch with light once more scores of personal experiences and associations long unthought-of and too many and intimate to come within the scope of this volume. If it thus proves to be suggestive, if it evokes an involuntary smile, if it brightens a passing hour with pleasant retrospect, if it polishes the surface of memory so that the old college scenes are again clearly reflected in transforming light, then the labor of those who have produced it will be amply repaid.

The effort of a single mind would have resulted in a more connected narrative and held to a closer historic sequence, but also might have proved monotonous; the interest and piquancy of this attempt to reproduce the past has seemed to depend largely on the difference of style and the divergence of the angle of view of very many narrators to whom the Brown campus at one time or another has been a home.

A peculiar charm surrounds the college life of any man with a modicum of imagination and fancy. In these halcyon days health ministers to the exuberance of youth, hope spreads her iridescent wings and ambition seizes the hand of honest effort to lead it on and up. Then academic freedom gives the first lively sense of personal

liberty and responsibility, and the love of a scholarly life first dawns upon the passing boy. If there be any college man who takes no pleasure in a far backward look, let him read these Memories of Brown until he makes them his own and believes that all this happened to him. Let him live the scenes and tell the tales and feel the sensation of enthusiasm and loyalty and unselfish and unending friendship here recorded, and be born again into the Kingdom of Joy.

R. P. B.

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BROWN UNIVERSITY IN 1908

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